CHEAP REPOSITORY.

THE LOYAL SUBJECT'S POLITICAL CREED:

OR,

What I DO, *and what I do* NOT *think.*

MOCK creeds and liturgies I'm told,
That make a Christian's blood run cold,
By Atheists and their friends are plann'd,
To shake the faith of Briton's land.

I'll tell you what *I* too believe,
My Creed no mortal shall deceive;
No jesting *mine* with sacred things,
But what my own experience brings.

I *do* believe these times are sent
For warning, and for punishment;
Of God's displeasure they're the token,
Because His holy laws are broken.

The Newgate Calendar I read,
Where crimes on crimes so thick succeed!
E'en boys commit, these records say,
"The oldest crimes the newest way."

I *think* Heaven's punishments are due
To Atheism and sedition too;
I think for these 'tis God's own sending,
And *not* because our laws want mending.

I *think* that lies, and oaths, and stealing,
More wound the soul, and shock the feeling,
Than yielding to the powers that be,
Or reverencing authority.

I do *not* think with *Mister Spence*,
Our piety is too *intense*;
Nor do I think our Church wants mending,
But I *do* think it wants attending.

I *think* those men that magnify
Our wants, and raise a hue and cry,
Intend to make those wants a cause,
To shake our government and laws.

I *do* believe what hurts the grain,
Is not the *pensions*—but the *rain*;
I do *not* think that rotten Boroughs,
Can mar the wheat, or drench the furrows.

I *think* that pensions ill applied
Are wrong, whichever be the side;
But as rewards for faithful trust,
I think they're fairly earn'd and just.

I doubt if Peers with general summons,
Do fill th' elective House of Commons;
But this, whate'er that's wrong it yields,
Stops not the trade in Spital-fields.

If Birmingham *ten* Members had,
Think you the times would be less bad?
That annual Parliaments would tend
The price of bread or malt to mend?

I rather, and with reason, think
'Twould tend to *raise* the price of drink;
I'm sick of mending a *whole* nation,
Without more *private* reformation.

If general suffrage should proceed,
What general blessings wou'd succeed?
Not rich and poor, but young and old,
Their share of government would hold!

What joy to hear th' inferior branches
Loud clamouring for th' elective franchise!
The RIGHTS OF BOYS, and RIGHTS OF WIVES,
Would crown the comfort of our lives!

For should the low expel the great,
And wise mechanics rule the state,
I think the son may well aspire,
To dispossess his *equal* sire!

If man alive can prove me wrong,
I'll change my note, and burn my song;
But if my reasoning's sound indeed,
Till death I will maintain my Creed!

Sold by J. EVANS & SON, (Printers to the CHEAP REPOSITORY for Moral and Religious Tracts,) Long Lane, Smithfield; sold also by J. HATCHARD, Piccadilly, London; by J. BINNS, Bath; and by all Booksellers and Hawkers in Town and Country.

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Albert Prince Consort of Victoria

In Memory of

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

The Prince Consort

OF

HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA,

Born August 26th, 1819,

Died December, 14th, 1861.

An illustrious Prince,—a wise Counsellor,—a loving Husband,—an affectionate Father.

Printed and Sold by J. H. Woodley, 30, Fore Street, City.

IN MEMORY OF

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

The Prince Consort

OF HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA,

BORN AUG. 26, 1819,—DIED DEC. 14, 1861.

Mysterious are the ways of God!
  Man cannot fathom them; nor know
Wherefore he now inflicts the rod,
  Or suffers sorrow here below.

Nations before him rise and fall:
  He overturneth whom he will.
The lowly rise up at His call,
  And some the highest places fill.

He taketh whom He will away;
  No hand can stay His mighty power.
The wisest, noblest, here to day
  May sink and die in one short hour.

Our nation mourns! Long will it mourn
  For ALBERT, Consort of our Queen!
Death has been here—and, ruthless, torn
  Away an oak—all fresh and green.

Millions of hearts in sadness bow;
  Millions of knees all humbly bend;
A nation mourns; and men feel now
  That they have lost a dearest friend.

A nation mourns! with her they mourn,
  Now widowed Queen of Queens the best!
God comfort her! all lone, forlorn!
  God give her comfort, sweetest, best!

Almighty, hear us! whilst we pray:
  Look down upon this mournful scene;
Our widowed Queen's deep sorrow stay!
  A nation prays, "God save the Queen."

JOSEPH SOUL.

ISLINGTON.

Woodley's Funeral Tablet Office, 30, Fore Street, City, London.

Jonathan Wild's Last Farewell to the World.

O Now the Fatall day is come,
On which I must receive my doom,
Opon that wreched featall tree,
A game for all people to be.

While I did live in Splender grate,
My Attendances on me to wait,
I made my money for to fly,
But now on tyburn i must dye.

Maney a one i train'd up i say,
For to run on in Wicked ways
And when they had displeased me,
I'd send them to the Featall tree

I have crept maney in there prime,
Before that tha've Lived half there time,
But indeed i have my desearte,
To tyburn to rid in a Cart.

I often cursed Blewskines Bleented Knife,
That did not take away my Life
If deeper he had gave the stroke
I should not dy'd then by the rope

Butler at last has made me reu
He makes the proverb now come true
Save a theif from the Gallows then,
To hang you he'll be the first man.

The Hempen Widdow she does cry
Alas my Husband now must dye
But when he is ded and in his grave
then none but Butler i will have

The Bomen that's out on the Lay
They do rejoys now at this day
Likewise the priggs in the witt does sing
For joy that i this day must swing

Now priggs and Divers rejoys i say
No more tribute to him you'l pay
All that you git will be your own
No more to Jonathan You'll come

A Wicked wrech indeed i have been
the Like of me ever ne'er was seen
At last my fate must be a string
On tyburn i this day must Swing

All You that sees my featall end
I hope Your Lives You will amend
for fear You should come to the same
for all the world to be a game

Lord how shall i stand before they face
That has been such a wicked wrech
I must away the Bell does toull
The Lord have mercey on my Soull.

Claromontius (G)

IN STATUAM LAUREATAM

QUAM

COLLEGIUM MEDICUM

SUB

AUSPICIIS

AMPLISSIMORUM CONSULUM

CIVITATIS HARLEMENSIS

LAURENTIO COSTERO

VIRO CONSULARI

TYPOGRAPHIAE

INVENTORI PRIMO

IN

HORTO MEDICO HARLEMENSI,

EREXIT

MDCCXXIII.

AMSTELAEDAMI

Apud JOHANNEM a SEPTEREN, Bibliopolam.

QUam Statuam medio Medicorum cernis in horto,
Costeri effigies est rediviva senis.
Ille Typographicae patriâ Pater Artis in urbe,
Diffundit nomen cuncta per ora suum.
Laurenti meritam cedat Moguntia palmam,
Ille tenet primum, quem tenet Alpha, *locum.
Illius Arte, Artes omnes, Linguaeque renatae,
Et sparsa in mediâ lux nova nocte fuit.
Rottera cum Magnum Statuâ decoravit Erasmum,
Expositum medio, conspicuumque foro;
Tempus erat Statuam Costero ponere dignam,
Hanc Medici Statuam jam posuêre Viro.
Ite ô Amsteliae Harlemum simul ite Camoenae,
Et mea ferte novis carmina cusa typis.
Laurentis viridi praecingite tempora lauro,
Laurea Laurentem non nisi serta decent.
Sic illi priscum redeat decus, & nova fiat
Harlemum Musis ara, columna, domus!

* *Lusus in primâ alphabeti literâ quam* L. Costerus *manu tenet.*

GOTHOFREDUS CLAROMONTIUS.

A NEW SONG,

BEING THE

TORIES Imploration

FOR

Protection against the Whiggs.

To an Excellent New Scotch Tune.

I.

DEfend us from all *Popish Plots*,
That so the People fray;
And eke from treacherous *Whiggs* and *Scots*,
As bad or worse than They.
From *Parliaments*, Long Rumps, and Tails,
From *House of Commons* Furies;
Defend us eke from *Protestant Flails*,
And *Ignoramus Juries!*

II.

Protect us now and evermore,
From a *White Sheet* and *Proctor*,
And from that *Noble Peer*, brought o're
The *Salamanca Doctor*:
A *Doctor* with a Witness, sure,
Both in his Rise and Fall;
His *Exit* almost as obscure,
As his Original!

III.

Designs and Dangers far remove
From this Distressed Nation,
And Damn the *Trayterous Medal* off,
Bold *Tony*'s 'Sociation.
And may the Prick-ear'd Party, that
Have Coine enough in Cupboard,
Forbear to shiver an Estate,
And Splinters mount for *Hobbart!*

IV.

From sixteen Self-conceited *Peers*,
Protect our Soveraign still;
And from the Damn'd *Petitioners*
For the *Exclusive Bill*.
Our *King* Defend, and make Him great,
'Gainst *Tony* upon *Tony*;
And from a *House of Commons*, that
Will give the *King* no Money!

V.

From those that did Design and Laugh
At *Tangier*, in Distress,
And were *Mahometans* worse by half,
Than all the *Moors* of *Fez*
From such as with Usurping Hand,
Drive *Princes* to Extreams;
Confound all their Devices, and
Deliver *Charles* and *James!*

VI.

May they be Wise, and soon expel
Th' Old *Fox*, th' Old Fawning *Elf*;
The Time draws nigh, *Achitophel*
Shan't need to Hang himself.
Impartial *Juries* for his sake,
Brave *North* and *Box* may bring;
And make his Nose thro' Nooze to sneak
For *Treason* 'gainst his *King*.

10 *London*, Printed for *W. D.* in the Year 1682.

Removed to Hamilton 7.11.32.

Character of the D. of Mond ... d in K. James 2d. Reign.
Malanchis part 2d. fol 262.

And there rose one upon a time at the Head of the Malanchick State
who tho' long since dead his Memory can never dye. An Original!
an Immortall Villain! Of him alone we ought to make and reason
to the Vulgar Rule ... Of the Departed speak not ill. His Vices should
be Broyded on Monumental Marble or else ordinary brass! that
not time nor Age may be able to deface the horrible remembrance!
Who submitted an infinite natural capacity, great strength of parts
to the Inglorious villanous practice of first betraying his Prince
and then betraying and punishing him for it. A Prince! who loved
and embraced him implicitly pursuing all the measures of his
pernicious traitorous Counsells, Strange they were his. A Villain!
for the sake of Villany! Fals! and Foolish in his Falsehoods! a private
Personage to Head Monarchs of different Interests, at the same time
betraying them to each other; got an Impaire of his own large
paternall Estate and by means unknown & unaccountable.
What did all thy Treason avail, Inglorious Statesman! What the
Beauty of thy Noble parts! whom hast thou to boast of ruining!
A Weak, a short sighted credulous Prince that trusted thee! A
Prince! full of this generous Maxim ... That 'tis a mark lesser than
Love deserved by, than 'tis to distrust a friend. What reward hadst thou
for thy Treachery! dydst thou ever dare to wear those Honours to ye.
thy ingratitude inspired! or could thy Treasons raise the higher
than thou were before? Hast thou not contracted to universall an
odium even to those y. rejoyced at the effects thy villanies has produced
that like an obscene Bird of Night that durst never appear publickly
appeared! A Cloud of Conscious Guilt hung hovering o'er thy
thoughtfull Brow, tho' conceaded! tho' punisht! Live eternally

Lies above in the Infamous infinitely of thy consummate Villanies.
another Hamilton, May thy sunk Carcass rot with ever lasting Infamy
to great immortall Shallows till all Mankind warned by thee, pour Curses
Curses thy vast Fame! it Hers the Dust to be ashes like!

George W. L. Newton with the kindest regards of
London September 22 1848 David Davidson

THE LOVING BALLAD
TO
BROTHER JONATHAN.

By MARTIN F. TUPPER, D.C.L. F.R.S., *Author of 'Proverbial Philosophy,' etc. etc.*

Ho! Brother, I'm a Britisher,
A chip of heart of oak
That wouldn't warp or swerve or stir
From what I thought or spoke,—
And you—a blunt and honest man,
Straightforward, kind, and true,
I tell you, Brother Jonathan,
That you're a Briton too.

I know your heart, an open heart,
I read your mind and will,
A greyhound ever on the start
To run for honour still;
And shrewd to scheme a likely plan,
And stout to see it done,
I tell you, Brother Jonathan,
That you and I are one!

There may be jealousies and strife,
For men have selfish ends,
But petty quarrels ginger life,
And help to season friends;
And pundits who with solemn scan
Judge humans most aright,
Decide it, testy Jonathan,
That brothers always fight.

Two fledgling sparrows in one nest
Will chirp about a worm,
Then how should eaglets meekly rest,
The children of the storm!
No! while their rustled pinions fan
The eyrie's dizzy side,
Like you and me, my Jonathan,
It's all for Love and Pride!

"God save the Queen" delights you still,
And "British Grenadiers,"
The good old strains your heartstrings thrill,
And catch you by both ears;
And we,—O hate us if you can,
For we are proud of you,
We like you, Brother Jonathan,
And "Yankee Doodle" too!

There's nothing foreign in your face,
Nor strange upon your tongue,
You come not of another race,
From baser lineage sprung;
No, brother! though away you ran,
As truant boys will do,
Still true it is, young Jonathan,
My fathers fathered you.

Time was,—it wasn't long ago,
Your grandsire went with mine
To battle traitors, blow for blow,
For England's royal line;
Or tripped to court to kiss Queen Anne,
Or worship mighty Bess,
And you and I, good Jonathan,
Went with them, then, I guess.

Together both,—'twas long ago,
Among the roses fought,
Or charging fierce the Paynim foe
Did all knight-errants ought:
As Cavalier or Puritan
Together prayed or swore,
For John's own Brother Jonathan
Was only John of yore!

There lived a man, a man of men,
A King on fancy's throne,
We ne'er shall see his like again,
The Globe is all his own;
And, if we claim him of our clan,
He half belongs to you,
For Shakspere, happy Jonathan,
Is yours and ours too!

There was another glorious name,
A poet for all time,
Who gained the double-first of fame,
The beautiful-sublime;
And, let us hide him as we can,
More miserly than pelf,
Our Yankee brother Jonathan
Cries halves in Milton's self!

Well, well; and every praise of old,
That makes us famous still,
You would be just, and may be bold
To share it if you will,—
Since England's glory first began,
Till—just the other day,
The half is yours! but, Jonathan,
Why did you run away?

O Brother, could we both be one
In nation and in name,
How gladly would the very sun
Lie basking in our fame!
In either world to lead the van
And go ahead for good,
While earth to John and Jonathan
Yields tribute gratitude!

Add but your stripes and golden stars
To brave St. George's cross,
And never dream of mutual wars
Two dunces' mutual loss;
Let us two bless where others ban,
And love when others hate,
And so, my cordial Jonathan,
We'll fit, I calculate.

What more? I touch not holier strings
A loftier strain to win,
Nor glance at prophets, priests, and kings,
Or heavenly kith or kin;
As friend with friend, and man with man,
O let our hearts be thus,
As David's love to Jonathan,
Be Jonathan's to us!

Albury, June 8th, 1848.

A LOVING ANSWER FROM THE WEST,
TO
BROTHER JOHN.

By JOHN THOMAS, *of La Grange, near Natchez, in the State of Mississippi.*

Ho! Brother John, your missive came
Not lagging, as of yore,
But on a "Sea-horse" winged with flame,
To this our Western shore;
Not with the plume, nor glittering steel,
Nor walls of British oak,
But with the smile and merry peal
Of one who loves a joke.

And now I rede you, sturdy John,
That I'm a Yankee true,
But hope that "scrimmages" are done,
Which erst have "made us two;"
So, for the hand which you extend
I give a Yankee grip,
And with my hand my heart I blend,
My loyal "Brother Chip."

If Jonathan prove sometimes rough
And sensitive to wrong,
John, without doubt, is very tough!
Neither bears malice long:
Nature will out; temper and pride
Are very hard to smother,
Then let us feel that though we chide
We still may love each other.

We cannot dwell on England's page
Without a thrill of pride!
Her poets are our heritage,
Her statesmen are our guide:
And Barons who at Runnymede
Stood firm with shield and spear,
For England's right,—then strewed the seed
Of Freedom's harvest here!

A Briton's pen, a Briton's sword,
Are weapons good and true,
And, to speak out an honest word,
Their use we learned from you;
And English law in all its might
Holds undisputed reign,
For Yankees still their brother's right
To "go to law" maintain.

"God save the Queen!" there throbs no heart
From Maine to Mexico,
That would not leap to take her part!
Here—Woman has no foe:
"God save the Queen!" if word or deed
Assail her soul with fears,
Trust her with us!—she'll never need
Her "British Grenadiers!"

Now, John, there is a holier theme
Our sympathies to claim,
When we adore the Great Supreme
Our language is the same:
Of telegraph we have no need
To send the silent thought,
The "lightning of the mind" hath speed
Which wires never wrought!

Then, John, my friend,—or Jonathan,
Whene'er you kneel to pray,
Just ask a blessing on "the man,"
Your brother, far away;
Do this and all the feuds of time
Will seem but trifling things;
Know, unforgiveness is a crime
Before the King of kings.

John, you have asked, in doubtful mood,
Why I have run away,
From our old Mother kind and good,—
In truth, I could not stay:
I had "a call," to do and dare,
And so I cross'd the sea;
Then Mother sent me word to wear
The clothes I brought with me,—

I disobeyed; and wrote to her
That I'd outgrown the cloth,
And would a Hunter's shirt prefer;
Well, she was very wroth,
And sent the Nurse, with that old strap,
To force me to atone;
Nurse couldn't stretch me on her lap,
For I was nearly grown!

And so, my boy, it was agreed
That I should wade the stream,
Or climb the hills on mountain steed,
Where fire-eyed eagles scream:
Those days are gone, those days of old!
My heart forgets the rest,—
So Mother, Brother, both I fold
Clasped to a faithful breast!

We should be friends, no less than kin,
For clouds are on the sky;
Let's strive each other's heart to win
By generous courtesy:
We've many rights in common, John,
By land and on the wave,
Which, if a sudden storm comes on,
We must prepare to save.

We will not, must not, disagree;
Let confidence increase;
Whatever Europe's fate may be
Oh, let us watch in peace:
Who shall restrain a conqueror's hand,
Who curb a despot's will,
If Freedom's sons at variance stand,
Or doubt their councils fill?

If, in a just and noble cause
For liberty and right,—
For hearth, for altar, equal laws,
Foes call us to the fight,—
Then may St. George's fiery Cross
O'er heaving seas unbend,
And Stars and Stripes their foldings toss
With that red cross to blend!

What more? 'tis just to say farewell!
The "Sea-horse" frets his chain,
His blood-red nostrils smoke and swell
To breast the surge again;
And so, Adieu!—may peace and love
Around our hearts entwine,
And every blessing from above
Rest, John, on thee and thine!

Natchez, Miss., July 1848.

A LOVING ANSWER FROM THE EAST,
TO
BROTHER JOHN.

By the REV. JAMES COOK RICHMOND, *of Providence, Rhode Island, now Travelling in England.*

Ho! Brother John, I've made a call!
Stout Briton though you be,
Young Jonathan is grown as tall,
Beyond the Western Sea;
And, if this paradox you doubt,
I'll prove it through and through
That Jonathan is John throughout,
Himself and yourself too.

So, John, clap on your logic-cap,
You'll find it's not a quiz
How British double-strong this chap
Your Eastern Yankee is;
Whate'er there be in Englishman
To call forth praises fond,
That thing you'll find in Jonathan,
Across the herring-pond:

And if there be a British wrong,
As British wrongs there be,
My word for it, and eke my song,
That fault in him you'll see;
For, since in Motherland I trod,
I've always found, wherein
Young Jonathan offended God,
'Twas some maternal sin.

The Chinese wouldn't trade, you see,
No doubt a monstrous wrong!
You whipt them into amity,
For you are "cruel strong:"
You shewed the children how; what wonder
The boys were apt to go
And shake the West with Saxon thunder
Down there in Mexico?

Say what you will of Trafalgar,
Of Erie's Lake we boast;
Perry would match a British tar,
With Nelson on the coast:
And if our Scott at Vera Cruz
Waked up those southern peoples,
I trow your gunners took long views
At Copenhagen steeples!

"The Duke" did miracles in Spain,
With little help, 'tis true,
And unchained Europe on the plain
Of bloody Waterloo:
But John alone, of men, I guess,
Who boasts his "iron" son,
Would dare say Wellington's not less
Than greater Washington!

But why so long sing we of war,
Or mighty fighting men,
Who know the victor's iron car
Is vanquished by his pen?
Alfred and Sydney both were great,
More by their pens than swords:
If Wellington could rule a state
He would be chief of lords.

At Yankees, John, beware a laugh,
Against yourself you joke,
For "Yenghees," "English" is, but half
By Indian natives spoke:
And sooth it is, as Tom Carlyle
Once told me, face to face,
"Yankees" *are* "English" all the while,
"Just in a larger place."

The Queen, God bless your little Queen!
Who's off for Scotland's Isles,
Should take us in her trips; I ween
'Tis but three thousand miles:
Ten days would land her, safe and dry,
On Massachusetts shores,
Where welcome shouts shall rend the sky,
And far out-thunder yours!

Your Oxford men, the other day,
Made quite a loyal noise;
'Twould be outdone, I'm bold to say,
By Harvard-Cambridge boys:
For, John, I'll whisper in your ear,
That we are fresh, and you,
They say, are getting old, my dear;
I reckon 'tis n't true.

You freed the slave; but ah! that's new,
'Twas scarce ten years ago:
In this I own the sin, and rue
That this time we *are* slow;
But men who slumber late and strong,
O John, are sadly prone
To find a neighbour's nap too long,
If longer than their own.

You learned geography, dear John,
And in our farther West
The sun scarce reaches highest noon
While here he goes to rest;
So when your morning fairly beams,
Just glance across the way;
Perchance you'll catch some twilight gleams
Before the coming day.

You fought the dragon, and I hope
St. George, so stout of yore,
May still be true and strong to cope
With dragons evermore:
Join then the Stripes, and Stars, and Cross,
In broad fraternal band,
Till Anglo-Saxon Faith and Laws
Illumine every land!

Then, in broad day, the basking earth
Shall thank the King of Heaven,
That dear Columbia, blessed birth,
To England's lap was given:
When Faith shall cease on every shore,
Hope die in bliss above,
Christ! bind us all for evermore,
In deathless bonds of LOVE!

En route, September 7th, 1848.

Printed by M. MASON, 12, Ivy Lane, for DAVID DAVIDSON, 13, Paternoster Row, London.

98

STATE-CASES

PUT TO

JACK PRESBYTER:

Rabies armavit Iambo.

I.

Jack, if you have one Grain of Sence,
That's free from Pride and Impudence,
Say something in your own Defence,
But LYE NOT.

II.

Why dost thou make our Blood recoyl,
With Noise of *Plots* and *Popish* Guile,
Whilst you're the Traitor all the while:
And BYGOT?

III.

Why dost thou Brood upon the Plot,
To Hatch the Mischiefs *Rome* cou'd not,
And play the old Game? but we've cought
Ye NAPPING.

IV.

Why did the little *Dorset*-Eele,
To make the Brain-sick Croud Rebel;
Sad Stories in the City tell,
And WAPPING?

V.

What did the Western Progress mean,
When a fine *Duke* did march between,
Lord *G*— and *Tommy*, to be seen
o'th' WOMEN?

VI.

How Country *Protestants* did run
To Gaze upon a Royal *Son*,
God bless him, or we're quite undone
For FREEMEN.

VII.

What meant *Ben Harris's* Appeal,
So full of Loyalty and Zeal;
Was it not written for to heal
Our BREACHES?

VIII.

Why did the *Commons* House Address,
And move the King that He'd Release,
The Villain from the *Marshalsea*,
And GRATIS?

IX.

And Prythee *Jack*, didst never hear
The famous Speach of Noble *Peer*,
Stuft with true Protestant and bare-
Fac'd TREASON?

X.

Why were so many Thousand spread,
That every *Post-Town* Packets had
Without own Penny for 'em paid;
The REASON?

XI.

Why did the Perjur'd *Jury* save,
The little *Elephanting* Knave;
And on the Bill's back-side Engrave
IGNORAMUS?

XII.

Juries are now a Town *Trepan*,
A *Jury-Trap*, They know their Man,
This *Jack* we plainly say, nor can
You BLAME US.

XIII. Why

XIII.

Why did you stickle Tooth and Nail,
The *Penal* Statutes to Repeal;
When you your selves wou'd never deal
Such MEASURE?

XIV.

But did inhumanly impose
On all you judg'd Dissenting Foes,
Heavy Mulcts and heavier Blows
At PLEASURE.

XV.

Why did the *Knights* and *Burghers* Vote,
No Man shou'd lend the King a Groat;
Tho good Security were brought:
And ROYAL?

XVI.

But Oh! That *Britain's Majesty*
Is never to be trusted, why,
Confounded *Jack*, was that said; I
DEFYE ALL.

XVII.

Why dee you suffer *Janeway*
And *Curtis* Factious Lies to say,
And Hireling *Care*, the Devils *Ama-*
NUENSIS.

XVIII.

Why doth the Packet of *Advice*,
And Protestant true *Mercuries*,
Scare Folks with Weekly Forgeries,
To FRENZIES?

XIX.

And yet you easily can spie
In *Roger's* Works State-Heresy,
And Popery the Devil and all in *He-*
RACLITUS.

XX.

Jack, If you will these Scruples weigh,
And any Thing in Answer say;
To *Query* once again it may
INVITE US.

FINIS.

LONDON, Printed for *J. D.* 1681.

STATE-CASES

PUT TO

JACK PRESBYTER:

——Rabies amavit Iambo.

I.

Jack, if you have one Grain of Sence,
That's free from Pride and Impudence,
Say something in your own Defence,
But LYE NOT.

II.

Why dost thou make our Blood recoyl,
With Noise of *Plots* and *Popish* Guile,
Whilst you're the Traitor all the while:
And BYGOT?

III.

Why dost thou Brood upon the Plot,
To Hatch the Mischiefs *Rome* cou'd not,
And play the old Game? but we've cought
Ye NAPPING.

IV.

Why did the little *Dorset*-Eele, E. Shaftsbury
To make the Brain-sick Croud Rebel;
Sad Stories in the City tell,
And WAPPING?

V.

What did the Western Progress mean,
When a fine *Duke* did march between, Mon:
Lord *G*— and *Tommy*, to be seen
o'th' WOMEN?
Ld Grey & Sr Ro: Armstrong

VI.

How Country *Protestants* did run
To Gaze upon a Royal *Son*,
God bless him, or we're quite undone
For FREEMEN.

VII.

What meant *Ben Harris*'s Appeal, Vid. 6. Vol 4to p. 119.
So full of Loyalty and Zeal;
Was it not written for to heal
Our BREACHES?

VIII.

Why did the *Commons* House Address,
And move the King that He'd Release,
The Villain from the *Marshalseas*;
And GRATIS?

IX.

And Prythee *Jack*, didst never hear
The famous Speach of Noble *Peer*, Vid. p. 451.
Stuft with true Protestant and bare-
Fac'd TREASON?

X.

Why were so many Thousand spread,
That every *Post-Town* Packets had
Without own Penny for 'em paid;
The REASON?

XI.

Why did the Perjur'd *Jury* save,
The little *Elephantine* Knave; Francis Smith
And on the Bill's back-side Engrave at ye Sign of ye
IGNORAMUS? Elephant in Comhill.

XII.

Juries are now a Town *Trepan*,
A *Tory-Trap*, They know their Man,
This *Jack* we plainly say, nor can
You BLAME US.

XIII. Why

XIII.

Why did you stickle Tooth and Nail,
The *Penal* Statutes to Repeal;
When you your selves wou'd never deal
Such MEASURE?

XIV.

But did inhumanly impose
On all you judg'd Dissenting Foes,
Heavy Mulcts and heavier Blows
At PLEASURE.

XV.

Why did the *Knights* and *Burghers* Vote,
No Man shou'd lend the King a Groat;
Tho good Security were brought;
And ROYAL?

XVI.

But Oh! That *Britain's Majesty*
Is never to be trusted, why,
Confounded *Jack*, was that said; I
DEFYE ALL.

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And *Curtis* Factious Lies to say,
And Hireling *Care*, the Devils *Ama-*
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Posted in London Sept 1866 . Aldstone 17.7.5

EXTRACTS FROM THE SUPPLEMENT TO THE 16TH LONDONIAD.

"Turn on the bloody hounds with head of steel and make the cowards stand aloof at bay."—
SHAKESPEARE.

"All those persons whose affairs are not prosperous are in a certain degree suspicious. They take every matter as an affront, and from their conscious weakness, they presume that they are neglected and despised.—PUBLIUS TERENTIUS.

I gave to Mr. Atkins, who is one of a Company (Weston and Atkins) carrying on business in the premises formerly occupied by Winfield & Son, an explanatory letter, which he sent by said Company's "confidential clerk" to Mr. Docker, (Messrs. Gem and Docker,) although Atkins swore he did not do this, but the Clerk, and Docker both well know that such was the case, *Ab uno disce omnes*, but this will be proved before the proper tribunal. The next morning I received a letter from Gem and Docker, saying they would like to see me at their office on the following day at 11 a.m. I was there in time; Mr. Gem was absent, and Docker seems to have been engaged. and thus I was delayed for nearly half-an-hour. I found out, however, shortly after this that he had been closeted with Atkins. Presently one of the doors on the landing was opened, and Atkins emerged, and was proceeding down stairs when some one in the side office said to him, Mr. Lidstone is here; he immediately returned, seemingly well pleased, to the room he had just left, and in which room was Docker. After the usual salutation I said, Gentlemen, you will not consider it an act of discourtesy on my part, but I have been waiting here to see you a considerable time beyond that of the appointment, and as I have another appointment I cannot stay—have you transcribed my letter, it is all ready was the immediate reply of both Docker and Atkins. I accordingly took a pen and signed my name, believing, as they had said, that it was merely a transcription of my letter. *Le mot d'énigme*,—the key of the mystery, whereas it appears that the said note was their own concoction, and which they were pleased to head with the words in large letters "Public Apology," thus was my name surreptitiously obtained.

Nec tamen, hoc tribuens, dederim quoque cætera.

No one who knows me would suppose that I knowingly signed such a document; there was no occasion for it, and even had I signed such an "Apology," there were an end of it, but I have always declared, both publicly and privately, that the causing my name by this species of pettifogging chicanery to be placed on such a paper was tantamount to forgery, and in conclusion I say to Atkins as Dr. Franklin once said to a wretch of the same stamp, "I will make your master a small man for this." *Cave à signatis.* But it is generally known, both in the political and art metropolis of England, London, and Birmingham, that this establishment is on its last legs. *Les eaux sont basses chez lui.* The principal of an eminent house with which our people in the West have from time to time done a great deal of business, said to me in allusion to this Winfield firm so-called, but in reality "Weston and Atkins," it has degenerated into the *mere trady*, we keep our accounts (continued he shaking his head) with them very short, very short, I assure you, for the credit of these people is not worth six hours purchase, in fact they have no credit whatesover, and this was the case, he added, even long before they became bank defaulters.

To the Editor of the London Times Newspaper.

SIR,—I have just taken a glance at your paper, October 3rd, 1866, and I find my name flourishing there rather conspicuously. Now, if I read history aright it was the pride and glory of the ancients to have their characters in keeping. We will now look at the persons represented in this performance as arranged by yourself—first, then, as to Bush Cooper, he might go, but I have no notion of letting him stay where you have placed him—his aggressive remarks on the article inscribed to the Lord Bishop of Toronto, whereby many persons might be led to suppose that a satire had been written on the most illustrious and best beloved of all the Sons of the West, call for my severest animadversion.

Flebit, et insignis totâ cantabitur urbe (Hor).

I, however, now desire to refer my friends to page 91, 14th Londoniad, whereon they will see imprinted a panegyric, recopied from "the Queen of the West," and written several years ago for the Venerated Friend of my early years.

Clarum et venerabile nomen gentibus, et multum
Nostræ quod proderat urbi.
What a difference in men! lo the stanza

To Rennolls' *umbra*—

As Syre Rudolpho on the Rhine once said—"hush trooper"
And *struck him down*, so do I with this Bush Cooper.
Who doth appear
With visage lifeless and flat as any muffin,
Who'd have been th' some unintellectual ruffian
In any sphere.

The words represented by you as issuing from the mouth of Mr. Wood in regard to his bidding me hold my tongue never were uttered by him. Your characters, Sir, are not in keeping; he is too powerful and truthful to prostrate his talents to the conception of a penny-a-liner.

You need not have conjured up Mr. Simonds from the "Times office" for I have reiterated all that I have spoken or written on this subject. As for Atkins I shall have to deal with him as a perjurer.

Perjurû pœna divina exitium, humana dedecus.

You were not so happy in the threat placed by you in the mouth of Alderman Stone. I feel that he is incapable of using such an expression, at least, towards a gantleman—no doubt so far as you are concerned the wish was father of the thought, but had any other one uttered the threat and carried it out I would have met him with lance in rest, had it been fifty years afterwards, thus am I not to be trifled with; but "the unkindest cut of all" is where you represent me acknowledging the courtesy of one Winfield in language inferring that I am on very familiar terms with him, (heaven forfend!) one to whom I have never spoken, whom I do not know, have not seen, and have never had the slightest correspondence with. Now your bringing this Winfield's name so often yet strangely forward on your part, and so covertly on that of the partners in the present company, reminds me of the "*A sribus teneo lupum*," of Terence * * * * but for my part, as Spriggins might be supposed to say "I denounth the thoft impeathment" I desire to stand well with my bankers and could have no wish to be in such company especially to use the words of your friend Jenkins, "since the writer hoped sole contractor for that which is destined, doubtless to be the glory of the occident, a library of unparalleled magnitude." Now I can have no objection to your connecting my name with any libel suit so called at any time, provided there be any truth in the said affair, for biography makes known to us that greater men than any now living have been connected with such aforetime. But I do object Mr. John Delane, Editor of the London Times to you or any other man telling people that

RICHARD COBDEN AND JOHN DELANE
IMPROMPTU.

In Richard Cobden existing nations see
The prototype of benevolent Deity;
John Delane—if for his likeness we would seek,
We must strive to find it in an area sneak.

No real opportunity, however, for retaliation occurred, but the following will explain itself:—

To JOHN DELANE, *Editor of the Times, London, (Eng.),*

SIR,—I have but just read your fictitious account of a libel case said to have taken place in the Guildhall, on the 2nd Oct., 1866, and in which my name flourishes conspicuously. Now never having been connected with any such case as the one in question and you must have known the so called report thereof to be a false one, as that true gentleman, Alderman Stone, who there sat upon the bench in that day hath attested by documentary evidence in my possession. Now you, Sir, having long been notorious—you are familiarly known as "the meanest man about town," whose name is the synonyma of all that is despicable. I have no alternative—albeit, I have to ask enlightened and generous readers not to look upon the words I here and now deliver as those unbecoming an educated gentleman, but that they will please call to remembrance and kindly take into consideration the strong reasons I have for dealing thus harshly with an infamous foe.

JOHN DELANE, EDITOR OF THE TIMES,

I here post you through England as a LIAR, a COWARD, and a BLACKGUARD, what more you are I will show in a court of law. The *Star* and *Morning Advertiser* were the first to make the *amende honorable*—all other papers have followed whose editors I have yet found time to call upon.

JAMES TORRINGTON SPENCER LIDSTONE,
AUTHOR OF THE 17 LONDONIADS.

"Mr. Lidstone has already caused more than one town to shut up shop, and opened up business with others, through whom at one time it was thought nothing could be done * * * did others know him as we do, the greatly trusted, the true-hearted and magnanimous friend of thousands, at the same time the powerful combatant of wrong, they had hesitated long before they wantonly stirred the fury of one (let them here rest at least free from suspense) who will never leave them until they are prostrate * * * * and after all, the Lumberers of New Hampshire are angels of Light compared to Winfields, the Birmingham Bank defaulters. * * * *Colonial Record*, French and English newspaper."

The *Herald*, *Post*, and *Standard* (I mention them in alphabetical order) were too wise, or honorable, or both, in common with many other papers to copy such a slander, while to such filthy scavengers as the *Shoreditch-Something*, *Clerkenwell News*, and *Lloyd's News*, it must have proved a real Godsend.

For offal and ordure—ye, what the Week voids
That which others reject,
Doth Jerrold select;
For anything nasty you look into *Lloyd's*.

Oh *Clerksnwell News*—ye nightman Pickburn.
I ll make you soon for this dirty trick burn.

Who is there in the *Telegraph* that places reliance,
What party or people can here have affiance
Can 'Change' Parliaments, Congresses, Reichraths, or Bunds,
Who for a *douceur* would falsify the state of the funds!

But to descend into the *visible obscure* "in the lowest deep a lower still," further down than even unclassical Shoreditch, or the *theca pulvinaria* of Chronos; old father TIME's, dustbin Clerkenwell, we come to—but of these more anon.

I here provide a couplet for the "future historian" of Birmingham—

* * * GAZETTE ALIAS CHURCH*YARD* GHOST,
A JEJUNE JOURNAL AND A POT-HOUSE POST.

I warn George Brown of *the Globe* that should he take advantage of the falsehood herein alluded to I will publish a Satire, entitled—"George Brown and Father," which I have already written, and which will place him outside of the pale of decent society when he visits London (Eng.) again. I would have published it last summer while he was in England but for the company he happened to be in. I am well acquainted with his career!—in the words of the glorious old Roman "I know the man thoroughly," *Intus et in cute novi hominem*—(Persius).

* * * Yes, the trady loon is destined to defeat,
Did you ever with this Atkins deal and not find him a cheat;
Winfield's establishment 'tis known hath gone into decay,
For a long series of years it had not been known to pay.
Ask those who've suffered by the pillaged Bank
Who for this state of things have we to thank;
Winfield caused us many a heavy throb,
Who to uphold his shop did others rob,
Cause of our blasted hopes and ruined homes,
The damned parasite, see Atkins comes.
So trady hath the place become, they get
Work from others, others may regret;
Suppliers listen to the instructive lay,
Trust "Winfield's" not, but ever make them pay
On delivery, e'er they take the goods away.
* * * *

Witness the Tube that I beheld them drawing,
Science and philosophy outlawing,
It even seem'd as if Fate's evil stroke
Had fallen on metal—twenty times it broke;
Here I saw the tube cut many a caper,
'Twould nor take the parallel nor taper.
Round, oval, square, octagonal, twisted,
The very brass and iron resisted
Infamy, no answer e'er the substance gave,
Reeded or fluted, convex or concave.
Do they contracts with creditors fulfil,
Witness many a baulk'd gas fitters bill.
Who'st with present Company agrees?
Ask the workmen and cheated patentees
If we from them purchase a chandelier
We leave the intermediate profit here.
Ecclesiastical Designs! yes, these
Are metal tortured to monstrosities
Touch not the *sacred*, you might as well,
Better, attempt the attributes of hell.
Ye are not Artists, born to buy and sell.

Yes, like the wight in Pollok's Course of Time,
If we may judge by many another crime,
You'd put a farthing in (spiritless lout)
The poor-box, and take a shilling out.
No doubt the British Association
Would look obliquely at your present station
Look, Professor Archer, Phillips what if
"A distinguished Russian, Paul Solorriff,"
Should pass along your way and let you know
That names, like dreams, do by contraries go,
You'd find that Winfield, Atkins, and Weston
Had *lost* the *field* with not a sod to rest on.
Instead of science they'd behold the most jady
Traffickers, void of mind, low and trady.
Sub. Hoad, and of this we're not surprised,
Atkins for sleeping partner advertised
Lately, to join a concern thus losing
One must be sleepy, yes, ever dozing,
Who with this dead concern would money risk?
While there are those with mental action brisk,
And having all the accessories of worth,
To create an universal market o'er the earth.
Seeing these things, who would "late Winfield's" join,
How it even exists none may devine,
Now answer me this, Atkins, if you will,
A contract did you ever yet fulfil,
Without cavil, did you ever pay a bill?
Fool that you were, you might have known that I
Could in a hundred ways your wiles defy.
And though I most entirely might lend,
My aid both night and day to serve a friend,
Whene'er I enter the arena with a foe,
I grapple well, *and never let him go.*
Go, some inventor scourge, or patentee,
Oppress some mild mechanic, heed not me.
For be it to you bloodless ruffian known,
I ever return a hundred blows for one.
I'll follow you through ev'ry lane in life,
With elements of opposition rife.
'Till your reeking tongue and rotten heart forlorn
Shall curse the day you *Asse de bouse* were born.
"Atkins, the perjurer, th sneak, the cheat,"
Shall greet you passing on thro' ev'ry street.
* * * *

Oblivion might have rolled o'er your name
No mental might to echo Fame's acclaim,
But now the avenging muse will engage
To make you run the gauntlet down thro' ev'ry age;
A warning this to teach such knaves how hard
It is to dare the vengeance of the bard.
I've but begun and never shall have done,
You'll have your character display'd anon,
Yes, kind reader, soon will appear a sketch
Biographic, of this detested wretch,
On more than Procrustes bed I will th' villian stretch.
* * * *

Did you think, Atkins, fortune to outflank
Because you and your Winfield robbed the Bank;
True, as hath said, the Minstrel of the West
This Winfield now most truly is *non est.*
"Like follows like" t' th' ill omen'd name, O' Winfield, this Atkins sticks, leech-like to his skin.
Again behold him like some noisome skunk,
Taking abode in Winfield's fallen trunk,
Of this mean sot let daily acts confess,
Hath Atkins such a thing, and he 'll says yes.
Then for supplies he'll slily send away,
Customer b'lk'd, creditor lost for aye.
(Of the Bard he something said not very nice,
To which the Bard retorted in a trice).
Atkins; yours shall be indeed th' darken'd doom
Surrounded by a worse than Dante's gloom
Your future days, and nights of life shall be,
And a most toilsome march—remember me,
The drear remembrance shall make you start,
A hell condensed rage wildly in your heart,
With Styx' red billows be your veins distrest.
A poisoned siroc rage within your breast,
If e'er to you be any children born,
Be they of intellect and features shorn,
And may they glowring with an idiot glare,
Doubly darken on their sire's despair.
Your haggard dame such horrors live to share.
Then too, may you remember, but in vain,
How you hoped to give the poet's mother pain.
Turn'd I not then re-doubling blow for blow,
Leaving you *there* the terror-stricken foe,
Think not that I will ever let you go.
No, by Heaven! I'll follow you thro' life
With whip of scorpions' wake the envenom'd strife.
Yes, I will haunt your vision day and night,
Fly where you may I'm present to your sight.
I'll fill your form with terror, till your veins
Distended shall bespeak your mental pains.
(This destiny be yours whoever you may be,
That fain would strive unjustly 'gainst the muse and me.)
Megara like, with Erinnys and Fates
I'll pursue you down to Acheron's gates.
'Till the rebuff of whirlwinds hurl you back,
Remorseless o'er that dreadful voidless track,
And Dragon demons from their drear abode,
Rechase you o'er the fiery realms ——
To receive a fresh damnation from your God,
'Till seeming Niagaras wing'd, to flame transform,
And Hecla's blazing mansion you in storm,
And all your crimes personified be like
Disembodied fiends, and in tempests thro' you strike.
Infernal engines rack your villian head
And devils dance around your dying bed;
Swelled up with crime your loathsome corpse shall burst
Into the grave, by every muse accurs'd:
Let hell receive you riveted in chains,
Damned to the hottest focus of its red domains.
Soulless villain, may Christ's curses on you lie,
And shake to pieces your posterity—
Baked in hell's oven's, crisp'd hard and dry,
Ground by Styx's engines—then to dust let fly,
Until in every atom of your carcass dwells
The concentrated focus of 10,000 hells

EXTRACTS FROM THE SUPPLEMENT TO THE 10th LONDONIAD.

"Turn on the bloody hounds with head of steel and make the cowards stand aloof at bay."—
SHAKESPEARE.

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Nostræ quod proderat urbi.

What a difference in men! lo the stanza

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With visage lifeless and flat as any muffin,
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I am, bon grè, mal grè,

JAMES TORRINGTON SPENCER LIDSTONE,

14th October, 1866.

From the 16th Londoniad.

IT is known that a short time before Richard Cobden passed away a controversy of a somewhat personal nature had been carried on between the friends of that great man on the one side and the "ostensible Editor of the London Times," (Eng.), on the other; at this particular period "the ostensible" rendered himself somewhat nôtorious by "continually sponging on the hospitalities of Cambridge House (Palmerston's)." I seized my lyre and formed the following verse for the 12th Londoniad, which hath been a "stock quotation" for many a public speaker since that day:—

RICHARD COBDEN AND JOHN DELANE
IMPROMPTU.

In Richard Cobden existing nations see
The prototype of benevolent Deity;
John Delane—if for his likeness we would seek,
We must strive to find it in an area sneak.

No real opportunity, however, for retaliation occurred, but the following will explain itself:—

To JOHN DELANE, *Editor of the Times, London, (Eng.)*,

SIR,—I have but just read your fictitious account of a libel case said to have taken place in the Guildhall, on the 2nd Oct., 1866, and in which my name flourishes conspicuously. Now never having been connected with any such case as the one in question and you must have known the so called report thereof to be a false one, as that true gentleman, Alderman Stone, who there sat upon the bench in that day hath attested by documentary evidence in my possession. Now you, Sir, having long been notorious—you are familiarly known as "the meanest man about town," whose name is the synonyme of all that is despicable. I have no alternative—albeit, I have to ask enlightened and generous readers not to look upon the words I here and now deliver as those unbecoming an educated gentleman, but that they will please call to remembrance and kindly take into consideration the strong reasons I have for dealing thus harshly with an infamous foe.

JOHN DELANE, EDITOR OF THE TIMES,

I here post you through England as a LIAR, a COWARD, and a BLACKGUARD, what more you are I will show in a court of law. The *Star* and *Morning Advertiser* were the first to make the *amends honorable*—all other papers have followed whose editors I have yet found time to call upon.

JAMES TORRINGTON SPENCER LIDSTONE,
AUTHOR OF THE 17 LONDONIADS.

"Mr. Lidstone has already caused more than one town to shut up shop, and opened up business with others, through whom at one time it was thought nothing could be done * * * did others know him as we do, the greatly trusted, the true-hearted and magnanimous friend of thousands, at the same time the powerful combatant of wrong, they had hesitated long before they wantonly stirred the fury of one (let them here rest at least free from suspense) who will never leave them until they are prostrate * * * * and after all, the Lumberers of New Hampshire are angels of Light compared to Winfields, the Birmingham Bank defaulters. * * * *Colonial Record*, French and English newspaper."

The *Herald*, *Post*, and *Standard* (I mention them in alphabetical order) were too wise, or honorable, or both, in common with many other papers to copy such a slander, while to such filthy scavengers as the *Shoreditch-Something*, *Clerkenwell News*, and *Lloyd's News*, it must have proved a real Godsend.

For offal and ordure—ye, what the Week voids
That which others reject,
Doth Jerrold select;
For anything nasty you look into *Lloyd's*.

Oh *Clerkenwell News*—ye nightman Pickburn.
I ll make you soon for this dirty trick burn.

Who is there in the *Telegraph* that places reliance,
What party or people can here have affiance
Can 'Change' Parliaments, Congresses, Reichraths, or Bunds,
Who for a *doucceur* would falsify the state of the funds!

But to descend into the *visible obscure* "in the lowest deep a lower still," further down than even unclassical Shoreditch, or the *thea pulvinaria* of Chronos; old father TIME's, dustbin Clerkenwell, we come to—but of these more anon.

I here provide a couplet for the "future historian" of Birmingham—

* * * GAZETTE ALIAS CHURCH*YARD* GHOST,
A JEJUNE JOURNAL AND A POT-HOUSE POST.

I warn George Brown of *the Globe* that should he take advantage of the falsehood herein alluded to I will publish a Satire, entitled—"George Brown and Father," which I have already written, and which will place him outside of the pale of decent society when he visits London (Eng.) again. I would have published it last summer while he was in England but for the company he happened to be in. I am well acquainted with his career!—in the words of the glorious old Roman "I know the man thoroughly," *Intus et in cute novi hominem*—(Persius).

* * * Yes, the trady loon is destined to defeat,
Did you ever with this Atkins deal and not find him a cheat;
Winfield's establishment 'tis known hath gone into decay,
For a long series of years it had not been known to pay.
Ask those who've suffered by the pillaged Bank
Who for this state of things have we to thank;
Winfield caused us many a heavy throb,
Who to uphold his shop did others rob,
Cause of our blasted hopes and ruined homes,
The damned parasite, see Atkins comes.
So trady hath the place become, they get
Work from others, others may regret;
Suppliers listen to the instructive lay,
Trust "Winfield's" not, but ever make them pay
On delivery, e'er they take the goods away.
* * * *
Witness the Tube that I beheld them drawing,
Science and philosophy outlawing,
It even seem'd as if Fate's evil stroke
Had fallen on metal—twenty times it broke;
Here I saw the tube cut many a caper,
'Twould nor take the parallel nor taper.
Round, oval, square, octagonal, twisted,
The very brass and iron resisted
Infamy, no answer e'er the substance gave,
Reeded or fluted, convex or concave.
Do they contracts with creditors fulfil,
Witness many a baulk'd gas fitters bill.
Who'st with present Company agrees?
Ask the workmen and cheated patentees
If we from them purchase a chandelier
We leave the intermediate profit here.
Ecclesiastical Designs! yes, these
Are metal tortured to monstrosities
Touch not the *sacred*, you might as well,
Better, attempt the attributes of hell.
Ye are not Artists, born to buy and sell.
Yes, like the wight in Pollok's Course of Time,
If we may judge by many another crime,
You'd put a farthing in (spiritless lout)
The poor-box, and take a shilling out.
No doubt the British Association
Would look obliquely at your present station
Look, Professor Archer, Phillips what if
"A distinguished Russian, Paul Solorriff,"
Should pass along your way and let you know
That names, like dreams, do by contraries go,
You'd find that Winfield, Atkins, and Weston
Had *lost* the *field* with not a sod to rest on.
Instead of science they'd behold the most jady
Traffickers, void of mind, low and trady.
Sub. Rosâ, and of this we're not surprised,
Atkins for sleeping partner advertised
Lately, to join a concern thus losing
One must be sleepy, yes, ever dozing,
Who with this dead concern would money risk?
While there are those with mental action brisk,
And having all the accessories of worth,
To create an universal market o'er the earth.
Seeing these things, who would "late Winfield's" join,
How it even exists none may devine,
Now answer me this, Atkins, if you will,
A contract did you ever yet fulfil,
Without cavil, did you ever pay a bill?
Fool that you were, you might have known that I
Could in a hundred ways your wiles defy.
And though I most entirely might lend,
My aid both night and day to serve a friend,
Whene'er I enter the arena with a foe,
I grapple well, *and never let him go.*
Go, some inventor scourge, or patentee,
Oppress some mild mechanic, heed not me.
For be it to you bloodless ruffian known,
I ever return a hundred blows for one.
I'll follow you through ev'ry lane in life,
With elements of opposition rife.
'Till your reeking tongue and rotten heart forlorn
Shall curse the day you *Atkins do hous* were born.
"Atkins, the perjurer, th sneak, the cheat,"
Shall greet you passing on thro' ev'ry street.
* * * *
Oblivion might have rolled o'er your name
No mental might to echo Fame's acclaim,
But now the avenging muse will engage
To make you run the gauntlet down thro' ev'ry age;
A warning this to teach such knaves how hard
It is to dare the vengeance of the bard.
I've but begun and never shall have done,
You'll have your character display'd anon,
Yes, kind reader, soon will appear a sketch
Biographic, of this detested wretch,
On more than Procrustes bed I will th' villian stretch.
* * * *
Did you think, Atkins, fortune to outflank
Because you and your Winfield robbed the Bank;
True, as hath said, the Minstrel of the West
This Winfield now most truly is *non est*.
"Like follows like" t' th' ill omen'd name, O' Winfield, this Atkins sticks, leech-like to his skin.
Again behold him like some noisome skunk,
Taking abode in Winfield's fallen trunk,
Of this mean sot let daily acts confess,
Hath Atkins such a thing, and he 'll says yes.
Then for supplies he'll slily send away,
Customer b'lk'd, creditor lost for aye.
(Of the Bard he something said not very nice,
To which the Bard retorted in a trice).
Atkins; yours shall be indeed th' darken'd doom
Surrounded by a worse than Dante's gloom
Your future days, and nights of life shall be,
And a most toilsome march—remember me,
The drear remembrance shall make you start,
A hell condensed rage wildly in your heart,
With Styx' red billows be your veins distrest.
A poisoned siroc rage within your breast,
If e'er to you be any children born,
Be they of intellect and features shorn,
And may they glowring with an idiot glare,
Doubly darken on their sire's despair.
Your haggard dame such horrors live to share.
Then too, may you remember, but in vain,
How you hoped to give the poet's mother pain.
Turn'd I not then re-doubling blow for blow,
Leaving you *there* the terror-stricken foe,
Think not that I will ever let you go.
No, by Heaven! I'll follow you thro' life
With whip of scorpions' wake the envenom'd strife.
Yes, I will haunt your vision day and night,
Fly where you may I'm present to your sight.
I'll fill your form with terror, till your veins
Distended shall bespeak your mental pains.
(This destiny be yours whoever you may be,
That fain would strive unjustly 'gainst the muse and me.)
Megara like, with Erinnys and Fates
I'll pursue you down to Acheron's gates.
'Till the rebuff of whirlwinds hurl you back,
Remorseless o'er that dreadful voidless track,
And Dragon demons from their drear abode,
Rechase you o'er the fiery realms ———
To receive a fresh damnation from your God,
'Till seeming Niagaras wing'd, to flame transform,
And Hecla's blazing mansion you in storm,
And all your crimes personified be like
Disembodied fiends, and in tempests thro' you strike.
Infernal engines rack your villian head
And devils dance around your dying bed;
Swelled up with crime your loathsome corpse shall burst
Into the grave, by every muse accurs'd;
Let hell receive you riveted in chains,
Damned to the hottest focus of its red domains.
Soulless villain, may Christ's curses on you lie,
And shake to pieces your posterity—
Baked in hell's oven's, crisp'd hard and dry,
Ground by Styx's engines—then to dust let fly,
Until in every atom of your carcase dwells
The concentrated focus of 10,000 hells.
Prophets in ire would fling at you their curses,
Apostles their books at such trady souls,
The vilest toadies yet that ever lick'd
Heels, and for th' same full often you get kick'd.
Candelabra, who from you would take them?
Two profits! 'tis known you never make them.
And as for Architects and Contractors,
Dealing with unprincipled exactors,
They soon would find you out, yea to their cost
Ho! Bedsteads polish'd, burnish'd, and embost,
I'd make a bed for you! and in blanket tost,
General Brass-founders! O pray begone
Jacks of all trades are ye, master of none.
Ay! Educational and Provident
Institutions! should children here be sent,
They'd need to be, for their bad morals shant,
And soon you'd find their mental structure built on
John Shepperd principles—not John Milton.
Atkins, here truth my muse shall urge her, he
Would train them up to forge and perjury.
Lily-liver'd Atkins between us both,
Have you not taken many a false oath,
And for that same in Mediæval years
Might have lost (true desert) your Midas' ears,
Send forth no song of p[illegible]
For that would darken [illegible]
The widow's curses and [illegible]
Shall haunt you each m[illegible]ght w[illegible]
While grinning dévils and a frowning [illegible]
Darken your entrance to the graveyard sod.
May hearty curses all your hopes alarm
From those who never did you any harm,
Cursed be your day and damn'd your latest breath,
Hell storm your heart and rack you after death;
Fiends hiss while hell's intensest billows roll,
Mountainous torrents o'er your screeching soul!

In conclusion, as I hope never to be the aggressor, so will I never fail to combat all who assail me; but those cowardly hearted scoundrels to whom I have alluded only dare come on like wolves in packs, or leave me without their names, to combat the phantom of a foe—I am not, however, to be startled by ghosts or vapoury forms of any kind, and have overcome too many lions and fiery dragons in my day to be frightened at wolves. The names of some, I have not yet mentioned, but they will appear in due time—they are not forgotten! I feel myself more than able for any force that can be brought against me. *Nec pluribus impar. Boutez en avant.*

* *Boute Rimes on Docker, Bush Cooper; and the* JOHN DELANEIAD, *a Satire on the Times, &c., containing the names and characters of nearly all the Editors in the Metropolis make up other parts of the supplement. The whole to be had in English, French, and German.*

IGNORAMUS

An Excellent New Song.

99*

To the Tune of, *Lay by your Pleading, Law lies a bleeding.*

[1]

SInce Reformation
With *Whig*'s in Fashion,
There's neither Equity nor Justice in the Nation.
Against their Furies,
There no such Cure is,
As lately hath been wrought by *Ignoramus-Juries.*
Compaction of Faction,
That breeds all Distraction,
Is at the Zenith Point, but will not bear an Action.
They sham us, and flam us,
And ram us, and damn us,
And then, in spight of Law, come off with Ignoramus.

[2]

Oh, how they Plotted,
Brimighams Voted,
And all the *Mobile* the Holy Cause promoted.
They preach'd up Treason,
At ev'ry season,
And taught the Multitude Rebellion was but Reason,
With Breaches, Impeaches,
And most Loyal Speeches,
With Royal Bloud again to glut the thirsty Leeches.
They sham us and flam us, &c.

[3]

'Tis such a *Jury*
Wou'd pass no *Tory*,
Were he as Innocent as a Saint in Glory:
But let a Brother
Ravish his Mother,
Assassinate his King, he wou'd find no other.
They shamed, and blamed,
As Loyallists aimed; (flamed.
But when a *Whig*'s reprieve'd, the Town with Beacons
They sham us, and flam us, &c.

[4]

This *Ignoramus*
With which they sham us,
Wou'd find against a *Tork*, to raise a *M— th*-amus.
Who clears a Traytor;
And a King Hater
Against his Lawful Prince wou'd find sufficient matter.
They sought it, and wrought it,
Like Rebels they fought it, (it.
And with the price of Royal Martyrs bloud they bought
They sham us, and flam us, &c.

[5]

At the *Old-Baily*,
Where Rogues flock daily,
A greater Traytor far then *Coleman*, *White* or
Was late Indicted,
Witnesses cited,
But then he was set free; so the King was right
'Gainst Princes, Offences
Prov'd in all senses;
But 'gainst a *Whig* there is no Truth in Evidences.
They sham us, and flam us, &c.

[6]

But wot you what, Sir?
They found it not, Sir;
'Twas ev'ry Jurors Case, and there lay all the
For at this season,
Shou'd they do reason,
Which of themselves shou'd scape, if they found
Compassion in fashion,
The Int'rest of th' Nation:
Oh, what a Godly point is self-preservation!
They sham us, and flam us, &c.

[7]

'Las what is Conscience
In *Baxter*'s own sense,
When Int'rest lies at stake, an Oath and Law
Now they will banter
Quaker and *Ranter*,
To find a Royallist, and clear a Covenanter.
They'l wrangle and brangle,
The Soul intangle,
To save the Traytors Neck from the old Triangle
They flam us, and sham us, &c.

[8]

Alas! for pity
Of this good City,
What will the *Tories* say in their Drunken Ditty?
When all Abettors,
And Monarch Haters,
The Brethren damn'd their Souls to save malicious
But mind it, long winded,
With prejudice blinded,
Lest what they did reject, another Jury find it.
Then sham us, and flam us,
And ram us, and damn us,
When against King and Law you find an Ignoramus.

LONDON: Printed for *A. Banks*, MDCLXXXI.

BRITANNIA'S CALL,

IN COMMEMORATION OF THE

Landing of the Princess Alexandra at Gravesend,

On the 7th of March, 1863.

AWAKE! awake! ye sons of Britons, wake,
All slumber from your eyelids shake;
Alexandra, pearl of Royal Dagmar's line,
Comes to greet us with her smile divine.

Arise! arise! ye sons of Britons, rise,
Old England's thunders echo to the skies;
Denmark's daughter sleeps upon the wave,
Where ends the peril of the mariner's grave.

Arise! arise! ye sons of Britons, rise,
Send forth a shout beyond the skies;
The Sea-king's daughter, fairest of the fair,
Comes to wed the mighty Sea-queen's heir.

Shout! shout!—welcome Denmark's rarest flower,
Welcome to thy bridal bower,
Welcome thou Norseman's child—peerless rose—
To shores, where love for thee in every bosom glows.

Behold! ye noble Britons, behold yon deck;
Who there, so proudly rears that swan-like neck?
'Tis Alexandra! Denmark's royal maid,
Whose beauty wins the hearts of every grade.

Back! back! see the joyous crowd recede,
Sweet flowers alone the maiden's path impede;
And as she steps, each flow'ret yields its breath,
Blest by her tread, they die a happy death.

Hark! hark! all in that vast surging throng
With sudden impulse cry, loud and long,
To that great power, whose hand this day is seen,
"God bless Alexandra, England's future queen!"

Gratefully rises the circling incense on high,
As each loud huzza rends the sky;
And as the echoes faintly die away,
All hearts thus inly responsive pray:—

"Spirit of the universe—
Mighty power above,
From whose Eternal throne
Springs all love:
To Thee, with one voice,
We deign to pray,
Bless her, oh! Spirit,
Who comes to us this day.

Let thine angels
Guard that tender vine,
Resplendent with every grace,
May she shine.
Guide her young feet
From every snare,
Shield her, Mighty Father,
With thy heavenly care."

Birchin Lane. H. S.

WOODLEY, Printer, 30, Fore Street, City.

The Lawyers Demurrer Argued.

By the Loyall ADDRESSERS (the Gentlemen) of *Grays-Inne*, Against an ORDER made by the Bench of the Said Society.

To the Tune of *Packingtons Pound*, Or, *The Round-Head Reviv'd.*

I.

Dear Friends, and Good People, with Gowns and with none,
I'le tell you a Tale of a parcell of *Whiggs*,
The Spawn of some *Rebells* in year Forty One,
Who like their damn'd Sires purs.es their Intrigues:
It occasion's amazing,
That some Members of *Grays-Inne*,
Turn Tail to their King, from whom they'd their Raising:
You Mortals of Law be confounded for ever,
Who refuse an Address made to your Law-giver.

II.

By a musty old Custome, call'd Order of *Pension*,
Giving Thanks to the King was judg'd an Affray;
And straight they Decree'd. 'twas Iust to Disbench One,
For shewing Himself more Loyal then they:
So thus the *Dom. Com.*
Speak loudly for some,
But propose the Kings Int'rest, the word shall be Mum.
You Mortalls of Law be confounded for ever;
Who refuse an Address made to your Law-giver.

III.

Men of the Sword they say make a Division,
And militant Lawyers their Wisdoms disown,
So that from the King to have had a Commission,
Does not consist with a tatter'd old Gown:
These men make pretense,
Both to Law and to Sense,
Yet say, the Law's broke, if you Fight for your Prince.
You Mortalls of Law be confounded for ever,
Who refuse an Address made to your Law-giver.

IV.

From th' Antients (they urge) this Order comes out,
And therefore expect a ready Obedience,
But how can that be, since their Mastership doat,
And they themselves have forgotten Allegeance:
Therefore let's pray,
Both by night and by Day,
That they may Conform, and then we'll Obey.
You Mortalls of Law be confounded for ever,
Who refuse an Address unto your Law-giver.

V.

But wou'd it not move a Heart made of Flint,
To think that a House must continue no longer,
Since the grave Gubernators refus'd to consent,
Except 'twere propos'd by a Bar-Iron-monger;
Or else by a Brewer,
Who serves them with Beer,
So small, that they're fill'd with Suspition and Fear.
You Mortals of Law be confounded for ever,
Who refuse an Address made to your Law-giver.

VI.

Now some of the younger disconsolate fry,
As if they'd been still at——*Quaso Magister*,
Under such strange Apprehensions did lye,
They desir'd to consult the Chappell-Minister.
One of the young Men,
Wou'd not handle a Pen,
For my Lord, and my Father won't take me agen.
You Mortalls of Law be confounded for ever,
Who refuse an Address made to your Law-giver.

VII.

The Number of those who refus'd to Subscribe,
Are fitly compar'd to the days of poor *Job*,
Few and Evil——and of a Satanicall Tribe,
Who Scandalize all the rest of the Robe;
Those of the Bar-messe,
Who cry'd——No Address,
Found their Party of Faction were two to one Lesse;
You Mortalls of Law be confounded for ever,
Who refuse an Address made to your Law-giver.

VIII.

Now you have heard of these *Lawyers Demurrer*,
And how their weak Arguments are over-rul'd,
Without all Dispute will think an *Abhorrer*,
Of them and Petitions are loyally Bold.
For such Impudence,
Both at Bar and at Bench,
Proceeds from those Men, who their King would Retrench;
You Mortalls of Law be confounded for ever,
Who refuse an Address made to your Law-giver.

London. Printed for *A.B.* 1681.

TO THE

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF DENMARK

ON HER ENTERING THE CITY OF LONDON, THE 7TH OF MARCH,

AND PUBLISHED ON THE OCCASION OF

HER MARRIAGE WITH

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales,

AT WINDSOR, THE 10TH OF MARCH, 1863.

BY MR. COOPER EWBANK.

Fair Maid of Denmark, thou hast found,
In England now, thy happy home;
The trumpet gave a certain sound
When it proclaimed the welcome, Come!

Come, welcome, welcome, to the land,
Thou hast adopted for thine own,
Clasp an admiring nation's hand,
Extended to entwine thine own!

We watched thee slowly pass along,
The cheers of thousands rent the air;
We were amongst the anxious throng,
And saw thee—fairest of the fair!

We saw thy form and sparkling eye,
And gazed in eager fond delight—
We found thee neither coy nor shy,
And revelled in the joyous sight!

Forgive, if we in anxious haste,
Pressed forward to obtain a view—
We caught a glimpse, 'twas but a taste,
The world that day was all for you.

Our sorrowing Queen, depressed by care,
May now in thy dear presence find,
Solace indeed, if thou art there,
To charm and soothe the anxious mind!

'Tis thus that God would wipe away,
The trials of the passing hour,
And sweeten troubles every day,
By Grace and His Almighty power.

He gives the balm the wounds to heal,
And compensates our every loss;
He bids us pray and humbly kneel,
And draws us to the Saviour's cross.

Fair Alexandra! thou art wed
A Royal Prince thy husband now,
Oh! what a lustre hast thou shed,
This very day, around his brow!

May he thy cherished, fondest love,
Reciprocate, and so secure
The love of all, and fully prove
Thee, as thou art, so fair, so pure!

Thou, who but yesterday unknown,
Did'st soon engage a nation's smile,
Returning many of thine own,
Oh! what a happy thought, the while!

Fair Alexandra! thou hast found
A loved response wherever seen;
We bid thee come to English ground,
To be one day a British Queen!

18*th May*, 1863.

"LORD HARRIS has received the commands of H. R. H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES, to inform MR. EWBANK, that Her Royal Highness has been graciously pleased to accept the ODE which he has transmitted for presentation—and to express her best acknowledgements for it."

"AN ODE TO THE PRINCESS OF WALES.—The Princess of Wales has, through LORD HARRIS, expressed 'Her best acknowledgements' for an ODE composed by MR. COOPER EWBANK, on the occasion of Her entry into the City of London and Marriage. We have had an opportunity of inspecting the presentation copy, which is beautifully printed in gold letters, on an embossed and illuminated card.—The card, elegantly framed, is enclosed in a handsome case of green velvet mounted with gold, lined throughout with white satin, with a suitable inscription. The Author is a brother of the late REV. W. WITHERS EWBANK, Incumbent of St. George's-on-the-Hill, Everton, Liverpool.." *See* RECORD, *May* 20, 1863.

C Burbank Esq
u Wexford and North
Kopawa

PATIENT JOE, or the *Newcastle Collier:*

HAVE you heard of a Collier of honest renown,
Who dwelt on the borders of Newcastle Town?
His name it was Joseph—you better may know
If I tell you he always was called patient JOE.

Whatever betided he thought it was right,
And Providence still he kept ever in sight;
To those who love GOD, let things turn as they wou'd
He was certain that all work'd together for good.

He prais'd his Creator whatever befel;
How thankful was Joseph when matters went well!
How sincere were his carols of praise for good health,
And how grateful for any increase in his wealth!

In trouble he bow'd him to GOD's holy will,
How contented was Joseph when matters went ill!
When rich and when poor he alike understood
That all things together were working for good.

If the Land was afflicted with war, he declar'd
'Twas a needful correction for sins which *he* shar'd;
And when merciful Heaven bid slaughter to cease
How thankful was Joe for the blessing of peace!

When Taxes ran high, and provisions were dear,
Still Joseph declar'd he had nothing to fear;
It was but a trial he well understood
From HIM who made all work together for good.

Tho' his wife was but sickly, his gettings but small,
A mind so submissive prepar'd him for all;
He liv'd on his gains were they greater or less,
And the GIVER he ceas'd not each moment to bless.

When another child came he receiv'd him with joy,
And Providence bless'd who had sent him the boy;
But when the child dy'd—said poor Joe I'm content,
For GOD had a right to recal what he lent.

It was Joseph's ill-fortune to work in a pit
With some who believ'd that profaneness was wit;
When disasters befel him much pleasure they shew'd,
And laugh'd and said—Joseph, will this work for good?

But ever when these wou'd prophanely advance
That *this* happen'd by luck, and *that* happen'd by chance,
Still Joseph insisted no chance cou'd be found,
Not a sparrow by accident falls to the ground.

Among his companions who work'd in the pit,
And made him the butt of their profligate wit,
Was idle Tim Jenkins, who drank and who gam'd,
Who mock'd at his Bible, and was not asham'd.

One day at the pit his old comrades he found,
And they chatted, preparing to go under ground;
Tim Jenkins as usual was turning to jest
Joe's notion—that all things which happen'd were best.

As Joe on the ground had unthinkingly laid
His provision for dinner of bacon and bread.
A dog on the watch seiz'd the bread and the meat,
And off with his prey ran with footsteps so fleet.

Now to see the delight that Tim Jenkins exprest!
"Is the loss of thy dinner too, Joe, for the best?"
"No doubt on't," said Joe, "but as I must eat,
'Tis my duty to try to recover my meat."

So saying he follow'd the dog a long round,
While Tim laughing and swearing, went down under ground.
Poor Joe soon return'd, tho' his bacon was lost,
For the dog a good dinner had made at his cost.

When Joseph came back, he expected a sneer,
But the face of each Collier spoke horror and fear;
What a narrow escape hast thou had, they all said,
The pit is fall'n in, and Tim Jenkins is dead!

How sincere was the gratitude Joseph express'd!
How warm the compassion which glow'd in his breast!
Thus events great and small if aright understood
Will be found to be working together for good.

"When my meat," Joseph cry'd, "was just now stol'n away,
And I had no prospect of eating to day,
How cou'd it appear to a short-sighted sinner,
That my life wou'd be sav'd by the loss of my dinner?"

Z.

Entered at STATIONERS HALL.

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PATIENT JOE, or the Newcastle Collier.

HAVE you heard of a Collier of honest renown,
Who dwelt on the borders of Newcastle Town?
His name it was Joseph—(a better way know
If ye will yonder always called patient Joe.)

Whatever befalls, he thought it was right,
And Providence still he kept ever in sight;
To those who love GOD, let things turn as they won't,
He was certain that all work'd together for good.

He praised his Creator whatever befell;
How grateful was Joseph, when matters went well!
How sincere were his carols of praise for good health,
And how grateful for any increase in his wealth!

How contented was Joseph when matters went ill!
When sick and poor he alike understood
That all things together were working for good.

If the land was all filled with war, he declar'd
"Tis a needful correction for sin which is shar'd;
And when merciful Heaven bid laughter to cease,
How thankful was Joe for the blessing of peace!

When Famine came, and provisions were dear,
Still Joseph declar'd he had nothing to fear;
It was but a trial he well understood
Then (GOD) who made all work together for good.

The wife was but frisky, his gettings but small,
A mighty big bumbling urchin was all;
He liv'd on his pains were they greater or less,
And the Cottage he clear'd not each moment to bless.

When another child came he received him with joy,
And Providence blest'd who had lent him the boy;
But when the child dy'd—Said poor Joe I'm content,
For GOD had a right to recall what he lent.

It was Joseph's misfortune to work in a pit
With Rundown, believ'd that prudence well suit;
When fellows he held him much pleasure they found,
And laugh'd and said—Joseph, will this work for good?

But ever when they'd wou'd prophesy advance
That this happen'd by luck, and that happen'd by chance,
Still Joseph insisted no chance could be found,
Nor a sparrow by accident falls to the ground.

Among his companions who work'd in the pit,
And made him the butt of their profligate wit,
Was little Tim Jenkins, who drank and who gam'd,
Who mock'd at his Bible, and was nor fam'd.

One day as the pit his old comrades he found,
And they chatted, preparing to go under ground;
Tim Jenkins as usual was trying to jest
Joe's notion—that all things which happen'd were best.

As Joe on the ground had unthinkingly laid
His provision for dinner of bacon and bread,
Tim on the watch seiz'd the bread and the meat,
Indeed with his prey ran with loudest to greet.

Now to Joe the delight that Tim Jenkins expressed
"Take half of thy dinner too, Joe, for the best?"
"No doubt on't," said Joe, "but as I must eat,
'Tis my duty to try to recover my meat."

So having he follow'd the dog a long round,
While Tim laughing and swearing, went down under ground.

Poor Joe soon return'd, tho' his bacon was lost,
For the dog a good dinner had made at his cost.

When Joseph came back, he expected a sneer,
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What a narrow escape had them had, they all said,
The pit is fall'n in, and Tim Jenkins is dead!

How sincere was the gratitude Joseph express'd!
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Thus every great and small trial understood
Will be found to be working together for good.

"When my mean," Joseph cry'd, "was just now fol'n
away,
And I had no prospect of eating to day,
How cou'd it appear to a short-sighted sinner,
That my dinner wou'd be lav'd by the loss of my dinner?"

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THE

Roguiſh MILLER;

OR,

Nothing got by Cheating.

A TRUE BALLAD.

A Miller there was, and he liv'd at his Mill,
Which was built on a ſtream at the foot of a hill.
He cheated all day and he drank all the night,
For cheating and drinking was all his delight;
While his moments in tippling unheeded did roll,
This ſtill was his ſaying—be ſure to take toll.

Whoever ſent corn to be ground at his Mill,
He ſpoilt it, he chang'd it, he pilfer'd it ſtill;
In villainy thus a long courſe he did run,
For he fancy'd that cheating was very good fun.
He car'd not what came of his body or ſoul,
While this was his ſaying—I'll always take toll.

If you ſent a full Sack of good corn to his Mill,
A Sack of bad flour he ſent you back ſtill,
For he fancy'd that when he the wheat had once ground,
The difference wou'd not be eaſily found:
Now to change good for bad was as if he had ſtole,
And he not only chang'd it—but always took toll.

The Neighbours oft ſent him their Money to pay,
But he always refus'd it and ſent it away;
Had he taken the Money he'd have got but his due,
But the payment that's lawful for him wou'd not do;
What was honeſtly his he deſpis'd on the whole,
Becauſe he got more from—the taking of toll.

One day when a Farmer had ſent a good ſack
Of his Corn to be ground, and then ſent for it back;
He call'd to his Man and demanded ſtraitway,
If for this he had taken the toll on that day.
The Man ſtrait declar'd, that tho' nought he had ſtole,
Yet that he had taken—the full of the toll.

He then call'd his maid, and he aſk'd her good lack
If toll ſhe had taken from that very ſack;
She declar'd that ſhe had, but he fond of pelf,
Said, for fear that you ſhou'd not, I'll take it myſelf;
So raſhly he ventur'd the loſs of his Soul,
And mended his practice—by thrice taking toll.

At length he grew bolder and bolder in ſin,
And cheating he deeper and deeper got in;
Of Satan, alas! he was quite at the beck,
Where he firſt took a pound he at length took a peck,
No church he frequented to pray for his Soul,
Who wou'd might go thither—ſo he could take toll.

The Farmer, the Squire, the Parſon likewiſe
Agreed to obſerve him with ſtill keener Eyes;
But the Juſtice he cheated to ſuch a degree,
That no longer with patience his frauds cou'd he ſee;
So he ſent him to jail by the LAW's juſt controul,
And a MITTIMUS paid him—for taking of toll.

Come all honeſt Millers whoever you be,
And liſten to counſel that's given by me;
Be content, like fair tradeſmen with moderate gains,
And look for a lawful reward of your pains;
If 'tis paid you in money be pleas'd on the whole
And if you take any—take moderate toll.

O! ſeek not each way to defraud that you can,
Nor cheat in the flour, nor cheat in the bran;
Be honeſt and all Men will flock to your Mill,
And tho' others want cuſtom, yours ne'er will ſtand ſtill.
And when to your MAKER you give up your ſoul,
You'll rejoice that you always—took moderate toll.

Z.

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THE

Roguish MILLER;

OR,

Nothing got by Cheating.

A TRUE BALLAD.

A Miller there was, and he liv'd at his Mill,
Which was built on a stream at the foot of a hill.
He chaunt'd all day and it lark all the night,
For chanting and thinking was all his delight;
While his mouths in grinding unheeded did roll,
This Miller was by nature the lazy to take toll.

Whoever first came to be ground at his Mill,
He took, as chance it happen'd, he pilfer'd it still;
To villainy he a long course he did run,
For he knew that cheating was very good fun.
He cared not what came of his body or soul,
While he was sure his layings—still always take toll.

If you took a full sack of good corn to his Mill,
A sack of bad flour he gave you back still;
For he knew that when he the wheat had once

The difference you'd not be easily found;
Now to change good for bad was as if he had stole,
And he not only changed it—but always took toll.

The Miller had lost by their Money to pay,
[illegible] it away;
[illegible] the Money he'd have got his due,
[illegible] for this Miller was a rogue in the whole,
Because he got more from—the taking of toll.

One day when a Farmer had lent a good sack
Of his Corn to be ground, and then lent it back;
He called to his Man and demanded Gratuity,
If for this he had taken the toll on that day.
The Man then declar'd, that tho' rough he had
[illegible]
For that he had taken—the full of the pill.

He then recall'd his maid, and bealk'd her good lack
If toll he had taken from that very sack;
She declar'd that she had, but he found of pelf,
Said, for fear that you thou'd not, I'll take it my self
So rightly he vouch'd the lots of his Soul,
And mended his practice—by thrice taking toll.

At length he grew bolder and bolder in fin,
And cheating he deeper and deeper got in;
Of Satan, alas! he was quite at the beck,
Where he first took a pound he at length took a peck.
No church he frequented to pray for his Soul,
Who won'd might go thither—lo he could take toll.

The Farmer, the Squire, the Parson likewise,
Agreed to believe him with full Lecture Eyes;
But the Justice he cheated to such a degree,
That no longer with patience his fraud con'd he see;
So he lent him to jail by the Law's jail convoy,
And a [illegible] paid him—for taking of toll.

Come all honest Millers wherever you be,
And listen to see what that's given by me;
Be content, like an honest tradesman with moderate gains,
And look for a lawful reward of your pains;
If 'tis paid you in money be pleas'd on the whole,
And if you take any—take moderate toll.

O! look not each way to defraud that you can,
Nor cheat in the flour, nor cheat in the bran;
Be honest and all Men will flock to your Mill,
And tho' others want custom, yours never will
Hand Mill.
And when to your MAKER you give up your Soul,
You'll rejoice that you always—took moderate toll.

Z.

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[ENTERED at STATIONERS-HALL.]

DAME ANDREWS, a Ballad.

NEAR Lechlade Town, in Glostershire
Upon the Banks of Thame,
There liv'd an honest worthy pair,
And Andrews was their name.

Tho' but a labourer was he,
And children they had four:
Content and comfort they enjoy'd,
Want came not near their door.

For all his earnings John brought home,
He ne'er to Alehouse went;
And Mary manag'd what he brought:
Right frugally they spent.

The cottage look'd in order still,
The children clean and tight:
And John still found some wholesome fare,
When he came home at night.

The children early taught to spin
Added their little gains;
And though their earnings were but small,
They amply paid the pains.

For every little matter helps
When carefully 'tis us'd:
And whatsoever Mary got
It never was abus'd.

Industriously she pass'd the week,
No idleness she knew:
But to the Sabbath's holy rest,
She paid the reverence due.

Her children to the Sunday school
Were always early sent:
Herself and husband to the Church,
Most regularly went.

This parish had a Minister,
Who was a shepherd true:
He mark'd the conduct of his flock,
And all the good he knew.

His favour frequently was shewn
To Andrews and his wife;
For well he knew that they did lead
An honest pious life.

Their Sunday's dinner oft he gave;
But, what they valued more,
He fed their souls with heav'nly food,
From Scripture's sacred store.

He gave them many pious books,
To teach the way to God;
And often wou'd direct their steps
To tread that holy road.

Long time this worthy Pastor liv'd
By all the parish bless'd;
At length his heav'nly Master call'd
Him to his holy rest.

His weeping servants round the bed,
All stood with list'ning ear,
To catch their Master's dying words,
And Mary, she was there.

No heart more pierc'd with grief than hers,
Her sighs to Heav'n ascend;
"When I lose you, my Master dear,
"I lose my only friend:

"If wants arise who is there now
"That will those wants remove?
"Or who will teach me how to seek
"Assistance from above?"

The dying man just spoke these words,
While all his words attend;
"Trust thou in God,—who trusts in him
"Will never want a friend."

His words sunk deep in Mary's heart,
Much comfort they did give;
Resolv'd these words she'd ne'er forget,
So long as she did live.

Some years roll'd on, and things went well,
At length mishaps arose;
Poor John fell sick, and could not work,
Nor were these all their woes:

But Mary too was grown so lame,
She could not turn her wheel:
Sad, sad, it is when old and sick
Want's heavy hand to feel.

'Tis true the parish would relieve,
The workhouse would them take;'
But much she mourn'd her house to quit,
Her long-lov'd home forsake.

With aching heart she reach'd from shelf
Her only loaf of bread:
And while the tears roll'd down her cheeks,
With frequent sobs she said;

"My Master, now a saint in Heav'n,
"Bade me, when near his end,
"To trust in God, and then he said,
"I ne'er should want a friend.

"In thee, O Lord, I put my trust,
"Thou canst my woes remove,
"Or grant me grace to bear them still
"With patience, for Thy love."

Just then she heard one at the door
Who tried to move the pin;
She thought some friendly neighbour call'd,
And rose to let her in.

A friendly Neighbour sure it was!
Such as the poor man found,
Who having fallen the thieves among,
Lay dying on the ground.

Good Dame, said she, I'm lately come
Within this town to live;
And such a character of you
Do all the parish give,

That I an offer to you make
My School-mistress to be;
To teach poor children and for this,
You shall be paid by me.

Your own you have so well brought up,
I safely can you trust;
You'll teach them God to fear and love,
To be both good and just.

With thankful heart Dame Andrews heard,
This welcome offer made;
And soon the little folk were sent,
And duly she was paid.

To God her daily thanks she gave,
And all the children taught,
In Him to put their trust; and told
The Mercies He had wrought.

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THE

MARKET WOMAN,

A

True Tale;

OR,

HONESTY

IS THE

Beſt Policy.

A Farmer's Wife to Market went
On every Market day;
She carried butter, pork, and eggs,
The Farmer carried hay.

Throughout the Pariſh where ſhe liv'd
For fraud ſhe was renown'd;
And oft her Butter ſcarcely weigh'd
Twelve Ounces to the pound.

In making Cheeſe her practice ſtill
Was very much the ſame;
She ſold it for the very beſt,
But ſtole away the cream.

She lik'd to flaunt in gowns ſo gay,
And laces fine and thin;
And what is worſe than all the reſt,
She lik'd a little gin.

She knew not where to get the Caſh
To pay for all ſhe bought;
So robb'd her butter and her cheeſe,
Which was a wicked thought.

She ſeldom went to Pariſh Church
Except to ſhew her dreſs;
But ſpent the Sunday afternoon
In Sin and Idleneſs.

This is a rule you'll always find
Full nine times out of ten;
That thoſe who don't their MAKER ſerve
Will not be juſt to Men.

Now who but ſhe at every Fair
Both near and far away?
The Squire's own lady was not half
So flaunting and ſo gay.

At every revel, every dance
For many Miles around,
At every ſound of fiddle heard
She conſtantly was found.

O! Shame to female Modeſty
That ever Wife or Maid,
Shou'd to an Ale-houſe dancing go,
Where oft they are betray'd!

Her only thought was to contrive
That Money might not fail,
For this her Pork was fed on grains,
Her Eggs were always ſtale.

Her Huſband was an honeſt Man
And did not know her tricks;
For tho' he felt that he grew poor,
The blame he wou'd not fix.

The neighbours ceas'd to buy her goods,
So ſhe to market went;
And if ſhe brought ſome money home
Her huſband was content.

The people of the town remark'd
Her butter ſtill grew leſs;
And to the Market-Bailiff went,
The evil to redreſs.

Next Market day the Bailiff came,
And walk'd his uſual round;
And ſoon his watchful eye he fix'd
Upon her ſlender pound.

With terror equal to her guilt,
She mark'd his watchful eyes;
And ſaw him now prepar'd to weigh
Her pound much under ſize.

What's to be done?—Within her purſe
A hoarded crown piece lay;
She plung'd it in the butter deep,
Unſeen——then bid him weigh!

He found the butter heavier far
Then he at firſt believ'd;
And ſaid "In truth the Woman's juſt,
And I have been deceiv'd."

A Farmer's wife who ſaw her take
The crown piece from her purſe;
Reſolv'd to bring her now to ſhame,
And make the matter worſe.

She told the Bailiff what ſhe ſaw,
Who ſearch'd the butter ſtrait;
And there he found the ſilver piece
Which made ſuch heavy weight.

Now brought at length to public ſhame
This Market dame did cry,
"I find that HONESTY AT LAST,
IS TRUEST POLICY."

Now from this day the Market ſhe
No more to enter dar'd;
For none to buy her cheating goods,
From that day ever car'd.

Her huſband wou'd not live with one
Of ſuch an evil name;
For tho' not rich he valued much
A Farmer's honeſt fame.

May all who read good warning take!
May every Farmer's Wife,
Live ſober, keep an honeſt name,
And lead a ſpotleſs life!

O never think to keep your fame
By foll'wing ſinful pleaſures;
Nor hope to gain an honeſt name
By lawleſs weights and meaſures.

Z.

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THE MARKET WOMAN,

A

True Tale;

OR,

HONESTY

IS THE

Best Policy.

A Farmer's Wife to Market went
On every Market day;
She carried butter, pork, and eggs,
The Farmer carried hay.

Throughout the Parish where she liv'd
For fraud he was renown'd;
And of her Butter fearcely weigh'd
Twelve Ounces to the pound.

In making Cheese her practice ill
Was very much the same;
She hold it for the very best,
But flole away the cream.

She dil'd to flaunt in gowns fo gay,
And laces fine and thin;
And what worse than all the rest,
She dil'd a little gin.

She knew not where to get the Cash
To pay for all the bought;
So robb'd her butter and her cheese,
Which was a wicked thought.

She feldom went to Parish Church
Except to show her dress;
But spent the Sunday afternoon
In Sin and Idleness.

This is a rule you'll always find
Full nine times out of ten;
That those who don't fear MAKER love
Will not be just to Men.

Now who but she at every Fair
Both near and far away?
The Squire's own lady was not half
So flaunting and fo gay.

At every revel, every dance
For many Miles around,
At every round of fiddle band
She constantly was found.

O! Shame to female Modesty
That ever Wife or Maid,
Shou'd to an Ale-house dancing go,
Where oft they are betray'd!

Her only thought was to contrive
That Money might not fail,
For this her Pork was fed on grains,
Her Eggs were always stale.

Her Husband was an honest Man
And did not know her tricks;
For tho' he felt that he grew poor,
The blame he won'd not fix.

The neighbours ceas'd to buy her goods,
So she to market went;
And if she brought some money home
Her husband was content.

The people of the town remark'd
Her butter full grew less;
And to the Market Bailiff went,
The evil to redress.

Next Market day the Bailiff came,
And walk'd his round round;
And soon his watchful eye he fix'd
Upon her feeder pound.

With terror equal to her guilt,
She mark'd his watchful eyes;
And saw him now prepar'd to weigh
Her pound much under size.

What's to be done?—Within her purse
A florded crown piece lay;
She plung'd it in the butter deep,
Quick——then bid him weigh!

He found the butter heavier far
Than he at first believ'd;
And told "In truth the Woman's just,
And I have been deceiv'd."

A Farmer's wife who saw her take
The crown piece from her purse;
Resolv'd to bring her now to shame,
And make the matter worse.

She told the Bailiff what she saw,
Who search'd the butter strait;
And there he found the silver piece
Which made fish heavy weight.

Now brought at length to public blame
This Market dame did cry,
"I had that HONESTY AT LAST,
It MOST POLICY."

Now from this day the Market fair
No more to enter dar'd;
Nor none to buy her cheating goods,
From that day ever car'd.

Her husband won'd not live with one
Of such an evil name;
For tho' not rich he valued much
A Farmer's honest fame.

May all who read good warning take!
May every Farmer's Wife,
Live fair, keep an honest name,
And lead a spotless life!

O never think to keep your fame
By toll'ring fraud pleasures;
Nor hope to gain an honest name
By false weights and measures. 2.

[Entered at Stationers Hall.]

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THE CARPENTER;

Or, the DANGER of EVIL COMPANY.

THERE was a young Weſt-country man,
A Carpenter by trade;
A ſkilful wheelwright too was he,
And few ſuch Waggons made.

No Man a tighter Barn cou'd build,
Throughout his native town,
Thro' many a village round was he,
The beſt of workmen known.

His father left him what he had,
In ſooth it was enough;
His ſhining pewter, pots of braſs,
And all his houſehold ſtuff.

A little cottage too he had,
For eaſe and comfort plann'd,
And that he might not lack for ought,
An acre of good land.

A pleaſant orchard too there was,
Before his cottage door;
Of cider and of corn likewiſe,
He had a little ſtore.

Active and healthy, ſtout and young,
No buſineſs wanted he;
Now tell me reader if you can,
What man more bleſt cou'd be?

To make his comfort quite compleat,
He had a faithful Wife;
Frugal and neat and good was ſhe,
The bleſſing of his life.

Where is the Lord, or where the Squire,
Had greater cauſe to praiſe,
The goodneſs of that bounteous hand,
Which bleſt his proſp'rous days?

Each night when he return'd from work,
His wife ſo meek and mild,
His little ſupper gladly dreſs'd,
While he careſs'd his child.

One blooming babe was all he had,
His only darling dear,
The object of their equal love,
The ſolace of their care.

O what cou'd ruin ſuch a life,
And ſpoil ſo fair a lot?
O what cou'd change ſo kind a heart,
All goodneſs quite forgot?

With grief the cauſe I muſt relate,
The diſmal cauſe reveal,
'Twas EVIL COMPANY and DRINK,
The ſource of every ill.

A Cooper came to live hard by,
Who did his fancy pleaſe;
An idle rambling Man was he,
Who oft had croſs'd the ſeas.

This Man could tell a merry tale,
And ſing a merry ſong;
And thoſe who heard him ſing or talk,
Ne'er thought the ev'ning long.

But vain and vicious was the ſong,
And wicked was the tale;
And every pauſe he always fill'd,
With cider, gin, or ale.

Our Carpenter delighted much,
To hear the Cooper talk;
And with him to the Ale-houſe oft,
Wou'd take his evening walk.

At firſt he did not care for drink,
But only lik'd the fun;
But ſoon he from the Cooper learnt,
The ſame ſad courſe to run.

He ſaid the Cooper's company,
Was all for which he car'd;
But ſoon he drank as much as he,
To ſwear like him ſoon dar'd.

His hammer now neglected lay,
For work he little car'd;
Half finiſh'd wheels, and broken tools,
Were ſtrew'd about his yard.

To get him to attend his work,
No prayers cou'd now prevail:
His hatchet and his plane forgot,
He never drove a Nail.

His chearful ev'nings now no more,
With peace and plenty ſmil'd;
No more he ſought his pleaſing Wife,
Nor hugg'd his ſmiling child.

For not his drunken nights alone,
Were with the Cooper paſt;
His days were at the Angel ſpent,
And ſtill he ſtay'd the laſt.

No handſome Sunday ſuit was left,
Nor decent holland ſhirt;
No noſegay mark'd the Sabbath day,
But all was rags and dirt.

No more his Church he did frequent,
A ſymptom ever ſad;
Where once the Sunday is miſpent,
The week days muſt be bad.

The cottage mortgag'd for its worth,
The favourite orchard ſold;
He ſoon began to feel th'effects
Of hunger and of cold.

The pewter diſhes one by one,
Were pawn'd, till none was left;
And wife and babe at home remain'd
Of every help bereft.

By chance he call'd at home one night,
And in a ſurly mood,
He bade his weeping wife to get
Immediately ſome food.

His empty cupboard well he knew
Muſt needs be bare of bread;
No raſher on the rack he ſaw,
Whence cou'd he then be fed?

His wife* a piteous ſigh did heave,
And then before him laid
A baſket cover'd with a cloth,
But not a word ſhe ſaid.

Then to her huſband gave a knife,
With many a ſilent tear;
In haſte he tore the cover off,
And ſaw his child lay there.

" There lies thy babe, the mother ſaid,
" Oppreſs'd with famine ſore;
" O kill us both—'twere kinder far,
" We cou'd not ſuffer more."

The Carpenter, ſtruck to the heart,
Fell on his knees ſtraitway;
He wrung his hands——confeſs'd his ſins,
And did both weep and pray.

From that ſame hour the Cooper more,
He never wou'd behold;
Nor wou'd he to the Ale-houſe go,
Had it been pav'd with gold.

His Wife forgave him all the paſt,
And ſooth'd his ſorrowing mind,
And much he griev'd that e'er he wrong'd
The worthieſt of her kind.

By lab'ring hard, and working late,
By induſtry and pains,
His Cottage was at length redeem'd,
And ſav'd were all his gains.

His Sundays now at Church were ſpent,
His home was his delight.
The following verſe himſelf he made,
And read it every night:

The Drunkard Murders Child and Wife,
Nor matters it a pin,
Whether he ſtabs them with his knife,
Or ſtarves them by his gin.

Z.

* See Berquin's Gardener.

[*Enter'd at Stationers Hall.*]

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The EXECUTION of WILD ROBERT.

Being a Warning to all Parents.

WILD ROBERT was a graceless Youth,
And bold in every sin;
In early life with petty thefts
His course he did begin.

But those who deal in lesser sins]
In great will soon offend;
And petty thefts, not check'd betimes,
In murder soon may end.

And now, like any beast of prey,
Wild Robert shrunk from view,
Save when at eve on Bagshot heath
He met his harden'd crew.

With this fierce crew Wild Robert there
On plunder set his mind;
And watch'd and prowl'd the live-long night
To rob and slay mankind.

But GOD, whose vengeance never sleeps,
Tho' he delays the blow,
Can in a single moment lay
The prosperous villain low.

One night, a fatal night indeed!
Within a neighb'ring wood,
A harmless passenger he robb'd,
And dy'd his hands in blood.

The direful deed perform'd, he went
To shew his golden spoils,
When vengeful Justice, unawares,
Surpris'd him in her toils.

Wild Robert seiz'd, at once was known,
(No crape had hid his face)
Imprison'd, tried, condemn'd to die!
Soon run was Robert's race!

Since short the time the laws allow
To murderers doom'd to die,
How earnest shou'd the suppliant wretch
To heaven for mercy cry!

But he, alas! no mercy sought,
Tho' summon'd to his fate;
The Cart drew near the Gallows Tree,
Where throng'd spectators wait.

Slow as he past no pious tongue
Pour'd forth a pitying pray'r;
Abhorrence all who saw him felt,
He, horror and despair.

And now the dismal death-bell toll'd,
The fatal cord was hung,
While sudden, deep, and dreadful shrieks,
Burst forth amidst the throng.

Hark! 'tis his mother's voice he hears!
Deep horror shakes his frame;
'Tis rage and fury fill his breast,
Not pity, love, or shame.

"One moment hold!" the mother cries,
"His life one moment spare,
"One kiss, my miserable child,
"My Robert, once so dear!"

Hence, cruel mother, hence, he said,
Oh! deaf to nature's cry;
Your's is the fault I liv'd abhorr'd
And unlamented die.

You gave me life, but with it gave
What made that life a curse;
My sins uncurb'd, my mind untaught,
Soon grew from bad to worse.

I thought that if I 'scap'd the stroke
Of man's avenging rod,
All wou'd be well, and I might mock
The vengeful pow'r of GOD.

My hands no honest trade were taught,
My tongue no pious pray'r;
Uncheck'd I learnt to break the laws,
To pilfer, lie, and swear.

The Sabbath bell, that toll'd to church,
To me unheeded rung;
GOD's holy name and word I curs'd
With my blaspheming tongue,

No mercy now your ruin'd child
Of heav'n can dare implore,
I mock'd at grace, and now I fear
My day of grace is o'er.

Blame not the law which dooms your son,
Compar'd with you 'tis mild;
'Tis you have sentenc'd me to death,
To hell have doom'd your child.

He spoke, and fixing fast the crod,
Resign'd his guilty breath;
Down at his feet his mother fell,
By conscience struck with death.

Ye parents, taught by this sad tale,
Avoid the path she trod;
And teach your sons in early years
The fear and love of GOD.

So shall their days, tho' doom'd to toil,
With peace and hope be blest;
And heav'n, when life's short task is o'er,
Receive their souls to rest.

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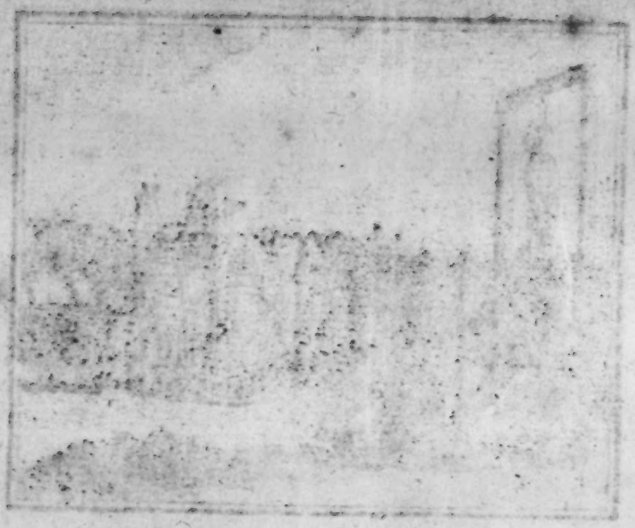

The Execution of Wild Robert.

Being a Warning to all Parents.

WILD ROBERT was preacled Youth,
And bold in every lie;
Early life with pretty truths
His counsels he did begin.

But those who deal in letter fair
In great will soon offend;
And pretty thefts, not directed between,
In murder soon may end.

And now, like any lamb of prey,
Wild Robert thirsts from view,
Save when at evening daylight leaves
He sees his hardened crew.

With this fierce crew Wild Robert then
On plunder let his mind;
And uncouth and dismal the live-long night
To rob and slay mankind.

But God, whose vengeance never sleeps,
Tho' he delays the blow,
Cries in a single hour at last
The proposition vanish low.

One night, a dark night indeed!
Within a total strong wind,
A barrack partner he robbed,
And dyed his hands in blood.

The direful deed performed, he went
To show his golden spoils,
When vengeful justice, unawares,
Surprised him in her toils.

Wild Robert fainted, at once was known,
(No crime had did his face)
Immediately, tried, condemned to die!
Soon run as Rogues race!

Since then by time the laws allow
To murderers doomed to die,
How earnest Jonathan the supplicant wretch
To pardon for mercy cry!

But he, dead no more tongue,
Tho' lamented to his face;
The law drew near the Gallows tree,
Where strongly jacknow was.

Slow as he pull to pious tongue,
Poured forth a pitying prayer;
Admonition all who saw him fell,
He, sorrow and despair.

And now the dismal death-bell tolled,
The sad cord was hung,
Wild Robert quaking, and dreaded fatally
Hurl for mankind the throng.

[Author of Sixteen Years.]

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The *R I O T*;

Or, HALF a LOAF is better than no BREAD.

In a DIALOGUE between *Jack Anvil* and *Tom Hod.*

To the Tune of "A Cobler there was," &c.

TOM.

COME neighbours, no longer be patient and quiet,
Come let us go kick up a bit of a riot;
I am hungry, my lads, but I've little to eat,
So we'll pull down the mills, and ſeize all the meat:
I'll give you good ſport, boys, as ever you ſaw,
So a fig for the Juſtice, a fig for the law.
Derry down.

Then his pitchfork Tom ſeiz'd—Hold a moment ſays Jack,
I'll ſhew thee thy blunder, brave boy, in a crack,
And if I don't prove we had better be ſtill,
I'll aſſiſt thee ſtraitway to pull down every mill;
I'll ſhew thee how paſſion thy reaſon does cheat,
Or I'll join thee in plunder for bread and for meat.
Derry down.

What a whimſey to think thus our bellies to fill,
For we ſtop all the grinding by breaking the mill!
What a whimſey to think we ſhall get more to eat
By abuſing the butchers who get us the meat!
What a whimſey to think we ſhall mend our ſpare diet
By breeding diſturbance, by murder and riot!
Derry down.

Becauſe I am dry 'twould be fooliſh, I think
To pull out my tap and to ſpill all my drink;
Becauſe I am hungry and want to be fed,
That is ſure no wiſe reaſon for waſting my bread;
And juſt ſuch wiſe reaſons for mending their diet
Are us'd by thoſe blockheads who ruſh into riot.
Derry down.

I would not take comfort from others diſtreſſes,
But ſtill I would mark how God our land bleſſes;
For tho' in Old England the times are but ſad,
In others I'm told they are ten times as bad;
In the land of the Pope there is ſcarce any grain,
And 'tis ſtill worſe, they ſay, both in Holland and Spain.
Derry down.

Let us look to the harveſt our wants to beguile,
See the lands with rich crops how they every where ſmile!
Mean time to aſſiſt us, by each Weſtern breeze,
Some corn is brought daily acroſs the ſalt ſeas,
Of tea we'll drink little, of gin none at all,
And we'll patiently wait and the prices will fall.
Derry down.

But if we're not quiet, then let us not wonder
If things grow much worſe by our riot and plunder;
And let us remember whenever we meet,
The more Ale we drink, boys, the leſs we ſhall eat.
On thoſe days ſpent in riot *no* bread you brought home,
Had you ſpent them in labour you muſt have had *ſome*.
Derry down.

A dinner of herbs, ſays the wiſe man, with quiet,
Is better than beef amid diſcord and riot.
If the thing can't be help'd I'm a foe to all ſtrife,
And I pray for a peace every night of my life;
But in matters of ſtate I an inch will not budge,
Becauſe I conceive I'm no very good judge.
Derry down.

But tho' poor I can work, my brave boy, with the beſt,
Let the King and the Parliament manage the reſt;
I lament both the War and the Taxes together,
Tho' I verily think they don't alter the weather.
The King, as I take it, with very good reaſon,
May prevent a bad law, but can't help a bad ſeaſon.
Derry down.

The Parliament-men, altho' great is their power,
Yet they cannot contrive us a bit of a ſhower;
And I never yet heard, tho' our Rulers are wiſe;
That they know very well how to manage the ſkies;
For the beſt of them all, as they found to their coſt,
Were not able to hinder laſt winter's hard froſt.
Derry down.

Beſides I muſt ſhare in the wants of the times,
Becauſe I have had my full ſhare in it's crimes;
And I'm apt to believe the diſtreſs which is ſent,
Is to puniſh and cure us of all diſcontent.
—But harveſt is coming—Potatoes are come!
Our proſpect clears up; Ye complainers be dumb!
Derry down.

And tho' I've no money, and tho' I've no lands,
I've a head on my ſhoulders, and a pair of good hands;
So I'll work the whole day, and on Sundays I'll ſeek
At church how to bear all the wants of the week.
The Gentlefolks too will afford us ſupplies;
They'll ſubſcribe—and they'll give up their puddings and pies.
Derry down.

Then before I'm induc'd to take part in a Riot,
I'll aſk this ſhort queſtion—What ſhall I get by it?
So I'll e'en wait a little till cheaper the bread,
For a mittimus hangs o'er each Rioter's head;
And when of two evils I'm aſk'd which is beſt,
I'd rather be hungry than hang'd, I proteſt.
Derry down.

Quoth Tom, thou art right; If I riſe, I'm a Turk,
So he threw down his pitchfork, and went to his work.

Z.

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[Engraved at Stationers' Hall.]

THE

HONEST MILLER of GLOCESTERSHIRE.

A TRUE BALLAD.

OF all the callings and the trades
Which in our land abound,
The Miller's is as uſeful ſure
As can on earth be found.

The Lord or Squire of high degree
Is needful to the ſtate,
Becauſe he lets the land he owns
In Farms both ſmall and great.

The Farmer he manures the land,
Or elſe what corn would grow?
The Ploughman cuts the furrow deep,
Ere he begins to ſow.

And tho' no wealth he has except
The labour of his hands;
Yet honeſt induſtry's as good
As houſes or as lands.

The Threſher he is uſeful too
To all who like to eat,
Unleſs he winnow'd well the Corn
The Chaff wou'd ſpoil the Wheat.

But vain the Squire's and Farmer's care,
And vain the Threſher's toil;
And vain wou'd be the Ploughman's pains
Who harrows up the ſoil;

In vain, without the Miller's aid,
The ſowing and the dreſſing;
Then ſure an honeſt Miller he
Muſt be a public bleſſing.

And ſuch a Miller now I make
The ſubject of my ſong,
Which tho' it ſhall be very true,
Shall not be very long.

This Miller lives in Glo'ſterſhire,
I ſhall not tell his name;
For thoſe who ſeek the praiſe of God
Deſire no other fame.

In laſt hard winter—Who forgets
The froſt of ninety-five?
Then all was diſmal, ſcarce, and dear,
And no poor man could thrive.

Then huſbandry long time ſtood ſtill,
And work was at a ſtand:
To make the matter worſe, the mills
Were froze throughout the land.

Faſt by a living ſtream it was
Our Miller's lot to dwell,
Which flow'd amain when others froze,
Nor ever ſtopp'd the mill.

The clamorous people came from far
This favour'd mill to find;
Both rich and poor our Miller ſought
For none but he could grind.

His neighbours cry'd, "Now Miller ſeize
"The time to heap up ſtore,
"Since thou of young and helpleſs babes
"Haſt got full half a ſcore."

For folks when tempted to grow rich
By means not over nice,
Oft make their num'rous babes a plea
To ſanctify the vice.

Our Miller ſcorn'd ſuch counſel baſe,
And when he ground the grain,
With ſtedfaſt hand refus'd to touch
Beyond his lawful gain.

"When GOD afflicts the land," ſaid he,
"Shall I afflict it more?
"And watch for times of public woe
"To wrong both rich and poor?

"Thankful to that Almighty pow'r
"Who makes my River flow,
"I'll uſe the means *He* gives to ſooth
"A hungry neighbour's woe.

"My River flows when others freeze,
"But 'tis at *His* command;
"For rich and poor I'll grind alike,
"No bribe ſhall ſtain my hand."

So all the country who had corn
Here found their wants redreſt;
May every village in the land
Be with ſuch Millers bleſt!

Z.

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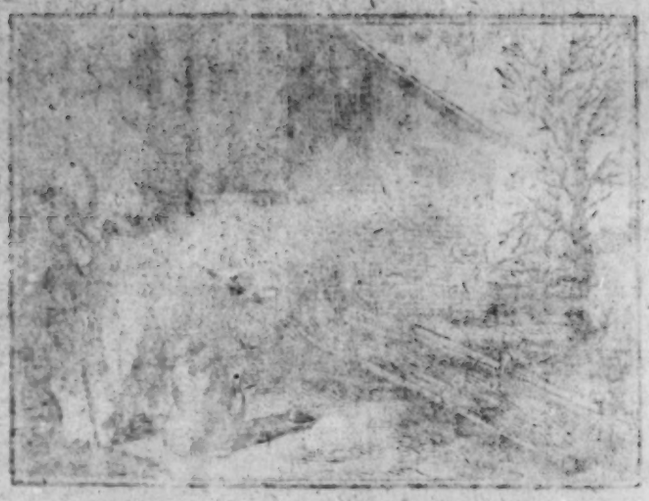


THE HONEST MILLER of GLOCESTERSHIRE:

A TRUE TALE.

O! all the [illegible] and the [illegible]
[illegible] land around,
The Miller's [illegible] fair
Across [illegible] be found.

The Lord of [illegible] of high degree,
In [illegible] place,
Usually [illegible] land, by [illegible]
In [illegible] small and great.

The Farmer he manures the land,
Or else what corn would grow?
The Ploughman cuts the furrow deep,
He he begins to low.

And do no wealth he has except
The labour of his hands;
Yet honest industry is as good
As money, or as lands.

The Thresher he is useful too
To all who like to eat,
Unless he winnow'd well the Corn
The Cloth would spoil the Wheat.

But vain the Squire's and [illegible] care,
And vain the Thresher's toil;
And vain would be the Ploughman's pains
Who harrows up the soil;

In vain without the Miller's aid,
The sowing and the drilling;
Then hire an honest Miller he
Shall be a profitable bidding.

And such a Miller now I make
The subject of my song
Which tho' it shall be very true,
Shall not be very long.

The Miller lives in Gloucestershire,
I shall not tell his name
Yet those who seek the people of God
Desire no other fame.

In [illegible] weather—When [illegible]
[illegible] as [illegible] farmer, and [illegible]
[illegible] poor [illegible] could thrive.

Then in Sunday long time Rod Hill,
And work out at a [illegible]
To make the miner w[illegible] to mills
Were Mills throughout the land.

Full so a living stream it was
On Miller's river to dwell,
Which flow'd down with a [illegible] force
Nor ever flow'd the mill.

The clamorous people cried loud for
This favoured land to find,
Join rich and poor in hilly lough
For none but he could grind.

His neighbours cried, "How Miller fetch
"The time to keep up flour,
"Since then of young and helpless babes
"Half got full half a score.

For folks when tempted to grow rich
By means not over nice,
Or make their numerous babes a plea
To justify the vice.

Our Miller found rich could help,
And when he ground their grain,
With ridiculed and [illegible] to [illegible]
Beyond his lawful gain.

"When God allots the lot [illegible] shall be,
"Such [illegible] adhere to [illegible]
"Why [illegible] for [illegible] of public [illegible]
"Is wrong both rich and poor?

"Should [illegible] to that Almighty [illegible]
"Who [illegible] my Kingdom [illegible]
"If [illegible] the [illegible] to [illegible] Church
"A hungry neighbour's woe.

"Mr. River [illegible] which [illegible] Breeze,
"Or [illegible] at [illegible] comes
"I [illegible] and [illegible] of [illegible] Miller
"No [illegible] shall [illegible] my [illegible]

"If the [illegible] school [illegible]
"Here [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible]
"[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
"[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

THE GIN-SHOP;

Or, a Peep into a Prison.

LOOK through the land from North
to South,
And look from East to West;
And see what is to Englishmen,
Of Life the deadliest Pest.

It is not Want, tho' that is bad,
Nor War, tho' that is worse;
But Britons brave endure, alas!
A self-inflicted Curse.

Go where you will throughout the Realm
You'll find the reigning Sin,
In Cities, Villages and Towns;
—The Monster's name is GIN.

The Prince of darkness never sent
To Man a deadlier foe;
"My name is Legion," it may say,
The source of every woe.

Nor does the fiend alone deprive
The labourer of his wealth;
That is not all, it murders too
His honest name and health.

We say the times are grievous hard,
And hard they are, 'tis true;
But, Drunkards, to your wives and babes
They're harder made by you.

The Drunkard's Tax is self-impos'd,
Like every other sin;
The taxes all together lay,
No weight so great as GIN.

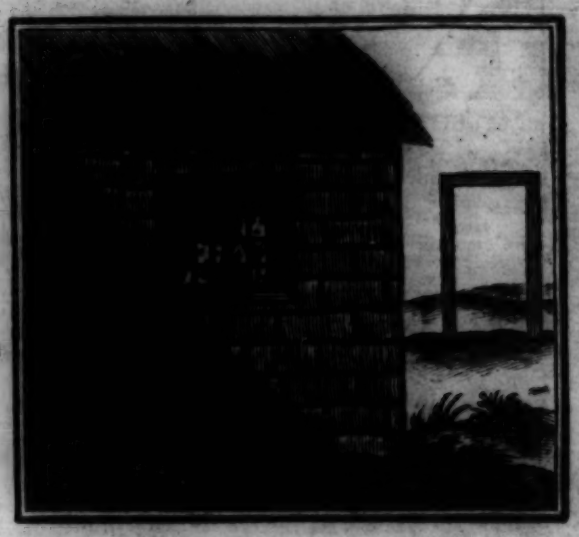
The State compels no man to drink,
Compels no man to game;
'Tis GIN and gambling sink him down
To rags, and want, and shame.

The kindest husband, chang'd by GIN,
Is for a tyrant known;
The tenderest heart that Nature made,
Becomes a heart of stone.

In many a house the harmless babes
Are poorly cloth'd and fed;
Because the craving GIN-SHOP takes
The children's daily bread.

Come, neighbour, take a walk with me,
'Thro' many a London Street;
And see the cause of penury,
In hundreds we shall meet.

We shall not need to travel far—
Behold that great man's door;
He well discerns that idle crew,
From the deserving poor.



He will relieve with liberal hand
The child of honest Thrift;
But where long scores at GIN-SHOPS stand
He will with-hold his gift.

Behold that shivering female there,
Who plies her woeful trade!
'Tis ten to one you'll find that GIN,
That hopeless wretch has made.

Look down these steps, and view below
Yon cellar under ground;
There every want, and every woe,
And every Sin, is found.

Those little wretches trembling there,
With hunger and with cold,
Were by their parents love of GIN,
To Sin and Misery sold.

Blest be those friends* to human kind,
Who take these wretches up,
Ere they have drunk the bitter dregs
Of their sad parents cup.

Look thro' that prison's iron bars,
Look thro' that dismal grate;
And learn what dire misfortunes brought
So terrible a fate.

The Debtor and the Felon too,
Tho' differing much in sin,
Too oft you'll find were thither brought
By all-destroying GIN.

Yet Heaven forbid I shou'd confound
Calamity with guilt!
Or name the Debtor's lesser fault,
With blood of Brother spilt.

* The Philanthropic Society.

To prison dire misfortune oft
The guiltless debtor brings;
Yet oft'ner far it will be found
From GIN the misery springs.

See the pale Manufact'rer there,
How lank and lean he lies!
How haggard is his sickly cheek!
How dim his hollow eyes!

He plied the loom with good success,
His wages still were high;
Twice what the Village lab'rer gains,
His master did supply.

No book-debts kept him from his cash,
All paid as soon as due;
His wages on the Saturday
To fail he never knew.

How amply had his gains suffic'd,
On Wife and children spent!
But all must for his pleasures go;
All to the GIN-SHOP went.

See that Apprentice, young in years,
But hackney'd long in sin;
What made him rob his master's Till?
Alas! 'twas love of GIN.

That serving Man—I knew him once,
So jaunty, spruce, and smart!
Why did he steal, then pawn the plate?
'Twas GIN ensnar'd his heart.

But hark! what dismal sound is that?
'Tis Saint Sepulchre's Bell!
It tolls, alas! for human guilt,
Some Malefactor's knell.

O! woeful sound, O! what cou'd cause,
Such punishment and Sin?
Hark! hear his words, he owns the cause—
BAD COMPANY and GIN.

And when the future Lot is fix'd,
Of darkness, fire and chains,
How can the Drunkard hope to 'scape
Those everlasting pains?

For if the Murd'rer's doom'd to woe,
As holy writ declares,
The Drunkard with SELF-Murderers
That dreadful Portion shares.

Z.

Sold by S. HAZARD, (PRINTER to the CHEAP REPOSITORY for Moral and Religious Tracts) at BATH;

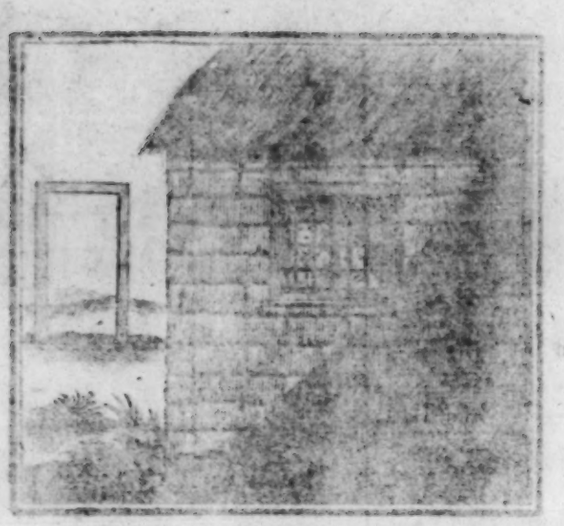
By J. MARSHALL,

At the CHEAP REPOSITORIES, No. 17, Queen-Street, Cheap-Side, and No. 4, Aldermary Church-Yard; and R. WHITE, Piccadilly, LONDON; and by all Booksellers, Newsmen, and Hawkers, in Town and Country.—Great Allowance will be made to Shopkeepers and Hawkers.

Price an Half-penny, or 2s. 3d. per 100, 1s. 3d. for 50, 9d. for 25.

THE GIN-SHOP:

Or, a Peep into a Prison.



I LOOK through the land from North
to South,
And look from East to West;
And see what is to Englishmen,
Of life the deadliest Pest.

It is not War, tho' that is bad,
Nor Want, tho' that is worse;
But Brewers have endow'd, alas!
A Self-sanctified Curse.

Go where you will, from door to door,
You'll find the reigning sin,
In Cities, Villages and Towns;
—The Murderer's name is Gin.

The Prince of darkness never sent
To Man a deadlier foe;
"My name is Legion," it may say,
The foeman of every woe.

Nor does the land alone deplore
The Drunkard in his pelth;
The Drunkard, it murders too
His brength made and health.

Wether the times are gay or sad,
And hard they are, 'tis true;
But Drunkard to your wives and babes
They've a harder made by you.

The Drunkard's Tax is felt among
Like every other tax;
The taxes are all together by,
No wonder it grates so.

The State can supply no way to drink,
Complete revenue to gain;
'Tis Gin and gambling took just down
To rags, and want, and blame.

The Linden Inhabitant, chain'd by Gin,
Is for a crime known;
The tender-hearted heart that's gone made,
Becomes a heart of stone.

In many a single the barrel's bottom
Are poorly clothed and fed;
Because the crawling Gin-Shop takes
The children's daily bread.

Come, neighbour, take a walk with me,
Thro' many a London Street;
And see the cause of people's
In hundreds we shall meet.

We shall not need to travel far—
Behold that great man's door;
He well illustrates that title crow,
From the deceiving roar.

He will relieve with liberal hand
The child of Poverty Thrift;
But where long favors at ev'ry-door's hand
He will with hold his gift.

Behold that fuirering female there,
Who plies her wretched trade!
'Tis sin to one you'll find that Gin,
That hopeless wretch has made.

Look down the lofty steps, and view below
Yon cellar under ground;
There every want, and every woe,
And every sin, is found.

Those link wretches trembling there,
With hunger and with cold,
Were by their parents love of Gin,
To sin and Misery sold.

Pity be that friendly to human kind,
Who bears those wretches up,
Who bears those drunk the bitter dregs
Of their full parents cup.

Look there, that pillow's inn bare,
Look there, that dismal grate,
And learn what are misfortunes brought
So terrible a fate.

The Debtor and the felon sad,
The drivelling much in fear,
Too old you'll find were thither brought
By all-destroying Gin.

Yet Heaven forbid I should confound
Calamity with guilt!
Or name the Debtor's bitter fault,
With blood of Brother spilt.

* The Philanthropic Society.

To prison dire mi[illegible]
The guilt[illegible]
Yet oft[illegible] far is
From Gin's the [illegible]

See the pale Mania[illegible]er there,
How [illegible] and lean he lies!
How [illegible] is his frosty cheek
How dim his hollow eyes!

He plied his loom with good [illegible]
His wages full were high;
Twice when the Village ale[illegible]
His mother did supply.

No bo[illegible]debts kept him from [illegible]
All paid as soon as due;
His wages on the Saturday
To [illegible] he never knew.

How [illegible] had his gains fulfil'd
On [illegible] and children dear!
But all [illegible] for his pleasures go
All to the Gin-Shop went.

See that [illegible]pentice, young in yo[illegible]
But [illegible] long in life;
What made him rob his mother's
Alas! [illegible] love of Gin.

That [illegible] Man—I knew him o[illegible]
So [illegible] and [illegible]
Why did he steal then pawn the
'Twas Gin enhard'd his heart.

But hark! what dismal sound is [illegible]
'Tis Saint Sepulchre's Bell!
It toll, alas! for human guilt,
Some Malefactor's knell.

O! what fiend, O! what cold
Such penitent and sin?
Hark! [illegible] for mercy, [illegible] the c[illegible]
Blue Curtsey and Gin.

Aye when the lunar for is fill'd,
Of darkness, fire and chains,
How can the Drunkard hope to
Their everlasting pains?

For if the Murderer's doomed to w[illegible]
As Solyman declares,
The Drunkard with Sore-Murder
The dreadful Portion bears.

[Entered at Stationers Hall.]

Sold by S. HAZARD, (PRINTER to the CHEAP REPOSITORY for Moral and Religious Tracts) at BATH:

By J. MARSHALL.

At the CHEAP REPOSITORIES, No. 17, Queen-Street, Cheap-Side, and No. 4, Aldermary Church-Yard; R. WHITE, Piccadilly, LONDON; [illegible]

THE

PLOW-BOY's DREAM.

I AM a Plow-boy ſtout and ſtrong,
As ever drove a team;
And three years ſince aſleep in bed
I had a dreadful dream:
And, as that dream has done me good,
I've got it put in ryhme;
That other boys may read and ſing
My dream, when they have time.

Methought I drove my maſter's team,
With Dobbin, Ball, and Star;
Before a ſtiff and handy plough,
As all my maſter's are:
But found the ground was bak'd ſo hard,
And more like brick than clay,
I could not cut my furrow clean,
Nor would my beaſts obey.

The more I whipt, and laſh'd, and ſwore
The leſs my cattle ſtirr'd;
Dobbin laid down, and Ball, and Star
They kick'd and ſnorted hard:
When lo! above me a bright youth
Did ſeem to hang in air,
With purple wings and golden wand,
As Angels painted are.

" Give over, cruel wretch," he cry'd,
" Nor thus thy beaſts abuſe;
" Think, if the ground was not too hard,
" Would they their work refuſe?
" Beſides I heard thee curſe and ſwear
" As if dumb beaſts could know
" What all thy oaths and curſes meant,
" Or better for them go.

" But tho' they know not, there is One,
" Who knows thy ſins full well,
" And what ſhall be thy after doom,
" Another ſhall thee tell."
No more he ſaid, but light as air
He vaniſh'd from my ſight;
And with him went the ſun's bright beams,
And all was dark midnight.

The thunder roar'd from under ground,
The earth it ſeem'd to gape;
Blue flames broke forth, and in thoſe flames
A dire gigantic ſhape.
" Soon ſhall I call thee mine," it cry'd,
With voice ſo dread and deep,
That quiv'ring like an aſpin leaf
I waken'd from my ſleep.

And tho' I found it but a dream,
It left upon my mind
That dread of ſin, that fear of GOD,
Which all ſhould wiſh to find;
For ſince that hour I've never dar'd
To uſe my cattle ill,
And ever fear'd to curſe and ſwear,
And hope to do ſo ſtill.

Now ponder well ye Plow-boys all
The dream that I have told;
And if it works ſuch change in you,
'Tis worth it's weight in gold;
For ſhould you think it falſe or true,
It matters not one pin,
If you but deeds of mercy ſhew,
And keep your ſouls from ſin.

M.

Sold by J. MARSHALL,
(PRINTER to the CHEAP REPOSITORY for Moral and Religious Tracts) No. 17, Queen Street, Cheapſide, and No. 4, Aldermary Church-Yard, and R. WHITE, Piccadilly, LONDON.

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Price an Halfpenny, or 2s. 3d. per 100, 1s. 3d. for 50, 9d. for 25.

THE

PLOW-BOY'S DREAM.

I AM a Plow-boy, lean and strong,
As ever drove a team;
Our three young lads all up in bed
I had a strange dream.
And as that dream has done me good,
I've got it pen'd in rhyme;
The other boys may recall and say
My dream, when they have time.

Methought I drove my mother's team,
With Dobbin, Bell, and Sam;
Before a fine and lusty plough,
As all my mates were;
But when I had the ground was hard to break,
And more like brick than clay,
I could not cut my furrow down,
Nor would my teams obey.

The more I whip'd, and kick'd, and laid
The lash my coats of fur;
Dobbin lied down, and Bell, and Sam
They kick'd and lashed and hurl'd
When left above me a bright young
Had been ploughing in.
A big purple robe and gilt
Angelic pennons.

"But, sir," they have not, there is one,
"Who knows my full well,
"And what shall be thy after doom,
"Another Bell thee tell."
No more he said, but light as air
He vanish'd from my sight;
And with him went the light bright dream,
And all was dark midnight.

The thunder roar'd from under ground,
The earth it reeled to and fro;
Our farmer broke loose, and in such fashion
A day gigantic flew.
"Soon shall I call thee mine," it cry'd,
With voice so dread and deep,
The quiv'ring like an aspen leaf
I awaken'd from my sleep.

And the sound it was a dream,
It left upon my mind
That dread of that fear of God,
Which I should with me find;
Teaching that hour I've never dared
To be idle still,
A fever lurk to cure and fever,
And hope to do ill.

Now, plow-boys all
I've told;
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

The APPRENTICE'S MONITOR;

OR,

INDENTURES

IN VERSE,

Shewing what they are bound to do.

Proper to be hung up in all Shops.

EACH young Apprentice, when he's bound to Trade,
This ſolemn vow to GOD and Man has made.
To do with joy his Maſter's juſt commands,
Nor truſt his ſecrets into other hands.
He muſt no damage to his ſubſtance do,
And ſee that others do not wrong him too.
His Maſter's goods he ſhall not waſte nor lend,
But all his property with care defend.
He ſhall not buy nor ſell without his leave,
Nor lie, nor injure, nor at all deceive.
Taverns and ALE-HOUSES he ſhall not haunt,
Thoſe ſnares to Youth, thoſe ſcenes of vice and want.
At CARDS and DICE he ſhall not dare to play,
But fly from ſuch temptations far away.

O Youth! remember thou to this art BOUND,
See that no breach of this in thee be found.

The GOLDEN RULE

IN VERSE.

MY Son, behold what GOD's commands impart;
Love GOD with all your ſtrength, and mind, and heart.
Take care that you unto another do
What you wou'd have another do to you.
On theſe as on their great deſign and end,
The Prophets and the Law alike depend.

Z.

Sold by S. HAZARD, PRINTER to the CHEAP REPOSITORY for Religious and Moral Tracts) at BATH;
J. MARSHALL, at the *Cheap Repoſitories*, No, 27, Queen-Street, Cheap-Side, and No. 4, Aldermary ChurchYard; and *R. WHITE*, Piccadilly, *LONDON*; and by all Bookſellers, Newſmen, and Hawkers, in Town and Country.
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"BOMBA" SHRIEKS FOR HELP!

Vide Appeal from Naples for Foreign Intervention.

Vide LORD PALMERSTON'S *declaration in the House of Commons, June 12th; also Leading Article in the* "TIMES," *June 15th.*

1.

Help for Bomba— No!

By his own fiend law
No help to him should come;
Amidst the horrors it was his to cherish,
There may his own cursed power perish
To sound of FREEDOM'S Drum.

2.

Help for Bomba— No!

'Twas he who struck the blow,
'Tis he should bear the fight.
Stand Back! Liberty is a gift from God;
Stand back! whilst falls the AVENGER'S rod,
And Freedom gains her right.

3.

Help for Bomba— No!

Pray God it may be so,
And that the atrocious elf,
Having no shielding arm, nor word of hope,
Save from his hireling fiends, or guardian Pope,
Must help himself.

4.

Help for Bomba— No!

His kingdom overthrow
And hurl him into space;
Still, let him live; live only but to see
How the heaven-born boon of liberty
Will end his doomed race.

5.

Help for Bomba— No!

May such answer go
From every English tongue,
No help, no hope, gives he to victims, torn
From kith and kin, who, tortured, gyved and lorn,
Are into dungeons flung.

6.

Help for Bomba— No!

His self-created woe
Oh let him slowly drink;
The shriek of agony, the hopeless prayer
That he has multiplied, oh let him share
Whilst on perdition's brink!

7.

Help for Bomba— No!

His scorn of Mercy's law
Outpales him from all aid;
Midst dying wails of hundreds sinew-torn,
Through blood of thousands surging round his [throne,
Make the tyrant wade.

8.

Help for Bomba— No!

Scourge him too and fro,
Hunt him from clime to clime,
Perfidious wretch! Oh, call him not a king,
Whose fingers drip with gore, whose crimes will [cling
To unrecorded time.

9.

Help for Bomba— No!

Think of each dying throe,
Which makes one's heart strings crack
Of hapless victims [illegible] bound
In loathsome dens [illegible] chained, or patriots bound
Outstr[illegible]s, beyond all friendly sound,
[illegible]etched by screw or rack.

10.

Help for Bomba— No!

High heaven doth answer so,
Mid retributive gloom;
Bid sleep depart; round his Vesuvian couch,
May ghastly spectres grin, and victims crouch
And goad him to his doom.

11.

Help for Bomba— No!

Deep let him quaff of woe,
All Earth, heed not his wail,
The butcher-fiend! assassin! with crowned head,
Who chained the living to the putrid dead,
Oh, God! let nought avail.

12.

Help for Bomba— No!

Let GARIBALDI go,
And with his patriot band,
Break bolt, and bar, and fetter everywhere,
Bear victims forth, a better fate to share
In their own Fatherland.

13.

Help for Bomba— No!

England will never draw
A sword the wretch to save;
Pray God all other powers may stand aside
While onward rolls the fast avenging tide
O'er Bourbon grave.

Published at
No 11 Oxford St.

K

RETTOP ELLIVERG SAMOHT. *June,* 1860.

ENT. STA. HALL.] CROFTS, Machine Printer and Stationer, Castle Street East and Winsley Street, Oxford Street. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE SWOPPING-SONG OF THE MALLARDIANS:

An ODE.

As it is to be performed on *Tuesday* the 14th of *January*,

BEING

The Anniversary Commemoration of the MALLARD.

GRIFFIN, Bustard, Turkey, Capon,
Let other hungry mortals gape on;
And on their bones with stomachs fall hard:
But let All-Souls-Men mind The Mallard.
Oh! the blood of King *Edward*,
It was a swopping swopping Mallard.

The poets feign *Jove* turn'd to Swan,
But let them prove it if they can:
As for our proof 'tis not at all hard,
For 'twas a swopping swopping Mallard.
Oh! the blood, &c.

Swopping he was from knee to thigh;
Swopping he was from bill to eye;
His swopping tool of generation
Outswopped all the winged nation.
Oh! the blood, &c.

The *Romans* once adored the Gander
More than they did their chief commander;
Who did preserve if fame don't fool us
The place that's call'd from head of *Tolus*.
Oh! the blood, &c.

Therefore let's sing and dance a galliard
To the remembrance of The Mallard:
And as the mallard does in pool
We'll tipple, dive, and duck in bowl.
Oh! the blood of King *Edward*,
It was a swopping swopping Mallard.

Printed in the year MDCCLII.

A Congratulatory POEM TO Sir John Moor, Knight,

Lord Mayor Elect of *London*.

NO sooner doth the aged *Phenix* dye,
But kind indulging *Nature* gives *Supply*;
Sick of her *solitude*, she first retires,
And on her *Spicy Death-bed* then expires:
Thus unconcern'd, Sir *Patience* now declines
The *Sword*, and all his Dignities resigns;
Next under *God* and *Royal Charles*, 'twas He
Defended persecuted *Liberty*.
When the fierce fury of the *Romish Flood*
Broke out beyond it's limits, He withstood
The threatning *Deluge* of the angry *Main*,
And *forc'd* its beating Billows *back* again;
His circumspection seasonably reads
The dark Intrigues of vain projecting heads:
He cou'd all *foreign Maladies* resent,
And equally *Intestine Broils* prevent.
But now, as dying *Parents* first commend
Their *Issue* to th' *tuition* of a Friend,
And then, as if their chiefest care was past,
Pleas'd with the Settlement, they breathe their last:
So he perceiving busie *Date* appear,
That with a *Period* will close his year,
Contentedly resigns his dying Claim,
To the *Successour* of his *Charge* and *Fame*;
One whose wise Conduct knows how to dispence
Rigour to Guilt, and help to Innocence.
Here we the City's wise Results may scan,
Their very choice is *Metropolitan*;
So Universal their Elections are,
That *England* in the happiness doth share.

On then great *Magistrate*, and, like the *Sun*,
Set with the splendid Glory you *begun*,
Disperse such hovering *Clouds* as wou'd benight,
And *Interpose* themselves 'twixt us and *light*;
You boldly dare your noble Trust attest,
Without a base perswading Interest.
When pleasing *Flattery* puts on her Charms,
To take with gentle *Arts* and soft *Alarms*,
Fixt with a gallant Resolution, you
Uncase the *Hypocrite*, and bids adieu.
In this confus'd and ill digested State,
Where *Plots* new Plots, to *counterplot*, create,
Trusting to Reasons Conduct as your Guide,
You'l leave the threatning *Gulphs* on either *side*;
And then erect such *Marks*, as may appear,
To caution others from a *Shipwrack* there.
'Tis now resolv'd, the *Romanists* shall see
The mean Effects of all their Policy;
The Puritans will but expect in vain,
Their *Pious Frauds* will gull the Land again:
You, like a great *Columbus*, will find out
The hidden *Worlds* of deep *Intrigues* and Doubt,
Whilst to your new *Discoveries* we give
Our thanks, such worthless Presents as we have,
England no more of Jealousies shall know,
But *Halcyon* Peace shall *build*, and Plenty flow,
And the proud *Thames*, swell'd high, no more complains,
But smilingly looks on the peaceful Plains;
No angry *Tempest* then shall curle her Brow,
Glad to behold revived *Commerce* grow,
Whilst emulous of your Example, We
Strive who shall most express their Loyalty:
No Factions shall us from our *selves* divide,
More than the Sea, from all the *World* beside,
But link'd together in one *Chain* of Love,
And with one *Spring* unanimous we'll move;
That, to our Foes regret, it may be said,
We are again *One Body* and *One Head*.

FINIS.

LONDON, Printed for *W. Davis*, 1681.

A POEM

WRITTEN

UPON HEARING HOW THE DEPARTED SPIRIT OF

LORD PALMERSTON

PERVADED THE HOUSE OF COMMONS AT ITS FIRST MEETING.

Gloriâ, honore, et pace totius orbis vixit etiamque mortuus est, Britanniâ præsertim.

"Blessed are the peace makers," &c.—Mat. v.

By WILLIAM SHARPE, M.A. 101, Chancery Lane,

Author of a Constitutional Poem upon the Marriage of the Prince of Wales, which gained Her Most Gracious Majesty's approbation, cum multis aliis.

They met—though in a crowd,
Still grief it spoke aloud;
  In every mortal eye.
One, one soul was there—
A soul so truly rare,
  E'en though that body die.

That soul still lives in theirs,
Who bore a nation's cares—
  Who held Great Britain's sway.
Whole nations heard his voice,
For he was Nature's choice
  To beam some brighter day.

Although departed hence,
All souls still breathe its sense—
  Here he is yet alive.
His peace lives in their souls,
His memory controls,
  What more can mortals give.

He was a God-like man,
Whose wisdom who could scan?
  His very words breathed peace;
And nations heard their swell—
To tyrany a knell,
  And bade its reign to cease.

This peace he left on earth,
Who breathed that peace in mirth,
  Yet spake but to command.
And nations held their tongues—
Still shouting from their lungs,
  All rights he will demand.

If to insult our flag,
Or liberties to gag—
  No tampering with his name.

Though he from us has gone,
Oh, we are not forlorn,
  E'en nations breathe his fame.

That fame, our legacy,
'Tis parliamentary,
  We claim it as our right.
And though he's gone aloft,
His name can ne'er be scoff'd
  Whilst Britain holds her might.

Whole nations, yet unborn,
As sciences adorn,
  Will reverence that man.
A senator by birth—
Solidity and mirth—
  An Alexandrian.

The greatest potentate
Wrongs to conciliate,
  And guard the British throne.
He loved to shield our Queen,
The foremost to be seen,
  And all her rights to own.

Our breasts his sepulchre,
Though we—in miniature—
  May we be living types.
But to forget his name,
Oh, burn our cheeks to shame,
  And conscience, brand the stripes.

That soul has winged its flight
To everlasting light—
  Hearts his escutcheon are,
May the breath from the cross,
Oh embalm our sad loss,
  Him angels welcome there.

Printed by W. T. PYNE, 69, Gray's Inn Road, W.C.

A Memorial Poem,

Suggested by the lamented death of Dr. WHEWELL, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, occasioned by a fall from his horse, March 6, 1866.

BY A CAMBRIDGE MASTER OF ARTS.

HAUD ULLI VETERUM VIRTUTE SECUNDUS.
HEU! CORONA NOSTRO CAPITE DISCESSIT.

TRANSCENDENT genius, like a comet's flight,
Has passed from earth to breathe in purer light.
Wrapt in sublimity whilst on earth,
Though born and swaddled in its humble birth,
It burst the clouds that nature spreads around,
And found its home upon her classic ground.
Proud Science claimed its lofty pageantry,
And rolled back nature's own indignity.
Clothed in weakness, how he sprang to light,
Towering o'er nature in his lofty flight;—
Sprang to the stars, told how worlds were roll'd,
And sought for wisdom in a flight so bold
That in that flight he saw new lights unfold.
Came back to earth, and told his fellow-men
What he had found, and would go there again.
He could not grovel in a world so mean,
But fled to see what brighter worlds have been,
And what they are, and what they will be still.
All lore of earth he made a pinnacle
Whereon to stand, and minutely metrical
To find a God all philosophical,
All wise, all good, in harmony displayed.
Lived in those worlds so gorgeously arrayed;
And as he walked and talked amongst the stars,
He kept aloof from states, their petty jars;
Though he would mingle with the busy throng,
And tell what beauty dwells in Science's song.
The Apollo of the age, Newton's child,
Illuminated near a soul so mild,
Who by his wisdom all mankind beguiled.
No heights, no depths to him were left untried;
All wisdom was his elemental pride.
Like to a flint, so rough to nature's touch;
But oh! There lie embodied in him such
Such scintillations of phosphoric light
That he illumn'd the day that once was night.
A star of glory! panting for that sphere
To breathe, we hope, some brighter atmosphere.
His life a great encyclopædia,
Wherein we may now look from day to day,
And view a mind that never can decay.
Amidst life's battles all his works were creeds;
Who shunned all faith not fraught with mighty deeds.
We mourn—he died, so prematurely died!—
But gladly think that he so great a guide
Has gone to those worlds he ne'er left untried;
Our grand lighthouse on the eternal wave
To our vast citadel beyond the grave.

Here stood a giant form in human mould,
With soul so vast and comprehension clear,
Magnificent to behold.
A cyclops he in mind beyond compeer,
Who could all science wield at his command,
And trace the hidden mysteries of God.
The revelation of His will he held
As supremacy itself;
Nor dared to tamper with the infinite.
To demonstrate His works, his daily bread;
To be meet for Heaven, his daily prayer.
To join His hosts and stand around His throne
Was the supreme goal of his existence,
Because he saw no peril there.
His eyes were daily at the throne of grace
Where mercy shines in its resplendent light,
And worlds are dazzling to behold.
He knew that God who gave him such expanse
Of thought beyond the common herd of men,
And made him shine to magnify His works.
Whose lofty soul was a defensive tower
Against all vice and its deformity.
And when he breathed it was sublimity,
And thousands caught the flame and tried to touch
The torch, but feared the beacon of his soul.
A watch-tower in himself to elevate
The vast "Trinity" to which he belonged,
And owned as foster-parent of his mind:
Who lives in perpetuity for us,
And for all generations yet unborn,
In works of Herculean frame.

101, CHANCERY LANE.

ORIGINAL POETRY

BY MISS H. BATCHELOR.

GOD IS LOVE.

God is Love! is it not pleasing
Such a glorious Truth to know?
God is Love! His breast with kindness
Infinite does overflow.

God is Love! blest be the knowledge;
This alone ye glory in;
God is Love! He'll guide thee safely;
Fear not, only trust in Him.

God is Love! to toiling pilgrims
Songs of gladness this shall be;
God is Love! before it demons,
Fiends of Hell, shall madly flee.

God is Love! yet shall the desert
Bloom and blossom like the rose;
God is Love! and He will give thee
From thy anxious toil repose.

God is Love! in Heaven only
This is fully realized;
God is Love! by Saints adoring
His great name be eulogized.

God is Love! let all extol it,—
Yea, let Angels bless His name;—
God is Love! join in the chorus
Every kindred earth can claim.

God is Love! His presence cheer thee,
And illume thy lonely way;
God is Love! come to His foot-stool—
Come, reluctant soul, away.

God is Love! a Father's blessing
Softly o'er thee shall descend;
God is Love! but reverently,
Trustingly before Him bend.

God is Love; whate'er He tells thee
Just confidingly believe;
God is Love! doubt not, lest foes with
Guile accurs'd come to deceive.

God is Love! let not impatience
Spoil thy peace, or mar thy joy;
God is Love! *wait*, so shall naught, that
Which concerneth thee destroy.

God is Love! thee He beholdeth
From His dwelling-place on high;
God is Love! when least thou think'st it,
He is nigh thee closely by.

God is Love! O then establish'd
In thee be His fear divine;
God is Love! on all He makes the
Brightness of His face to shine.

REST.

Rest, thou art blest to weary forms,
O'ercome by care and life's sad storms;
Beneath thy shade they seek repose
A moment brief from life's sad woes.

Rest, blest one, with thyself in view,
A hasty farewell and adieu
They bid to all, and welcome thee,
From toil and turmoil to be free.

The human heart, the human mind,
Noble, ingenious, and refin'd;
Shrinks from rough contact with the world,
Beneath Night's banner dark unfurl'd.

Each mild and bright-eyed silvery star
May sweetly from its place afar
Beam smiles of Love upon us all,
When life's pursuits our senses pall.

But will they beckon us again
To launch upon the trackless main?
O no, like guardian Angels fair,
They seem to say, to Rest repair.

Your active limbs, your willing hands,
Fresh strength must gain for the demands
Upon them daily hourly made;
And who will duty's paths invade.

To rest repair, till morning light
Has hidden darkness take its flight:
Go then rejoicing on your way
Beneath the sun's congenial ray.

THE INVISIBLE GOD.

Eternal God! invisible,
Incomprehensible and great,
Well it becomes thy subjects frail
Before thy Majesty to wait!

No other God know we save Thee,
Our Father ever-merciful;
Deep must thine understanding be,
Infinite and unsearchable.

Thou'rt present life's rough path to smooth,
Thou'rt present verily in power;
This knowledge comforting shall soothe
My soul in every trying hour.

Present thou art, tho' mortal sight
Is not permitted to behold;
Present thou art, tho' heaven's height
Alone thy glories may unfold.

Present thou art, tho' mortal *sense*,
Feel not oftimes thy loving touch;
The feelings of the soul intense,
In thee rejoicing, own as much.

Preserver of my Being, praise
And grateful thanks to thee are due;
To thee a grateful song I'll raise,
Bow down in adoration too.

Didst thou but for a moment brief
Thy life's sustaining power withdraw,
This frame must fail without relief;
The thought fills one with solemn awe.

Life-giving Presence, mortal sight
Must fade away and feeling chill,
And thought must perish, but for thy
Pure presence which all space doth fill.

O God the Soverign Lord, my soul,
Delighting in thy purity,
Acknowledges supreme control—
On thee relies continually.

Trusts thee where thee it cannot trace,
For ever loving to depend,
For needful strength and needful grace,
On thee its everlasting Friend.

NIGHT.

How peaceful and how calm is Night,
With all her glittering orbs of light;
O'er all, 'neath moon and stars that shine,
Night sheds her influence benign.

Night comes to minister repose,
Peace like a mighty river flows
Beneath her feet, and hearts oppress'd
Bathe in its streams and are refresh'd.

Night comes to close the weary eye,
To give what riches cannot buy—
Tranquillity unto the soul,
When waves of sorrow o'er it roll.

Night is a comforter most kind:
Hers to compose the troubled mind;
Hers to restore the weary frame
To strength and vigour once again.

The soft folds of her mantle fall
In mercy tenderly o'er all;
Whene'er I gaze, tho' black be Night,
She's not offensive to my sight.

All yieldeth to her gentle sway,
All must her gracious laws obey;
While she is present silence reigns,
None disapproveth nor complains.

The closing buds, the fragrant flower,
Herbs, plants, and trees, all own her power:
When Day returns, their offerings fair
They lavish on the morning air.

The little birds within their nest
Beneath Night's wing securely rest:
Let wild beasts of the forests roam,
The pure and harmless love their home.

The young lion may afar off roar,
The wild beast of the wood, the boar,
The savage and bloodthirsty, may
Thro' darkness press to seek their prey;

And when the sun arises fair,
They all may to their dens repair;
May lay them down and close in scorn
Their eyes upon the smiling morn:

The rest go forth to meet the day;
Earth, crown'd with beauteous verdure gay,
Invites them all with graceful mien,
To enter on the attractive scene.

MAN, THE NOBLEST WORK OF GOD.

What is it that enobles man,
And sets him far above
All other creatures in the world,
This universe of God?

What is it that exalts him so,
That even makes him like
The Being who created him,
The *very God* of might?

Why, it is reason, love, and hope,
Alive within his breast,
Which makes him so much nobler
And better than the rest.

It is the never-dying soul
God gave to lifeless clay,
When first in innocence he form'd
His creatures of a day.

FRIENDS.

To know that one has loving friends,
Faithful kind and true,
Is heart-consoling, and it is
A blissful feeling too.

In the society of friends
We always take delight;
Pleased to be with them, scarce do we
Note Time's relentless flight.

Their happy smiles we love to see,
Their voices love to hear;
With them do we almost forget
Such as a sigh or tear.

But mortal life's a changing scene;
And what may us betide
We may not know, as steadily
Adown life's stream we glide.

All seemeth fair and bright to-day,
The Sun of life it cheers;
To our admiring eyes the world
A paradise appears.

To-day we bless the star of peace,
While singing all is well;
But, ah! the spoiler marks our steps,
The serpent in the dell.

O trust not to appearances,
Nor too securely rest;
Full swift as passing shadows are
Our brightest days and best.

Like fading flowers, beloved forms
Will perish from our sight;
All that is lovely, all that charms,
Will take its lasting flight.

Chief friends, the dearest of our choice,
Are scatter'd far and wide;
The power belongs not unto us
To keep them by our side.

But there's a friend that cannot fail,
Whose dwelling is above;
How pure His friendship, and how strong!
His sacred name is Love.

He loveth more, and better far,
Than any whom we call
By names endearing; he is more
Desirable then all.

And whom he loveth, he delights
To bless and do them good;
Their weary spirits he'll refresh,
And fill their souls with food.

He'll entertain them by the way,
Will tell them not to fear;
He will encourage them to hope
And still be of good cheer.

All who the heav'nly friendship gain
Of this illustrious One,
His holiness must share, while kings
And princes they become.

Holy and happy he will make
His followers and his friends;
Will never leave them—even to
Their weakness condescends.

Nothing can separate them from
His Love, more strong than death;
His Love higher than the heavens,
His Love deeper than Ocean's depths.

ORIGINAL POETRY;

BY MISS HARRIETT BATCHALOUR.

Faith, Hope, and Charity,

OR

THE THREE GRACES.

Faith, hope, and charity how pure!
How blest unspeakably are these!
If mine they are, I feel assured
I must the gracious Saviour please.
If these forever with me dwell,
In Christ I steadfastly abide,
Accomplishing the sacred will
Of God my Father, God my Guide.
Faith Heaven-sent doth cheer me on,
Doth scatter unbelief away,
Doth give reliance while all doubt
And fear tormenting it doth slay.
Through faith, in Christ I welcome joy,
Through faith, in Him I welcome rest,
Through faith I welcome peace divine;
And loving favour of the blest.
Through Faith, unwav'ring steadfast Faith
The weak are mighty to prevail [crowned
Through Faith they're valient, therefore
By victory: Loved Faith all-hail!
Perfect in beauty, and in strength,
Is Faith who cometh from afar:
Faith is a shield of great renown
Whose strength and beauty naught shall mar.
Hope smiling, doth remind me oft,
Of perfect happiness in heaven,
The harp, the crown, the great reward
Which to the faithful shall be given.
Hope is the confidential Friend,
Whose frequent visits are so dear,
Whose voice like strains celestial float
With sweetness through the atmosphere.
Companion dear of sunny hours,
Is hope the cheerful and the gay,
But there are times when smiling Hope
On wings of love doth fly away.
But I am never left alone,
More beautiful than flow'rs of spring,
Faith whispers she'll return and bright
With glory crowned, great blessings bring.
With patience wait her moments space,
Then view her swift returning flight,
Appearing lo! from yonder throne;
Behold her radiant clothed in light.
I now am blest, aye blest indeed!
Faith, Hope, and Charity are mine,
In Christ their author I'm complete;
The living jewels how bright they shine!
Faith, Hope, and Charity endures,
Surpassing loveliness is their's;
They live to bless all such as are
Of immortality the heirs:
Though each is great, and all doth bear
God's impress on their glorious face,
Claims Charity preeminent,
A higher and a nobler place.
O Charity, eternal joy!
Thou'rt an eternal excellence,
Thy native home's the Saviour's breast;
Thou know'st Thy native heaven from thence
Thou soarest far above them all,
Thou liv'st and triumphest alway,
Thou art with Christ the first and last
Throughout a never-ending day.

ABSENCE OF PEACE.

Oh tell me! where's my precious one,
My loved companion gone,
My life, my light, my very Sun,
Where has she now withdrawn?
Art thou upon the mountain tops?
Or in the forest wild?
Or art thou on the sunny hills?
Thou precious lovely child.

Haste, haste thee hither charming one,
Thou unobtrusive guest,
Why wilt thou leave me thus alone?
Return unto thy rest;
Who hath my undefiléd seen?
My darling sister fair
Oh tell me! where is her retreat
That I may seek her there.

She is not in the city's strife,
Nor in the pris'ner's cell,
Come back to me my joy, my life,
And tell me all is well;
Thou choice one undefiled thy voice,
Thy flute-like voice I hear;
Skipping o'er the flowery hills
Thou com'st my heart to cheer.

Right welcome to my humble hall,—
Right welcome to my side,—
Right welcome since thou heed'st my call
Dove harmless! here abide:
Thy presence doth delight my soul,
Ah leave me not again!
Here, here content to live and dwell
Thy wand'ring steps refrain.

—o—

THE DIVINE WORD.

Blest book! the faithful word of God,
Where'in His truth's are shed abroad;
A message of true love art thou,
Whose own accepted time is now.

Thou art the everlasting word,
Of life eternal, from the Lord,
To-day if ye will hear his voice;
Attend, and make this word your choice.

Oh do not say! wait ye awhile
To-morrow I will make the trial
To-morrow is not thine, oh choose
The present! nor an instant lose.

T'is all important, why will ye,
Be trifling with eternity?
Ye idle ones who still put off,
No better are than those who scoff.

Turn, turn ye from your vain pursuits,
The soul to feast on better fruits,
Than what this desert world affords;
How tasteless are its trifling hoards.

Unsatisfying always found,
False, and deceitful, and unsound,
Thy soul the pleasing object gains!
And mockery, for all thy pains.

To thy desire thou dost attain,
And what thou think'st a prize dost gain
It is not what it seemed to be
While in the dim uncertainty.

Oh waste not then this life's short day,
But come to Christ, while yet you may,
Rejoicing in the sacred word
Of life eternal, from the Lord.

—o—

THE CHILDREN OF GOD

Thou sov'reign Lord of life and death,
My Saviour, God, my King,
There's naught can harm the souls who trust
Beneath Thy shelt'ring wing.

Thine eyes are over them for good,
Thine ear attends their prayer,
Blest in Thy love they know and feel
A Father's tender care.

The int'rest they have found in Thee,
Most dearly do they prize,
Nor do they seek before the world
Their feelings to disguise.

Born of Thyself they ne'er disdain,
To own the Saviour's name,
They glory in it and for this
Shall not be put to shame.

They know a little of its power,
  A little of its worth,
Deny it, they would not for *all*
  The idols vain of earth.

Their guiding star it proves through all,
  The wilderness of night,
While trusting in it they'll not err
  Nor be without the light.

Strong in the power of God's great might,
  They'll travel on their way,
Through Him o'ercoming ev'ry foe
  Who would their peace betray.

Forgeting not to look above,
  Close by their Father's side,
Where danger works no ill they keep—
  Where safety doth abide.

Their sure inheritance, their great
  Unfading bright reward,
Is heav'nly fellowship and life
  Eternal with the Lord.

—o—

THY KINGDOM COME.

Oh Thou whose name is wonderful!
Oh Thou whose name is great!
Oh Thou on whom in ev'ry age!
Saints and believers wait;
Grant that Thy kingdom glorious
Right early may appear,
When all Thy sons victorious,
Who Thy great name revere:
Shall sing in honour of Thy name,
Thy praises loud and clear.

Oh hasten on the joyful time!
When thy most holy will,
All creatures both in heaven and earth
Shall cheerfully fulfill;
When thou shalt dwell the chief delight—
As well as reign supreme,
Within all hearts; and when Thy light
Shall in perfection beam;
Upon all nations of the earth,
Jehovah, God Supreme.

RIGHTEOUS is the LORD.

Righteous art thou most holy Lord,
When erring mortals plead with Thee,
Thou'rt true and faithful to Thy word;
Thou'lt deign to hear and answer me.

Thou Father see'st all my heart,
Right well thou knowest its desire,
Forbid that it from Thee depart;
Tune it to praise ev'n as a lyre.

Cause it to live and grow in love,
The fruit of wisdom may it yield,
With understanding from above
I pray Thee, let my heart be filled.

The place of understanding where?
Oh where I ask may it be found,
But in Thy presence bright? 'tis there
Where it doth more and more abound.

Be Thou the living bread of life,
Unto my heart each day and hour,
It loveth peace, it hateth strife,
Tis like unto a fragile flower.

'Neath the rough blast it boweth down
Behold it shrinking from the storm!
It claims no kindred with renown
Nor seeketh ev'n to view her form.

Be Thou its strength, be Thou its stay,—
The height of its ambitious soar—
Its bliss throughout eternal day—
It's joy, it's portion evermore.

—o—

MORNING.

Once more the ever-welcome light
Of day is shed abroad,
O'er all the world to make it bright,
And beautiful like God:—
Within whose habitation fair,
All things are perfect found;
Nothing shall vex the spirit there
Where all with joy are crowned.

HUMAN LOVE.

Human love however prized
Is rarely constant found,
In fairer realms beyond the skies
Love perfect doth abound.
Human love is changeable,
And will for ever be,
In fragile form of earthly clay
That's no Divinity.
Too often does the cares of life,
The light of love obscure,
Like a dark shadow or a cloud—
It veils it through most pure.
But when the Sun of righteousness
Upon this treasure shines,
The clouds disperse and it appears,
More bright than gold refined
A little moment from our view,
Through trials it oft will hide;
But Jesus is the Star of love,
He also is its Guide,
Therefore we rest and feel assured,
'Tis always safe in Him,
Whenever to our anxious sight,
The light of love burns dim;
Love's shelter in the gath'ring storm,
Love's hiding-place is He,
Love's refuge when there's danger nigh,
Love's home Eternally.

THE ROARING LION.

Saviour belov'd! cast down
My enemy most vile;
My crown, my everlasting crown
Let not the foe defile.
Saviour belov'd! cast out
The adversary fell,—
The roaring lion going about
In search of prey for hell.

HOME.

Home! home! oh is it not the place,
Where weary ones find rest?
And is it not the place they of
All others love the best?
Home! home! there's something in the word
Which plainly speaks to us,
Of comfort, happiness and peace,
And health's bright rosy blush.
Home! home! oh is it not the place,
Where all true lovers meet?
Is it not there they of their joys,
And sorrows freely speak?
Home! home! it always is to us
A word of pleasing sound:—
The place where fellowship and love
Doth more and more abound.
Home! home! oh is it not the place,
Where loving ones enjoy
Uninterrupted friendship. far?
Removed from all annoy?
Oh is it not the welcome place
Of safety and repose?—
The blest retreat to which we turn,
When howling tempests blows?
And is it not to us a type,
Of home in heaven above?
An earnest of that endless, that
Eternal home of Love?

A MORNING THOUGHT.

How beautifully fair and bright,
Is this sweet summer day;
Blest be its clear unclouded light,
Blest be its golden ray.
Joy may it bring us spoil'd of grief,
Or disappointments chill,
Such would like an unholy thief
Our darling pleasures steal.

Ashfield, Machine Printer, Bridge Road West, Battersea.

POETRY BY MISS HARRIET BATCHELOR.

The Voice of Prayer

ON BEHALF OF

MISSIONARIES IN HEATHEN LANDS.

Father! Almighty friend above!
We lift our eyes to Thee,
And for the children of Thy love,
With deep humility,
We pray, and plead, that from yon heaven,
Their lives to them a prey be given.

Yes, wheresoever they may be,
Wherever they may go,
Let Thine especial blessings free
In large abundance flow,
Rejoice their souls, and fill their hearts,
With wisdom in the hidden parts.

To foreign climes from all that's dear
They in Thy strength have gone,
The sigh they stifled, and the tear
That to the eye was drawn,
By self-denying love's farewell,
The inward struggle might not tell.

If they have toil'd and labour'd long
For hearts both cold and dead,
And still not joyful is their song,
By souls to Jesus lead,
Seem they with ill success to meet
With heathen hearts of dark deceit.—

O let them not discouraged be!
O let them never cease
To hope, and trust, and wait for Thee,
Thou God of Truth and Peace;
Nor hope, nor trust, nor wait in vain,
Can they, dear Lord, on Thy great Name.

O Father! be Thou pleased to give
Thy Servants for their hire
Soul precious; and while here they live,
Grant they may never tire;
Until in heaven their full reward
They shall obtain through Christ the Lord.

O let us be in Thee refresh'd,
Some good news let us hear
From countries far than ours less blest,
From all our brethren dear;
Whose cheerful service 'tis to win
Strange children from the paths of sin.

O let us never them forget,
O let us not decline
From prayer that greater blessings yet
Of Glorious power Divine
May be revealed on every hand,
Save, save, for mighty is Thy hand.

O let the darkness pass away
  Right early as a cloud !
That it no longer, Father, may
  Benighted souls enshroud.
Let Light outspread her shining wings,
Thee, we intreat, Thou King of kings.

By heathen let Thy voice be heard,
  O that they may receive
The priceless treasures of Thy word,
  To Thee their Saviour cleave.
And love no other name so well
As Thine whose love no tongue can tell.

They speak, their voice we seem to hear,
  Who have themselves denied,
Shall souls through any worthless fear
  For whom the Saviour died,
Be left to perish ? God forbid !
No, may their lives in Christ be hid.

We glory in the cross of Christ,
  Yes, we the shame despise,
Souls bought at such a costly price
  Must to perfection rise.
O let us not be faithless found !
Soon shall we hear the trumpet sound.

———o———

PRAISE,

My God ! my God ! when I behold
  Thy wondrous works on high,
The moon in brightness travelling on,
  Through all the boundless sky,
The numerous stars by Thee all told,
  The radiant dazzling Sun,
I marvel, and my soul exclaims,
What great things Thou hast done !

How vast are Thy dominions, Lord,
  And Thine exalted throne
Endures for ever, (as Thyself,)
  Whereon Thou reign'st alone.
Thyself, Thy glorious throne, Thy word,
  For ever shall endure,
As great Thy wisdom as Thy love,
And all Thy word is pure.

How insignificant is man,
  If him we would compare
With God the everlasting Lord,
  Whose reign is every where.
Poor and dependent, Lord am I,
  And willing so to be,
Since Thou art God a Being wise
Who careth much for me.

———o———

EVENING.

Ever welcome peaceful evening,
  Thy attractions are not small,
Joys serene around us hover
  As thy shadows o'er us fall.

Morn awakes us to its gladness,
  To its hopes and its new life,
With ambitious aspirations,
  Morn and Noon is ever rife.

But the evening hour is peaceful
  When the cares of day are past,
And its all important duties
  Well performed from first to last.

Then it is we find it pleasant
  In the quiet evening hour,
To rejoice in all the various
  Privileges that are ours.

Then it is with happy freedom
  We indulge each fond pursuit,
Social converse, or the charming
Blissful notes of harp, or lute.

Or perchance far more inviting,
  Is the silent moment fraught,
With reflection, calm, and holy,
  Pure and unimpassioned thought.

Ever welcome peaceful evening,
  Grateful thus am I for thee,
Worthy of my grateful feeling
  Art thou truly, verily.

For without thee, something wanting
There would be I'm very sure,
Welcome therefore, welcome be, the
Hallow'd evening, calm, and pure.

———o———

WHAT I LOVE.

I love a brow unclouded,
Lighted by a smile,
Expressive of right feeling,
A heart unstain'd of guile.

A countenance o'ershadow'd,
By frowns where peeping out,
I see the enemy of souls,
I've nought to say about.

———o———

WHAT TO CHOOSE.

Belovëd, choose that which is good,
But that which is evil detest,
Or it will, as the flame burneth wood,
Consume every joy of your breast.

Though an evil at present appears
But a small insignificant thing,
Unworthy to 'waken your fears,
Or give to your conscience a sting.

If you do not subdue it at once,
Vanquish, o'ercome it outright,
It will overcome you as a dunce,
And rob you of happiness quite.

———o———

THE NAME WHICH IS ABOVE EVERY NAME.

Christ Jesus, O how precious!
How glorious is Thy Name,
How charming to believers
In whom Thy graces reign,
Thy Name it is both lovely
And beautiful and fair,
It is the best of all names
Which men or angels bear.

———o———

THE CHANGE.

When call'd from nature's darkness
To taste redeeming love,
My soul beat high with rapture
Akin to those above.
The foliage seemëd fresher
And greener than before,
The dew drops shone more brilliantly,
The sky appeared more pure;
All things appear'd to shine, and wave,
In silent but emphatic praise,
Of God the great Creator.

———o———

RELIGION.

O say not of Religion
It is unreal and vain,
It is not false nor fleeting
But enduring as the name,
Of Him by whom religion comes
Of whom religion is,
O love religion and that heart
Of thine shall ever live.

———o———

JUDGE NOT.

Judge thy neighbour never
But judgment leave to Him
Whose eyes are open ever
And whose sight is never dim.

———o———

MY SOUL'S DESIRE.

O Thou whom my soul desireth,
  Precious Jesus Christ of God,
Can I offer *aught* that's worthy
  Of Thy pure and priceless love?

If my time should be devoted
  To Thyself, from morn, till eve,
All would if weigh'd in the balance
  Only me a debtor leave.

A THOUGHT FOR THE FUTURE.

When gay young Spring appears again
  Our spirits to revive,—
And with the cheerful song of bird—
  All nature is alive,—
And when the Sun high in the sky—
  Shines warm on all below,—
When fragrence-laden winds go by—
  And gentle breezes blow,—
When flowers peep from their hiding place—
  And all things are in bloom,—
When earth her fairest dress of green—
  Rejoices to assume,—

Where shall I be, and what my lot?
  Who knoweth, who can tell?
God only, in Him I must hope
  That all will then be well,
Anxious thought I must not take
  For future time to come,
If time goes well with me, no doubt
  It will go ill with some,
A world of change, a world of strife
  This life I find to be,
Reverses here we sometimes prove,
  Sometimes prosperity.

THE FOE.

Sin is alas the greatest ill
  Known in this world of woe,
To Man it always was (is still)
  The most accursëd foe.

Destroying peace and happiness,
  And planting in its stead
Evils quite as numberless
  As hairs upon his head.

The miseries of sin to tell,
  A blight on old and young,
'Tis quite beyond (we know full well)
  The power of human tongue.

SALVATION IS OF THE LORD.

From sin to save me condescend,
  Right early rescue me,
O God; before Thy throne I bend,
  Panting to be free!

But like a prisoner Captive bound,
  As helpless, Lord am I,
Let Thy Salvation now be found,
  Save me, or I die.

THE LOVE OF GOD.

For God so loved the world
  His only Son He gave,
His well-belovëd precious One,
  Souls to redeem and save.

O let me grateful be
  For such a priceless gift,
O let me seek by Him to be
  In all things pure enrich'd!

H. Weede, Printer, 13a, High Road, Knightsbridge.

ODE

TO THE MEMORY OF

FIELD MARSHAL LORD CLYDE.

BY

JOHN YARROW,

Professor of Elocution;

AUTHOR OF "ALBERT THE GREAT," "THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE," ETC.

TO

MAJOR GENERAL EYRE, G.C.B.,

THE

FOLLOWING ODE

To the Memory of

HIS GREAT COMPANION IN ARMS

IS DEDICATED,

BY HIS ARDENT ADMIRER

AND HUMBLE SERVANT,

JOHN YARROW.

ODE.

GREAT Clyde, thou art fallen! yes, now thou'rt reposing
In the time-honour'd Abbey where sleep the great brave:
Tho' death hath embraced thee, no fame art thou losing,
But wreaths of immortelles bestrew thy proud grave.

Thou hast fought, thou hast conquer'd! bright Fame still is keeping
The record of deeds that shall ne'er pass away;
Stern chiefs, bent with grief, o'er thy bier are now weeping,
And sacred the drops that embalm thy loved clay.

The hearts of fond women are sinking—are fainting—
Whilst they breathe o'er thy ashes their fondest farewell:
The muse stands aloft, all thy glories depainting,
When fiends fought with men in dark India's hell.

Who breasted the river, and, danger surmounting,
On Alma's steep heights, was the first to advance?
With valor unflinching rush'd on, while encount'ring
The belching of cannon—the foes bloody lance?

And thou, in that reckless display of grand daring,
That charge, all renown'd, of the famed "Light Brigade,"
When a handful of heroes dash'd on, tho' despairing,
To capture the guns—for destruction array'd:

Thou stood'st like a rock, the haught Russian repelling;
Shells burst all around thee—thou did'st not retire;
Till surveying his arrogant insolence swelling,
Thou swept'st his proud ranks with thy murd'rous fire.

On Inkermann's heights, in the bleak, murky morning,
When thousands, o'erworn, on the ground had reclined;
Dense columns rolled on up the hill—but no warning,
No sound broke the silence, but raved the loud wind:

The blast of the trumpet! Ah! who is advancing?
A voice in the dawning rings clearly and shrill;
"To arms! men," "to arms!" thousand horses are prancing!
And murder's surprisal through all their breasts thrill!

Then on swept the Russian, and hand to hand fighting,
They dared with the British the bayonet to cross!
Hour passed after hour, the death-struggle blighting
The flower of our army with infinite loss.

O where then was Clyde? In the midst of the crashing
Of lances—by foemen engirt—midst the roar
Of volleys of cannon—shrieks of dying—and flashing
Of sabres bright light, in fields slipp'ry with gore.

When bloodhounds—when fiends—from dark hell were defacing
In India's swart clime, our fair women and babes,
When deeds—oh! most horrible! then were disgracing
The basest of wretches, the vilest of slaves:

When atrocity's carnival, crush'd hearts was sadd'ning,
And shrieks from the well of Cawnpore rent the gale;
When husbands and fond wives in wild frenzy madd'ning
Made the bravest feel faint—the stoutest turn pale:

Then, gallant old hero, when all were despairing,
And the embers of hope were fast fading in gloom;
When screams well-nigh smother'd, and eyeballs were glaring,
And pangs worse than death, seemed a hovering doom:

Then gallant old chief, at the last gasp arriving,
With prowess undaunted, and claymore still bright,
Thou didst quell the fiend rabble, and save the surviving;
Peace followed thy track, as morn gilds the dark night.

When Indian fiends o'er their butchery gloating,
Exulted and yelled at the horrors they wrought;
When demons of Cawnpore in seas of blood floating
Rent the air o'er their victims to misery brought;

Stern Nemesis track'd them, with wings wide outspreading,
And Clyde, the Avenger, deputed to slake
His sword in their heart's blood, while his feet were outtreading
Worse than tiger's fell rage—worse than poison of snake.

Thou wast brave, but not rash—thou wast hardy, subduing
The glitter of prowess, that dazzles to blind;
When thy country called, thy great spirit—eschewing
Rewards—sought those only that duty could find.

The eye of thy Queen was not slow in discerning
The merit that humbled a treacherous horde:
She hailed thee with welcome when thou wast returning,
Saluting with triumph her conquering lord.

From the land of the mountain, and flood too, descending,
Thy nature was rugged—thy spirit was free;
The grandeur of Wallace, with Bruce's fire blending,
Gave nerve to thy heart—to thine hand, victory!

Then rest thee, old Scotia's great son, in a dwelling
Time-honor'd and holy; and mix thy brave dust
With kings and with mighty, in virtue excelling:
Britannia with laurels encircles thy bust!

Published by A. M. PIGOTT, 3, Kennington Park Corner, S., and 11, Paternoster Row, E.C., London.

"De mortuis, nil, nisi bonum."

NICHOLAS (CARDINAL) WISEMAN.

Born at Seville, August 2nd, 1802.

Died in London, February 15th, 1865.

He is gone to the grave,
And the true-hearted crave
That no fault be attached to the *dead*,
For of "gentle and simple,"
And all sorts of people,
'Tis proper to "speak well" instead.

He is gone to the grave,
With his mission so brave,
T'encircle this island of ours
Once more in the arms
Of strange men with strange charms,
And teach us to kneel to "the Powers."

He is gone to the grave,
No chaunt, wail, or stave,
Nor melody ever so sweet,
Could thwart the demand
Of that angel whose hand
Beckoned up to a higher "*Retreat*."

He is gone to the grave,
Countless mourners will lave
His bier with affection's warm tears,
But the Cardinal's spirit
Can't profit beyond it,
Nor again stir our hopes and our fears.

He is gone to the grave,—
Fierce Fanatics! behave
As *Catholics once* in your lives;
You need not be *Romans*,
(Nor buy things at *Dolman's*),
Pray keep to your Protestant hives.

He is gone to the grave,—
Let rich "Charity" save
A sixpence or two for the *poor*;
"Charivaris" may jest,
Yet one *Wiseman's* behest,
Was not to spurn *want* from his door.

He is gone to the grave,
"Toll! toll, for the brave"!
Each Scholar or learned Divine,
Is a light whilst he lives,
(If he *use* what God gives)
And reflects light that others may shine.

He is gone to the grave,—
His precepts we'd save,
For time t'embalm all they're worth:
If he lived to the *past*,
He is not near the *last*
Of the prejudiced people of earth.

He is gone to the grave,—
Oh! that mercy may save
Our rulers from cold, selfish hearts,
Saints or sinners alike
Must their colors soon strike
'Midst the terrors that Jordan imparts.

He is gone to the grave,
Come! chaunt forth a stave,
That, haply, may touch *dainty* men;
All hail! to the day,
When *Love* scatters away,
Dark dogmas,—as ink from the pen.

Camden Town, N.W., Feb., 1865.

W. BEARE.

London: G. J. STEVENSON, 54, Paternoster Row, and all Booksellers.

Price One Penny.

G. H. Beare, Printer, 299, Gray's Inn Road.

Dutch-Gards

FAREWELL TO

ENGLAND.

IN Times of great Danger, have we been so civil,
To save your Religion from Pope and the Devil?
The Freedoms & Laws which our Kingdom may boast
Have we not Restor'd 'em, before they were Lost?
Your Lives we Preserv'd, from the Priests Bloody Slaughter,
Endangering our Own by our Crossing the Water.
We might have been Kill'd too, but that we were Cunning,
And turning our Tails, sav'd our selves by our Running.
Must these our Adventures with Shame be Rewarded?
And not in the Lists of Fame be Recorded?
Must we, the Battalions of Chosen *Dutch* Skaters,
Be drove by a Law from your Wives and your Daughters
And kick'd from the Crown, like a parcel of Traytors?
Must we that Redeem'd you from *Pop'ry* and *Slav'ry*;
And made you all Free in the use of your *Knav'ry*;
Be Recompenc'd thus for our *Courage* and *Brav'ry*?
O *England*! O *England*! Tis very hard Measure;
And things done in Haste, are Repented at Leisure.
But since we are forc'd to take leave of your Nation,
And *Hope Skellum* after a very Odd fashion;
Where our *Frowes* and our *Skuldren* were happily Settled,
To tell you the Truth, we are damnably Nettled.
We bid you farwell, since we're bound to forsake-ye;
And heartily Wish a *French* Devil may take-ye.
May Discords Domestick arise and Confound-ye;
And *Lewis* this Summer with Forces Sorround-ye.

May

May your Taxes [illegible]
And the *Dutch* run away with your *Trade* and your *Money*.
In the Midst of all which, may your Bankers forsake-ye;
And Run with their Treasure to *Holland*, and Break-ye.
Farwel to your Beef, Pudding, Capon, and Mutton,
And all your fine Dainties, so fit for a Glutton:
You've nothing so Good for a *Dutchman* to Eat,
As Burgooe, Red-herring, Dry'd Whiting, and Scate;
It's Food for a Burgher, or Chief of the *State*.
Farewell to your Women, made Fine by their Cloaths;
He that tickles their Tobies, endangers his Nose;
They'll never be so Plump and Sound as our *Frows*.
Farewel to our Ladies, blew-coe-claw 'em!
Who suffer'd *Dutch Blues* to so heartily *Brim* 'em.
And also adue to their Cuckoldly Spouses,
Whose Wives we subdu'd, and Commanded their Houses.
Farwel to the Fruits of their kind Conversation,
The brood of Young *Flemins* we've left the Nation,
Who in time may torment-ye (or else a plague rot 'em)
And Revenge the Affront done to us that Begot 'em:
'Mongst us 'tis the Nature of Sister or Brother,
To punish all Wrongs, done to Father or Mother:
For that Mortal Duty in us is Inherent,
We'll never see injury done to our Parent.
Farwel to the Conduit and State, that we liv'd in;
And to your deep Bags we have pretty well div'd in.
Farewel Brother Soldiers, you Drunken poor Fellows,
Who whilst we were Paid, run the hazard of Gallows,
Like True Men of Honour, in trying your Fortune,
For Money to Campas a *Punk* and a *Quartan*.
Farwel to the Pleasures of *Kensington* Town;
And the Sutlers true *Nantz*, that went merrily down.
Farewel to King *WILLIAM*, and Long may he Reign,
Whose Service we're forc'd from; and now to be plain,
Vel G--d we shall never live so Happy again.

LIBERTY HALL.

OLD HOMER! but what have we with him to do?
What are Grecians and Trojans to me or to you?
Such heathenish heroes no more I'll invoke—
Choice spirits assist me—attend hearts of oak.
Derry down, &c.

Sweet Peace! belov'd handmaid of science and art,
Unanimity take your petitioner's part;
Accept of my song, 'tis the best I can do;
But first, may it please you, my service to you.

Perhaps my address you may premature think,
Because I have mention'd no toast as I drink:
There are many fine toasts, but the best of them all
Is the toast of the times, that is, Liberty Hall.

That fine British building by Alfred was fram'd;
Its grand corner-stone Magna Charta was nam'd:
Independency came at Integrity's call,
And form'd the front pillars of Liberty Hall.

That manor our forefathers bought with their blood;
Their sons, and their sons sons, have prov'd their deeds good;
By that title we live—by that title we'll fall—
For life is not life out of Liberty Hall.

In her mantle of honour each star spangled fold,
Playing bright in the sunshine the burnist of gold,
Truth beams on her breast see, at Loyalty's call,
The genius of England in Liberty Hall.

Ye sweet smelling courtiers of ribband and lace,
The spaniels of power, and Bounty's disgrace!
So pliant, so servile, so passive ye fall—
But passive obedience lost Liberty Hall.

But when Resolution had settled the crown,
And Natural Reason knock'd Tyranny down,
No frown-cloathed TERROR appear'd to appall;
The doors were thrown open of Liberty Hall.

See England triumphant! her ships sweep the sea!
Her standard is Justice—her watch-word, *Be free!*
Our King is our countryman, Englishmen all;
God bless him, and bless us in Liberty Hall.

On vere is des Hall, Monsieur vants to know—
'Tis neither at Marli, Versailles, Fontainbleau;
'Tis a place of no mortal architect's art,
For Liberty Hall is an Englishman's Heart.

FOWLER, PRINTER, SALISBURY.

The COURTSHIP.

A New SONG.

To the Tune of—*Moderation and Alteration.*

I'LL sing you a song of a modern date,
Concerning a damsel, who had a good estate;
Rich, young, and beautiful, whose name it was Kate;
She was mightily teaz'd with admirers of late.
Admiration! Admiration!
Oh! the wonderful Admiration!

The first was a Beau, much resembling an ape,
That had broken its chain, and so made its escape;
He came into her presence with many a scrape,
Quite sure of the maid from his delicate shape.
Affectation, &c.

The next was a youth with a sorrowful air,
Who had fallen a victim to love and despair!
He had not the least prospect of gaining the fair,
So just came to die, and to end all his care!
Desperation, &c.

A Bully came next, with a glove in his hat,
A string of new oaths he had learned quite pat;
He brag'd of his courage with impudent chat,
But to tell you the truth, he'd have started at that.*
Elevation, &c.

Then in came a Quaker, friend Elijah Prim,
Hid under the shade of a thirteen inch brim;
Whatever he did, 'twas the spirit mov'd him,
But I'm sure he had none, for he mov'd not a limb.
Inspiration, &c.

A Rake, who had been of her fortune appriz'd,
In a Conjuror's habit his person disguis'd;
Her fortune to tell, was the scheme he devis'd;
But his beard was pull'd off, and his cunning surpriz'd.
Conjuration, &c.

At length a young Captain, directed by fame,
Repair'd to the damsel, and put in a claim;
His offers were ta'en, and he carry'd the dame;
So if they're not happy, themselves are to blame.
Consummation, &c.

* A snap of the fingers.

FOWLER, PRINTER, SALISBURY.

A Bold Stroke for a Wife!

Or, MODERN COURTSHIP.

Tune—*Moderation and Alteration.*

HERE's a New Song, to the tune of an old, favourite ditty,
Concerning a beautiful damsel, who liv'd in London city;
Formerly they nam'd her Kate, but now she's call'd Miss Kitty;
She was teiz'd by the aged, the young, and the witty.
Admiration! Admiration! O the wonderful Admiration!

The first was BILLY WHIFFLE, a figure resembling an ape,
He came humming a tune, & approach'd her with the last new scrape;
For gad's curse there was no resisting his delicate shape;
No, demme, that's impossible! but he was soon told to make his escape.
Affectation, &c.

The next was Ensign BLUFF, with a long sword, & fierce cock'd hat,
Who all kinds of oaths had learned quite pat;
And swore he wou'd destroy all his Rivals, damme! that's flat;
But he had no more courage than a goose, for he'd even start at that.*
Blusteration, &c. * A snap of the fingers.

Then in came SAMMY SIMPLE, with a sorrowful air,
Who, poor youth, was falling a victim to love, jealousy, & despair;
Poor Sammy had not the least prospect of gaining the fair,
But just came to die, and so end his grief, tribulation, and care.
Desperation, &c.

The next was JACK BUMPER, in high glee, and drunk as a swine;
"Fair Kitty, I love, I adore you—you're every thing that's divine;
"I'll drink your health in a flaggon, but I can't whimper or whine;"
But he was sent to the cellar, to make love to a pipe of wine.
Intoxication, &c.

Then in came TERENCE M'BRAWN, from the county of Derry,
"O faith & troth, dear honey, I love you better than whisky or sherry."
So a blundering story he told, to make her heart merry,
But Kitty, with all his botherations, he cou'd not carry.
Botheration, &c.

The next was a RAKE, who had been long of her fortune appriz'd;
In a Conjuror's habit his person he disguis'd;
To tell Miss Kitty's fortune, was the tale that he devis'd;
But Mr. Conjuror's beard drop'd off, and all his cunning was surpriz'd.
Conjuratiou, &c.

At length came a QUAKER, Friend Hezekiah Prim;
He approach'd her under the shadow of a broad thirteen-inch brim;
Whatever he said, or did, it was the spirit moved him;
He came driving his snails 14 miles in 15 hours, for he scarce mov'd a Limb.
Inspiration, &c.

"Fair Lump of Earth, look not on me with the spirit of wrathfulness!
"But, even as I look upon thee, in the spirit of truth & faithfulness!
"For thee, sister Catherine, behold, I sire, I die, ah!
"Like to a broken reed, is thy afflicted Friend Hezekiah! 'm!"
Tribulation, &c.

The last was Captain WORTHY, led by Cupid, and directed by fame,
Repair'd to the Maiden, routed his Rivals, and put in his claim;
His offer was taken, she cou'd not resist, so carry'd off the dame;
And, if they're not happy, there's none but themselves to blame.
Consummation, Consummation! O the wonderful Consummation!

FOWLER, PRINTER, SALISBURY.

Moderation, and Alteration:

OR, THE

OLD AND NEW COURTIER.

HERE's an old ſong, made by an ancient pate,
Of a worthy old gentleman, that had a good eſtate,
And kept a very plentiful houſe, at a very plentiful rate,
With a good old porter to relieve the poor at his gate.
Moderation! Moderation!——O! wonderful Moderation!

With a good old lady, whoſe anger a mild word aſſuages,
Who never knew what belong'd to coachmen, footmen, or pages;
But every quarter paid their old ſervants their wages,
And kept twenty or thirty old men in blue coats and badges.
Moderation, &c.

With an old library, fill'd full of learned old books
And a reverend old Chaplain, you might know him by his looks;
An old buttery hatch, worn off the old hooks,
And a good kitchen, that maintains half a dozen old cooks.
Moderation, &c.

With an old hall, hung round with guns, pikes, and bows,
And old ſwords and bucklers, that had born many hard blows;
An old frize coat, to cover his Worſhip's trunk hoſe,
And a cup of good old cherry, to comfort his copper noſe.
Moderation, &c.

With a good old cuſtom, when Chriſtmas was come,
To call in his neighbours with bagpipe and drum;
And have good cheer enough in ev'ry old room,
And liquor enough to make a cat ſpeak, and a wiſe man dumb.
Moderation, &c.

With an old huntſman, a falconer, and a pack of hounds,
With which he never hunted, but on his own grounds;
For he, like a wiſe man, kept himſelf within bounds,
And, when he dy'd, left each child a good old thouſand pounds.
Moderation, &c.

Then to his eldeſt ſon his houſe and land he aſſign'd,
Charging him in his will to be of the ſame bountiful mind;
But in the end you ſhall hear how he was inclin'd,
And left his good old father's precepts behind.
Alteration! Alteration!——O! wonderful Alteration!

Like a young gallant, who had juſt taken poſſeſſion of his land,
He took up a thouſand pounds upon his own bond;
He kept a brace or two of creatures at his own command,
And drinking at taverns, 'til he could neither ſit nor ſtand.
Alteration, &c.

With a new lady, who was both freſh and fair,
And never knew what belonged to houſekeeping, or care;
Who kept a dozen or two of fans to play the wanton air,
And half a dozen treſſes, made of horſes manes and cow-tail hair.
Alteration, &c.

With a new library, fill'd full of pamphlets and plays,
And a new-faſhion'd Chaplain, who ſwears faſter than he prays;
Alſo, a new buttery-hatch, that opens but once in five or ſix days,
And a large kitchen, ſtored with nothing but kickſhaws and fricaſees.
Alteration, &c.

With a new hall built juſt where the old one ſtood,
In which was never ſeen fire of either turf, coal, or wood;
It was hung round with pictures that did the poor little good,
The ſubjects whereof were all profane and lewd.
Alteration, &c.

With a new faſhion, when Chriſtmas was come,
In a poſt-chaiſe to LONDON we muſt be gone,
And leave nobody at home but our new porter John,
Who relieves the poor with a thump on the back with a ſtone.
Alteration, &c.

With a new valet, his perſon to adorn,
In order to attend my Lord's levee in the morn;
In horſe-racing, gaming, maſquerades, and plays,
The young gallant conſumes health, wealth, and days.
Alteration, &c.

New titles are bought with his father's old gold,
For which many of his father's good old manors were ſold;
And which is the reaſon moſt men do hold
That open houſe-keeping is now-a-days grown ſo very cold.
Alteration, &c.

A New-Years-Gift FOR PLOTTERS.

NOW dawns the day when *Rome*'s bright blazing Stars
Must stoop their Heads and answer for those Jars,
Which they have caus'd within our Native Clime,
As well at present as in former time;
Thus one by one the Comets disappear,
To make the Land once more serene and clear:
Rome's Dons must be un-Don'd and stoop their heads,
To have their Souls sent to th' Infernal Beds.
Surely their Plots must now run down the Stream,
Since they have lost the Fore-horse of the Team;
An Aged Biggot that for private Ends
Would kill his King and Ruine all his Friends;
Subvert the Government and quite confound,
The Name of *Protestant* from *English* Ground,
The Faith that's Ancient, Good and Apostolick,
And to Enslave us to the See Catholick;
False Innovations, Superstitious Toyes,
Not fit for *English* men, but *Romish* Boyes,
And Ancient Biggots, that Believe the Church;
Till they are ruined, and left i'th Lurch;
When Merit, Saintship, and their Purgatory,
Will prove a frivolous and idle Story.
No Medium to be found 'twixt Heaven aud Hell
For such as do against their King Rebell,
But where this Lord will, no man can tell;
But this I think, the Heavens will not ope
To such as come of Errands from the Pope;
Whose Messages are wrapt in Blood and Treason,
Against Gods Laws; against all humane Reason;
Yet *Rome*'s fond Biggots dare rely on Merit,
Against the Dictates of the Holy Spirit;
And under that weak Shield they dare to act
The greatest Treason and most Horrid Fact;

And

And think still to escape by Sham-Evasions,
Damn'd Lyes, and foolish Reservations,
And both base and roguish Equivocations.
Denying all that they 're accused for,
Protesting that they do such Crimes abhor,
They'l pray for King and Subject as for Friends,
When they perceive they've lost their wisht for Ends;
Which had they gain'd, must we Mass and *Te Deum* sing,
And Fire and Sword in Case of our refusing
To entertain the Popish Faith and Creed;
These were the things that would their Plots succeed:
And though 'tis too well known this is the case,
Yet they'l deny't and spit in Justice face;
But Heavens forbid that we should ever Trye
The Course of *Rome* in Popish Cruelty:
When they'l not blush to act those bloody Crimes,
That yet they have deny'd so many times.
This this great Traitor for a Recompence,
Wraps Treason in the Cloak of Innocence;
And by that Cloak seeks to deceive the Nation,
To think his Innocence will gain Salvation:
Yet too too well we know these Popish Tricks,
And dare not trust the Devils Politicks;
Who like their Master Satan dare to lye,
I'th face of Heaven and the open Skye,
And damn their Souls when they are sure to dye.
No wonder *Rome* doth over small ones prey,
When they can lead such men as this away.
No wonder small ones do deny a Fact,
When such as *Stafford* dare deny and act.
And for to make a weak and vain defence,
Swear Perjury against the Evidence;
Whom for our safety God Almighty sent
To ruine *Rome* and *Englands* Fall prevent;
To save these Kingdoms from the dreadful doom
That was contrived by the See of *Rome*,
Where great and small was to be Hang'd or Burn'd,
That had not to their Popish Notions turn'd:
Yet when this Plot on any one is bound,
They flat deny it and their Souls confound;
But though they are in Innocence disguiz'd,
I hope to see them all be *Stafford'd*.

Printed for J. K. 1681.

The Nurse's Song.

HEY! my kitten, my kitten,
  Hey! my kitten, a deary;
Such a sweet pet as this
  Is neither far nor neary:
Here we go up, up, up;
  Here we go down, down, downy;
Here we go backward and forward,
  And here we go round, round, roundy.

Chicky, cockow, my lily-cock;
  See, see, sic a downy;
Gallop a trot, trot, trot,
  And hey for London towney.
This pig went to the market;
  Squeek mouse, mouse, mousy;
Shoe, shoe, shoe the wild colt,
  And hear thy own dol dowsey.

Where was a jewel and petty?
  Where was a sugar and spicy?
Hush a baba in a cradle,
  And we'll go abroad in a tricy.
Did-a papa torment it?
  Did-e vex his own baby? did-e?
Hush a baby in a bosie;
  Take ous own suckey; did-e?

Good-morrow, a pudding is broke;
  Slavers a thread o' crystal,
Now the sweet posset comes up;
  Who said my child was piss'd all?
Come water my chicken, come clock,
  Leave off, or he'll crawl you, he'll crawl you:
Come, gie me your hand, and I'll beat him:
  Who was it vexed my baby?

Where was a laugh and a craw?
  Where was a gigling-honey?
Goody, good child shall be fed;
  But, naughty child shall get nony.
Get ye gone, raw-head and bloody-bones
  Here is a child that wont fear ye.
Come pissy, pissy, my jewel,
  And ik, ik aw, my deary.

Melton Oysters.

A TRUE SONG.

THERE was a clever, likely Lass,
  Just come to town from Glo'ster,
And she did get her livelihood
  By crying Melton Oysters.

She bore her basket on her head
  In the genteelest posture;
And ev'ry day, and ev'ry night,
  She cry'd her Melton Oysters.

It happen'd on a certain day,
  As going thro' the cloysters,
She met a Lord so fine and gay,
  Would buy her Melton Oysters.

He said, "Young damsel go with me,
  "Indeed I'm no imposter;"
But she kept bawling in his ears,
  Come buy my Melton Oysters.

At length resolv'd with him to go,
  Whatever it might cost her,
And he no more oblig'd to cry
  Come buy my Melton Oysters.

And now she is a Lady gay,
  For Billingsgate has lost her;
She goes to masquerade and play,
  No more cries Melton Oysters!

FOWLER, PRINTER, SALISBURY

THE

GOOD PRIEST.

NEAR yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,
And still where many a garden-flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The Village Preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was, to all the country dear,
And passing rich, with forty pounds a year:
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had chang'd, or wish'd to change, his place;
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour:
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched, than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train;
He chid their wand'ring, but reliev'd their pain:
The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard, descending, swept his aged breast:
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;
The broken soldier, kindly bid to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and shew'd how fields were won.
Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave e'er charity began.
Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And ev'n his failings lean'd to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all.
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt his new-fledg'd offspring to the skies;
He try'd each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.
Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
The reverend champion stood. At his controul
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last fault'ring accents whisper'd praise.
At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;
Even children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile;
His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd;
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distress'd:
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.

Deserted Village.

RULES for QUADRILLE.

I.

If you're the Ombre, and your friend
Leads from a Mat. be sure you play
The very best of all your Trumps,
And then the next, without delay.

II.

If you should all the Trumps possess,
And all the Tricks to you belong,
Keep leading Trumps, for then your friend
Will throw away whatever's wrong:

III.

Except you've other Winning Cards,
And then 'tis best to play them out;
Because he knows you have the Trumps,
While of the others he may doubt.

IV.

If you yourself six Tricks have won,
And find a Mat. not yet reveal'd,
The risque of asking never run;
A foe, perhaps, has it conceal'd.

V.

If you are call'd, and hold a Mat.
Defended by a Trump that's small,
Lead to your friend that little Trump,
And then he'll understand it all.

VI.

But if that Mat. should want a Guard,
Venture at once to play it out;
For, if it be a lucky Card,
One Trick it wins, you need not doubt.

VII.

But, if the Ombre last should fit,
A Trump of any kind you'll lead;
But still the best will be most fit,
And is most likely to succeed.

VIII.

Now have what Trumps you may beside,
Or be your station what it will,
Ponto in Red, or King in Black,
If they're your best, can do no ill.

IX.

Should Ponto, or the King, succeed,
And thus the Trick come back to you,
Be sure another Trump you lead,
Though it is small, or you have few.

X.

In this, unlike to other Courts,
The great ones want the fewest Guards;
Manill wants one, and Basto two—
Such are the oddities of Cards.

XI.

Soon as the Ombre leads to know
Who is his friend—if you should hold
King, Queen, and Knave, put on the least,
And thus a useful secret's told.

XII.

Whether you are the friend, or foe,
Be sure you keep the call'd Suit fast;
Because on that, for aught you know,
The Vole itself depends at last.

XIII.

'Gainst a lone hand, ne'er lead a King,
Unless you have the Queen beside;
Nor ever leave the Ombre last,
Or change the Suit, whate'er betide.

XIV.

If, after all, you more would know,
To this (a constant rule) attend,
"Whate'er from skill, or chance, may flow
"Good Temper is your surest friend."

A New BALLAD,

Of Londons Loyalty.

To a Pleasant New Tune, Call'd *BURTON-HALL.*

ROwze up Great Monarch of this potent Land,
Least Traytors once more get the upper hand;
The Reble Rout their former Tenents own,
And Treason, worse then Plagues Infects the Town:
The sneaking Mayor, and his two pyning Shrives; Sr Patience Ward
Who for their honesty no better are then Thives, Sh: Bethell & Cornish
Fall from their Soveraigns side, to court the Mobile,
Oh! *London*, *London*, where's thy Loyalty?

First, *Torkshire* Patience twirles his Copper Chain,
And hopes to see a Common-wealth again,
The sneaking Fool, of breaking is afraid,
Dares not change sides, for fear he loose his Trade;
Then Loyal *Slingsby*, does their Fate Devine,
He that Abjur'd the King, and all his Sacred Line,
And is suppos'd his Fathers, Murderer to be,
Oh! *Bethel*, *Bethel*, where's thy Loyalty?

A most notorious Villain late was caught, Stephen Colledge
And after to the Barr of Justice brought;
But *Slingsby* packt, a Jury of his own,
Of [illegible] than e're made Gallows groan,
[illegible] was soon decry'd,
[illegible] when Old *Stafford* dy'd:
[illegible]
Oh! Justice, Justice, where's thy equity?

Now *Clayton*, murmers Treason; unprovoak't Sr Robert Clayton
He sup't the King, and after wish't him choak't.
He longs for *Danby's* Lofty place of State,
And Rebble turns because he can't be Great;
His sawcy Pride aspires to High Renown,
Leather Breeches are forgot, in which he trudg'd to Town
Nought but the Treasury, can please the scribling Clown.
Oh! *Robin*, *Robin*, where's thy modesty?

Player, now grows dull for want of Common-whore, Sr Thom: Player.
Poor *Cresswell*, she can take his word no more,
Three Hundred pounds, is such a heavy yoak,
Which not being pay'd the worn out Bawd is broak;
These are the Instruments by Heaven sent,
These are the Saints, Petition for a Parliament:
Though the King's Displeas'd, they'l still Petitioners be,
Oh! *London*, *London*, where's thy Loyalty?

17

Heaven Bless Fair *England*, and it's Monarch here,
In *Scotland*, Bless your High Commissioner;
Let *Perken*, his ungracious error see, Monmouth
And *Tony*, scape no more the Triple Tree: Shaftsbury.
Then Peace and plenty, shall our joyes restore,
Villany and Faction, shall oppress the Town no more:
But every Loyal Subject, then shall happy be,
Nor need we care, for *Londons* Loyalty.

London, Printed for *Richard Sanders* in the Year. 1681.

THE

MONK, and the JEW.

A TALE.

STERN winter, clad in frost and snow,
Had now forbad the streams to flow,
And skaiting peasants swiftly glide,
Like swallows, o'er the slippery tide;
When Mordecai (upon whose face
The synagogue you plain might trace)
Fortune with smiles deceitful bore
To a curs'd hole but late skinn'd oe'r.
Down plumps the Jew, and sinking, found,
Tho' deep the hole, the distant ground;
Rising, the friendly ice he caught,
Which kept him from the chilling draught:
He gasp'd, he yell'd a hideous cry,
No friendly hand, alas! was nigh,
Save a poor Monk, who quickly ran
To snatch from death the drowning man:
But when the Holy Father saw
A limb of the Mosaic law,
His hand out-stretch'd he quick withdrew;
"For heav'n's sake, help!"—exclaims the Jew.
"Turn Christian first,"—the Father cries:
"I'm froze to death,"—the Jew replies.
"Froze (quoth the Monk) too soon you'll know
"There's fire enough for Jews below.
"Renounce your unbelieving crew,
"And help is near."——"I do, I do."
"D——n all your brethren great and small."
"With all my heart; oh! d——n them all.
"Now help me out!" "There's something more,
"Kiss this blest cross, and Christ adore."
"There! there! I Christ adore!"—"'Tis well;
"Thus arm'd, defiance bid to hell;
"And yet—another thing remains
"To guard against eternal pains:
"Do you our Papal Father hold
"Heav'n's Vicar; and believe all's told
"By holy Church?"—"I do, by G—d!
"One moment more I'm food for cod.
"Drag, drag me out, I freeze, I die!"
"Your peace, my friend, is made on high,
"Full absolution here I give,
"Saint Peter will your soul receive;
"Wash'd clean from sin, and duly shriven,
"New converts always go to heaven:
"No hour for death so fit as this;
"Thus, thus I launch you into bliss."
So said, the Father in a trice
His convert launch'd beneath the ice!

Receipt to dress a Calf's Head, TURTLE FASHION.

Addressed to the Ladies.

TAKE the Head of a Calf, (you may have them plenty)
Then scald off the hair, as you would a pig, dainty.
Cut the horny part all into slices most thin,
And some juicy fat oysters be sure you put in;
But forget not to add (or you lose your whole pains)
That seat of all wisdom, dear ladies, the brains.
Take a quart of Madeira, the best in your cellar;
(That your cook filches none, remember to tell her)
Six fair-rinded lemons you next must produce;
Chop some of the peel, & then squeeze in the juice;
Chuse eke the kind roast that gives tears to the eyes
When decency asks, what the bosom denies.
To these you must join, & your dish will be soon full)
Of choice kian pepper, a small silver spoonful;
Some gravy and salt, also sweet herbs to boot,
Of each, just so much as the palate may suit.
These well mix'd together, put in a stew-pan,
('Twas thus that Medea did make a new man)
'Till the meat it is tender, 'tis there they must dwell
Then pour in the whole to a turtle's back shell;
But first let the shell, if a shell you can find,
With a paste made of water and flour, be lin'd;
Then place the rich basket, thus curiously fill'd,
Where the old woman look'd for her daughter conceal'd;
And when it has bak'd 'till 'tis tawny & brown,
With hard eggs, and forc'd balls, triumphantly crown.

THE

Maid of the Sky-Light;

OR, THE

DEVIL among the LAWERS.

A New Comic Song.

I'LL tell you a story, a story that's true;
A story that's tragic, and comical too;
'Tis of a mischance that was ready to fall
On this Realm, thro' the Sky-Light of Westminster-Hall.
Sing Bags and Briefs, Band, Gowns, & other like rigs,
Ques, Bags, Tyes, and full-bottom Wigs, Wigs, Wigs,
Ques, Bags, Tyes, and full-bottom Wigs, Wigs, Wigs.

The Court was just open'd, and each learned brother
Preparing which readiest could puzzle the other;
When, on top of the house, a poor ignorant wench
Puzzled Judge, Jury, Counsel, & all the whole bench.
Sing Bags, &c.

This innocent girl had no thought in the world,
While doing her duty the mop round she twirl'd,
That a few drops, by accident spilt on the leads,
Wou'd the wisdom twirl round of so many learn'd heads.
Sing Bags, &c.

Some say they a knotty dispute were upon,
Of some trifle, like Perjury Bail, or Crim. Con.
When this maid, with good nature alone for her object
Wash'd the windows, to let in a Light on the Subject.
Sing Bags, &c.

Others say, (and that boldly) this sly, cunning quean,
Was determined to wash all their consciences clean;
But that wou'd have taken (so wrong was her notion)
Instead of some drops, more than all the wide ocean.
Sing Bags, &c.

But the Lawyers, with consciences ever awake,
Did the poor girl's civility strangely mistake!
And augmenting this mouse to a mountain of evil,
Took her mop for a pitchfork, & her for the DEVIL.
Sing Bags, &c.

One appearing, however, less fear'd than the rest,
Their absurd apprehensions soon turn'd to a jest,
Crying, Courage! Old Nick will not take you this bout;
He'll be punctual, no doubt—but your time is not out.
Sing Bags, &c.

But now 'twas too late for this kind admonition,
For wigs flew about in promiscuous condition;
While the Wench in the Sky Light, i' th' amusement delighting,
Cry'd out, See, see, see! how the Lawyers are fighting.
Sing Bags, &c.

And now, lest the roof on their noddles shou'd fall,
In a minute deserted was WESTMINSTER HALL.
Pris'ner, Judge, and Jew Bail 'gainst each other did squeeze;
And the Counsel's bands, wigs, and all lost—but their fees.

No longer let France then her Joan of Arc boast,
Of her country's stout foes, who subdu'd a whole host;
On the Maid of the Sky-Light more honour does fall;
She routed the Lawyers from WESTMINSTER HALL. Sing Bags, &c.

FOWLER, PRINTER, SALISBURY.

A NEW BALLAD.

To the Tune of, *I'll tell thee*, Dick, &c.

CHil tell thee, *Tom*, the strangest story,
Because thou art an honest *Tory*;
'Tis News beyond expressions:
Zich zights are no where to be zeen
In any Lond, (*God zave the Queen*)
But at our Quarter-Zessions.

Vor Rogues I zaw in zich a place,
As wou'd the Gibbet quite disgrace,
'Tis pity it shou'd want 'em:
But how the Dev[illegible] came there,
Lift, *Tom*, and chil [illegible]ef declare,
And how they did recant 'em.

When I was late at *London*-Town,
To zee zome zights e'r I went down,
To *White-hall* I did venture;
And having on my best Array,
As vine as on a Holy-day,
Zoors I made bold to enter.

Up stairs I went, which were as brooad,
And Dirty too as any Rooad,
Or as the streets o'th' Zity.
Hadst thou been there, thou wouldst have zaid
There had been no Servant Maid,
Gods zooks, and that's a pity.

When I was up, I did discern
A Chamber bigger than a Barn,
Where I did zee Voke stand,
That I was well near vrighted quite,
It was so strange and grim a zight,
With long things in their hand.

Their Cloathing cannot well be told,
On which were things of beaten Gold
Upon their Back and Breast;
I doft my Hat when I came in,
Quoth I, *Pray which of yin's the King?*
Which made a woundy Jest.

At last came by a Gentlemon,
Who made me zoon to understand
I need not be avear'd;
Quoth he, Come on, and vollow me,
Chil shew thee strait His Majesty,
Vor theas are but his Guard.

But, *Tom*, not any Wake or Vair
Can shew zich numbers as are there,
Still cringeing [illegible], and bowing,
That I may zwear, and tell no lie,
They wearies are, than Thou or I
With Thrashing or with Plowing.

No Ants do vaster lead or drive,
Or Bees buz to or fro' the Hive,
I marl they were not dizzy;
And zure the Nations great Avairs
Lay heavily upon their Cares,
They look'd zo wise and busie.

At last came in His Majesty,
No taller tho' than Thou or I;
Yet, whatzoe'r I ail'd,
With only gazing on His Vace,
I trembl'd like a Love-zick-Lass
Just on the point to yield.

He look'd, methought, above the rest,
Tho' not by half zo vinely drest,
Which made me vall a zwearing,
A Pox upon the Parliament,
That will not let us pay him Rent,
Gold's only for his wearing.

A Ribbon [illegible] the cross avore,
Zich as our [illegible]lords Bridemen wore,
At end of which was hung
A curious thing, that shone as bright
As *Mandlin*'s eyes, or morning light,
When guilded by the Zun,

But now the News, chil tell thee Truth,
Hard by his zide there stood a Youth,
That look'd as trim and gay,
As if he had not guilty bin
Of wishing e'r to be a King,
Unless a King of *May*.

It was the zame our Vicar zed
Vor Treason shou'd have lost his Head,
Vor which vive hundred Pound
By Proclamation offer'd was
To any that should take his Grace
In any Kerson ground.

Won *Zunday* morn, thou maist remember,
I think the twontieth of *September*,
Our Parson read a thing,
How this zame Spark, (a vengeance on him!)
With vorty moor, did take upon him
To kill our Gracious King.

But scant the vrighted harmless Zwain,
That meets a Wolf upon the Plain,
Was zo agast with vear:
Wounds! if His Majesty (quoth I)
Does keep no better Company,
Chil stay no longer here.

With that, the Mon that brought me in
By th' Jacket pull'd me back again;
Quoth he, Pray hear ye reason;
He was a [illegible] *Rye-salt*, 'tis true,
But's Pardo[illegible] [illegible]s him vree as you
Vrom [illegible] or Treason.

Whaw whaw! quoth I, a pretty Nick,
To make Rogues honest by a trick
Zo often try'd in vain;
As if my Bull shou'd gore me once,
I'd trust the zenseless Beast with Horns
To gore me o'r agen.

Chil e'en to *Devonshire* agen,
Where honest men are honest men,
And Rogues are hang'd vor Rogues.
Ods wounds! were I His Majesty,
E'r zich a Zon shou'd coum near me,
Chil prize him as my Dogs.

THE

Vicar, and Moſes.

AT the ſign of the Horſe, old Spintext, of courſe,
Each night took his pipe, and his pot;
O'er a Jorum of nappy, quite pleaſant and happy,
Was plac'd this Canonical Sot.

Tol derol, &c.

The evening was dark, when in came the Clerk,
With reverence due, and ſubmiſſion;
Firſt ſtrok'd his cravat, then twirl'd round his hat,
And, bowing, preferr'd his petition.

I am come, Sir, ſays he, to beg, d'ye ſee,
Of your reverend worſhip and glory,
To enter a poor baby with as much ſpeed as may be,
And I'll walk with the lanthorn before ye.

The body we'll bury, but pray where's the hurry?
Why, l——d, Sir, the corpſe it does ſtay;
You fool, hold your peace, ſince miracles ceaſe,
A corpſe, Moſes, can't run away.

Then Moſes he ſmil'd, and ſays, Sir, a ſmall child
Cannot long delay your intentions;
Why that's true, by St. Paul, a child that is ſmall,
Can never enlarge its dimenſions.

Bring Moſes ſome beer, and bring me ſome, d'ye hear;
I hate to be call'd from my liquor;
Come, Moſes, the King——'tis a ſcandalous thing
Such a ſubject ſhou'd be but a Vicar.

Then Moſes he ſpoke, Sir, 'tis paſt twelve o'clock,
Beſides, there's a terrible ſhower;
Why Moſes, you elf, ſince the clock has ſtruck twelve,
I am ſure it can never ſtrike more.

Beſides, my dear friend, this leſſon attend,
Which to ſay and to ſwear I'll be bold,
That the corpſe, ſnow or rain, can't endanger, that's plain,
But perhaps you or I may catch cold.

Then Moſes went on, Sir the clock has ſtruck one,
Pray Maſter look up at the hand;
Why it ne'er can ſtrike leſs, 'tis a folly to preſs
A man for to go——that can't ſtand.

At length hat and cloak Old Orthodox took,
But firſt cramm'd his jaw with a quid;
Each tipp'd off a gill, for fear they ſhou'd chill,
And then ſtagger'd away ſide by ſide.

When come to the grave, the Clerk humm'd a ſtave,
Whilſt the ſurplice was wrapp'd round the prieſt;
And ſo droll was the figure of Moſes and Vicar,
That the pariſh ſtill talk of the jeſt.

Good people let's pray——put the corpſe t'other way,
Or perchance I ſhall over it ſtumble;
'Tis beſt to take care, tho' the ſages declare
A mortuum caput can't tremble.

Woman that's born of man—that's wrong—the leaf's torn!
Oh! man that is born of a woman,
Can't continue an hour—but is cut down like a flower;
You ſee Moſes—death ſpareth no man.

Here Moſes do look—what a confounded book?
Sure the letters are turn'd upſide down;
Such a ſcandalous print—ſure the devil is in't,
That this STRAHAN ſhou'd print for the crown.

Prithee Moſes, you read, for I cannot proceed,
And bury the corpſe in my ſtead;
(Amen—Amen)
Why Moſes you're wrong—pray hold ſtill your tongue
You have taken the tail for the head.

O where's thy ſting, death—put the corpſe in the earth;
For believe me 'tis terrible weather;
So the corpſe was interr'd without praying a word,
And away they both ſlagger'd together,
Singing tol derol, &c.

The Vicar and Moſes.

THERE was once,—it is ſaid,
When,—'tis out of my head;——
Aye, and where too—yet true is my tale;
That a round-belly'd Vicar,
Bepimled with liquor,
Could ſtick to no Text like good Ale.
Tol de rol, lol de rol lol, &c.

He one night 'gan to doſe,
For, under the roſe,
The Prieſt was that night non ſe ipſe;
Non ſe ipſe, you'll ſay,
What is that to the lay?——
In plain Engliſh then, Parſon was tipſey;

When the Clerk coming in,
With his band-bobbing chin,
As ſolemn and ſniv'ling as may be,
The Vicar he gap'd,
His Clerk hem'd and ſcrap'd,
Saying,——pleaſe, ſir, to bury a baby.

Now our author ſuppoſes
The Clerk's name was Moſes,
Who look'd at his maſter ſo roſy;
He blink'd with one eye,
And with wig all awry,
He hiccup'd out,——how cheers it, Mozy?

A child, ſir, is carry'd,
For you to be bury'd:——
Bury me, Moſes,——no that wont do.——
Lord, ſir, ſays the Clerk,
You are all in the dark,
'Tis a child to be bury'd, not you.

Well, Moſes, don't hurry,——
The infant we'll bury;——
But, maſter, the Corpſe cannot ſtay:——
What——can't it——but why?
For once then we'll try
If a Corpſe, Moſes, can run away.

But Moſes reply'd,
The pariſh will chide,
For keeping them out in cold weather;
Then, Mozy, quoth he,
Pray tell 'em from me
I'll bury them warm, all together.

But, ſir, it rains hard,
Pray have ſome regard!——
Regard, Moſes, that makes me ſtay!
For no Corpſe, young or old.
In the rain can catch cold,
But, Moſes, faith you or I may.

Moſes beg'd to be gone,
Saying, ſir, the rain's done;
Pleaſe to riſe, and I'll lend you my hand;—
'Tis hard, quoth the Vicar,
To leave thus my liquor,
And go,——when I'm ſure I can't ſtand.

At length, though ſore troubled,
To Church-yard he hobbled
Lamenting the length of the way;
For, Moſes, quoth he,
Were I Biſhop, d'ye ſee,
I neither need walk, preach, nor pray.

When he came to the grave,
Says he, Moſes,——a Stave;——
L—d, where's my Tobacco-box hid?
I proteſt this faſt walking
Prevents me from talking;
So, Moſes, pray give me a quid.

Then he open'd his book,
And therein ſeem'd to look,
Whilſt o'er the page only he ſquinted;
Crying, Moſes, I'm vext,
For I can't ſee the text,
The Book is ſo damnably printed.

Woman of a man born——
No——that's wrong——the leaf's torn;
Upon woman the natural ſwell is;
Were men got with child,
The world would run wild:
You and I, Moſes, might have big bellies.

Our guts would be preſs'd hard,
Were we got with baſtard;
How wonderful are our ſuppoſes!
What Midwife could do it?
He'd be hardly put to it,
L——d bleſs us! to lay me and Moſes.

So, Moſes, come forth,
Put the Child into earth,
And duſt to duſt, duſt it away;
For, Moſes, I truſt
We ſhould ſoon turn to duſt,
If we were not to moiſten our clay.

Moſes—mind what I ſay—
When 'tis night, 'tis not day;
Now in former times ſaints could work miracles
And raiſe from the dead,——
There's no more to be ſaid,
For, Moſes, I've dropp'd down my ſpectacles.

Moſes—hear what I ſay—
Life's, alas! but a day;
Nay, ſometimes 'tis over at noon;
Man is but a flower,
Cut down in an hour—
'Tis ſtrong ale, Moſes, does it ſo ſoon.

So one pot, and then—
Moſes anſwer'd, Amen!
And thus far we've carry'd the farce on;
'Tis the vice of the times
To reliſh thoſe rhymes,
When the Ridicule runs on a Parſon.

But Satyr deteſts
Immorality's Jeſts,
All prophane or immodeſt expreſſion;
So now we'll conclude,
And drink as we ſhould,
To the good folks of ev'ry profeſſion.
Tol de rol, lol de rol lol, &c.

A New Narrative of the Old Plot.

BEING

A New Ballad.

To the Tune of, *Some say the Papists had a Plot*, &c.

I.

WHen *Traytors* did at *Popery* rail,
Because it taught *Confession*:
When *Bankrupts* bawl'd for *Property*,
And *Bastards* for *Succession*.

II.

When *Tony* durst espouse the *Cause*,
Spight of his *Pox* and *Gout*:
When Speaking *W*——'s purg'd the House
By *spewing Members* out.

III.

When *H*——*t* a *tidy-fac't Pamphlet* wrote,
The *Emblème* of his Soul:
When *Oats* swore whom he pleas'd in's *Plot*,
And *reign'd* without Controul.

IV.

When *L*——*ce* too lampoon'd the *Court*,
And libell'd *Cats* and *Doggs*:
When *Witnesses*, like *Mushromes*, sprung
Out of the *Irish Boggs*.

V.

Then *Perkin* thought 'twas time to prove
His Claim to *Kingship* fair;
And faith 'tis fit the *Peoples Son*
Should be the *Peoples Heir*.

VI.

So fill'd with *Zeal* He and his *Knight*
Caress and Court the *Rout*;
And my *Lord Duke* goes up and down
To shew his *Grace* about.

VII.

Tho *F*----Lord *Gr*----would not ingage
Upon that *idle score*;
For He would have a *Common-wealth*,
As well as *Common-whore*.

VIII.

He envy'd his *old Friend* a *Crown*,
But why I can't devise;
For's *Grace* had *grac't* his *Lordships* head
With *horns* of *noble Size*.

IX.

Then *Johnson* wrote his *Patrons Creed*,
A *Doctrine* fetch't from *Hell*:
Twas *Christian-like* to *disobey*,
And *Gospel* to *rebell*.

X.

Julian's his *Pattern* and his *Text*;
A meaner *Theam* He scorns:
First represents *Him* at the *Desk*,
And then *Apostate* turns.

XI.

Like his, his *Patrons Zeal* grew high,
Th' *Exclusion* to advance;
And the *right Heir* must be debarr'd,
For fear of *Rome* and *France*.

XII.

The *Zealous Commons* then resolv'd,
(*And They knew what they did*)
By *whomsoe're* the *King* should fall,
The *Papists* throats should bleed.

XIII.

So murd'ring *Ponyards* oft are slipt
Into a *guiltless* hand:
And *Innocence* is *sacrific'd*,
Whilst *Malefactors stand*.

XIV.

By *Hell's* Assistance then they fram'd
Their Damn'd *Association*:
And *Worthy Men*, and *Men Worthy*,
Divided all the *Nation*.

XV.

Fools oft and *Mad-men* leave the *less*,
And choose the *greater evil*:
Thus *They* for fear of *Popery*,
Run head-long to the *Devil*.

XVI.

At last these *Loyal Souls* propose
To ease their *Sovereign's* Cares;
If *He'll sit down*, and first remove
Their *Jealousies* and *Fears*.

XVII.

Just the *old Trick* and *Sham Device*
Of *Belzebub* their *Sire*:
He but fall down and worship *Them*,
They'll grant his *hearts desire*.

XVIII.

Nay *Lives* and *Fortunes* then shall be
Entirely *all* his *own*;
If *He* will *fairly* once disclaim
A *Brother* and a *Crown*.

LONDON, Printed for *Charles Corbet* at the *Oxford-Arms* in *Warwick-Lane*, 1683.

AN ADDRESS

Composed and delivered by

MISS FRANCES JANE CROSBY,

Of the New York Institution for the Blind, at an exhibition of a joint delegation of pupils, from the Massachusetts, New York and Pennsylvania Institutions, before Congress, April 29th, 1846.

Land of our patriot sires, Columbia Hail!
On thy green shores blooms the immortal tree,
By them once planted, and from North to South,
From East to West its lofty branches spread,
And to its top the daring eagle soars.
O land of Liberty, blest be thy name,
Here sleep the mighty dead, thy heroes brave,
Who pledged their lives their fortunes and their all,
The glorious cause of Freedom to defend.
Lo, high in air thy banner proudly floats,
Thy peerless deeds by distant nations sung,—
What tyrant power shall dare thy rights invade?
While in our Union's CAPITOL we stand,
That bears the Father of our Country's name,
A name where each ennobling virtue blends,
Well may each breast the flame heroic fire.
Hail! Freemen Hail! ye patrons of our clime,
Assembled here in one united band,
From every state you come, where granite cliffs
Majestic frown along New England's shore,—
Where victory perched on Saratoga's height,—
Where Susquehanna cheers her smiling vales:—
And where like billows on old ocean's breast,
The rolling prairie in the night breeze waves,
And vaior owns her offspring of the South.
This evening in your presence we appear,
To prove not vain benevolence hath bid
The torch of knowledge o'er our minds to shine,
And ask of you to light a brighter ray.
O turn not from this sightless group away,
Whose eyes in vain are lifted to your own,
One glance to meet, but all to us is dark,
Yon orb majestic whose effulgent ray,
All nature cheers—alas, *we* cannot see.
Nor tree, nor flower, nor the translucent stream,
Meandering gently through the rural dell:
We but their fragrance breathe, its murmurs hear.
Yet like the visual, is the mental eye
Forever shrouded in perpetual night?
Ah no! the mind unclouded may expand,
On her light wing far distant realms explore,
And deeply drink of the pierian spring.
Nine states to you their sightless children send,
From homes philanthropy for them hath reared,
One sacred link hath bound us heart to heart,
And in one common cause we all unite.
Nor for *ourselves* alone the boon we ask,
We plead for *all* whom mental darkness veils,
Who sigh to share the blessings we enjoy.
You who have hearts to feel and eyes to see,
The noble works of nature and of art,
You cannot coldly our petitions spurn:
One word of yours can thousands happy make,
Then speak it, we implore you, speak it now.

TO THE PRESIDENT.

Our President, we humbly turn to thee:
Are not the Blind the objects of thy care?
Do they not claim thy tender sympathy?
We know thy influence doth wide extend,
O then for us that influence exert;
The generous act shall angel hands record,
And God's All-seeing Eye behold and bless.
Thou hast not on this circle gazed unmoved;—
The chord must vibrate swept by pity's hand.
O yes, e'n now its thrilling tones are heard,
Soft as the zephyr on the ear they fall,
And to the sightless whisper hope and joy.

about 1850

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THE OTHER SIDE OF JORDAN.

K

Oh, I went to de ferry, and tried to get across,
But de boat I couldn't get aboard on,
So I jumped on top a stage, and whipped up de horse,
And he took me on de oder side ob Jordan.

Chorus—So I pulled off my coat, and rolled up my sleeve,
Jordan's a hard road to trabbel,
So I pulled off my coat, and rolled up my sleeve,
Jordan's a hard road to trabbel, I believe.

Oh, de Cod Fish Question, it made a mighty talk,
'Twas a subject dat we nebber said a word on,
But when John Bull got sassy, de Yankees made him walk,
And dey drobe him to the oder side of Jordan.

So I pulled off my coat, &c.

Oh, de Presidenshal 'lection, 'twill pretty soon take place,
And de Generals hab all der armer gird on,
But de greatest fun will be, when de candidates all race
For de White House, on de oder side of Jordan.

So I pulled off my coat, &c.

Oh, de Low Bosses Islands, way into de sea,
Where dey get de manure ob de bird on,
But I guess old Captain Jewett will hab to luff 'em be,
And come back from de oder side of Jordan.

So I pulled off my coat, &c.

Dere's Poor Uncle Tom, and de Old Folks at Home,
Am de songs dat all ob you hab heard on,
But the greatest song ob all, dat will hab the greatest run,
Is de song about de oder side of Jordan.

So I pulled off my coat, &c.

Oh, de winter's coming on, when de poor folks need some wood,
And de rich I hope to all will send a cord on,
To keep de children warm, and to cook der humble food,
And dey'll bless 'em on de oder side ob Jordan, &c.

So I pulled off my coat, &c.

J. ANDREWS, dealer in songs, &c., No. 7 Doyer-st N. Y.. All the new songs constantly on hand. Cards and label printed with neatness and dispatch

A Pindarique Ode,

Upon the late Horrid and

Damnable Fanatick Plot.

I.

DIssenting *Bigots*, boast no more
Of Glorious Mischiefs heretofore;
Not all the Troops your Godly *Factions* led,
Bradsham and *Cromwell* in their Head,
Can vie with single *Shaftsbury*,
For secure Arts of close-laid Villany;
They but the empty Types, the weighty substance He,
'Tis true, these two great Leaders carry'd on
Their bold Designs till Life was done;
But when the Vip'rous pair was crush'd, the Wound
They living made, clos'd and again was Sound:
Whilst he, like *Serpents* of more Pois'nous kind,
Where e're he once his fork'd Tongue applies,
Though in the Fatal Act he dies,
Still leaves his Venom [illegible] behind.

II.

Monmouth and *Essex* both were Stung,
And many more by this Envenom'd Tongue;
And strait they all began to Swell,
From Sense and Reason strait they Fell;
And Melancholly Fumes possess'd their Brain,
And they wou'd all be Kings, and all wou'd Raign,
Hence their disorder'd passion Springs,
And spitting Venom on the best of Kings;
Hence their attempts upon his Life and Throne;
Hence all the secret Mysteries
Of undermining Treacheries,
And hidden Veins of Treasons yet unknown.
But thou, Great *Charles*, despise their vain Designs;
The *Unicorn*, Supporter of thy Arms,
'Gainst all their Poison bears sufficient Charms;
And a much greater Pow'r blows up their deepest Mines,

III.

Methinks the dark Cabal of Six I see,
Double *Trimmvirate* of Villany;
Exceeding that which went before
In Number much, in mischief more:
Cæsar's Adopted Son does first appear;
Art thou, my *Brutus*, there?

Thou

Thou that wert once so Great and Good;
From the high place wherein you justly stood
How art thou fall'n, O *Lucifer*?
He once, like you, was Fair and Bright,
Chief Leader of the Glorious Hosts of Light;
But long (alas!) he cou'd not bear
To see above him plac'd th' Eternal Kings Immediate Heir.
He scorn'd Subjection, for a Kingdom fell;
But gain'd Eternal Slavery and Hell:
Thus while from Good to Ill they headlong tend,
The brightest Angel makes the blackest Fiend.

IV.

Next *Essex*, once deservedly Great,
Though since the Scorn and Mockery of Fate:
Essex, whose late Successful sway
Made *Ireland* Peaceably obey;
And follow'd well Great *Ormonds* Track, who led him all the way.
His Fathers Bright Example long prevail'd,
And that most Precious Legacy
He left to him of *Loyalty*;
(So the declining *Sun*, when chas'd by coming Night,
Still guilds the World a while with the remains of Light:)
But when that *Hell* and *Shaftsbury* assail'd,
His Noble Resolutions quickly fail'd,
And all his former Virtues nought avail'd.
Addresses and *Petitions* first,
(For who can fall at once from Good to Worst?)
Began the Game; and aiming to Betray,
Like *Judas*, *his Master*, led the way.
Unhappy man! who carry'd on
Too sadly the Comparison!
Tortur'd like him by his Despair,
Like him he was his own lad Executioner.

V.

Russel and *Eskrick* next in order were;
Nor did I much admire to see them there:
Happy the latter of the two, who since
Has wash'd away his Faults in Humble Penitence;
And by a true Confession
Of others Treason and his own,
With his most Gracious Prince may for the last Atone.
I wave the former, since he Justly di'd,
And by his Death has satisfi'd:
But he has to himself bin more unkind;
And his own Life has left behind.
Next *Sydney* comes; a Name
In brave Sir *Philip* known to Fame
For Perfect Wit and Loyalty;
Though now by *Algernoon* mark'd with so Black a Dye,
As does almost Eclipse the Fame of his Great Ancestry,
Hampden the last; the worthy Son
Of him well known in *Fourty One*:

Grand

Grand Patron of the *Canting Tribe*,
How shall I thee Describe?
None can draw thee according to thy due,
But he that has the knack to *Hang* and *Quarter* too.

VI.

These, and a num'rous Train of many more,
Their dark Designs did secretly contrive;
Till *Keeling*, who did long Connive,
To sound their depth, and number all their store;
Broke forth, and shone like Gold amidst the Ore,
Against his Conscience nothing cou'd prevail;
Not Life and Int'rest in the other Scale:
All other by-concerns he laid aside;
And fix'd his mind with Noble Pride
Upon a Name so Good and Great,
As sole Preserver of the *Church* and *State*.
What Thanks for such Obligements shall we bring?
Our Fortunes and our Lives we owe
For what you did on us bestow;
What then for our *Religion*, and our *King*?
Take first our Hearts; while we can only Pray,
God and his great Vice-gerent will repay.

VII.

And now the Horrid *Plot* appears,
Writ in the Blackest Characters;
And ev'ry Page some Bloody Title bears,
Seditions, Treasons, Massacres.
What in a King so Good, what cou'd they see,
To Arme that numerous Conspiracy
Against so mild a Majesty;
Which like the *Sun*, its Beams does wear,
Not to Consume, but Warm and Cheer?
Blest Prince! and canst thou still Dispence
To this Unthankful Land thy Gracious Influence?
Still canst thou shed thy Favours upon those
That are the near Relations of thy Foes?
Brave *Capel* and *Southampton* on this Hand,
Essex and *Russel* on the other stand;
He turn'd from these, and fix'd his Princely view
Upon the Nobler Object of the two;
And as he look'd, on all their Friends his willing Favours threw.
Let *Russel's* Wife (said he) unpitty'd go;
But shall *Southampton's* Daughter fall so low?
Essex his Son shou'd want, 'tis true;
But what shall then Brave *Capel's* Grandson do?
In his Indulgent Memory,
So long great Virtues live, so soon Offences Dye.

VIII.

Yet him, thus justly fam'd for mildness of his Reign,
The Bloody *Faction* dooms to dye;
And to Enhance their Cruelty,
Wou'd in his Royal Brother Murder him again:

His

His Royal Brother, who had always bin
A Partner of the Troubles he was in;
Of all his dangers bore a ſhare,
And ſtill with him Joynt-Sufferer:
Ev'n him their Helliſh rage Aſſails;
The *Hercules*, that when our *Atlas* fails,
Muſt with his Shoulders prop the ſinking State,
And bear unmov'd the mighty weight.
With them the Loyal, all the Good and Great,
Muſt meet an unrelenting Fate;
For thoſe by ſtrong Antipathy they hate.

IX.

Nor can the Church eſcape this Curſed band:
What once was to the Worſt a Sanctuary,
Can to its ſelf no Refuge be;
That with the State does always fall or ſtand:
And may both ſtand till time its ſelf has end;
And ſtill each other mutually defend:
For whilſt with open Force, or ſecret Hate,
The two extreams aſſault the State;
The *Engliſh* Church keeps on her ſteady pace,
Fix'd in the middle, Virtues place;
Nor e're Rebell'd againſt the Throne,
Under whoſe Gracious ſhade 'twas planted and has grown.
But as the *Ivy*, with whoſe Verdant Boughs
Her Learned Sons may juſtly wreath their Brows,
Does [illegible] *E*[illegible] loving Branches twine;
And [illegible] Support fails,
That alſo feels the S[illegible], and with it fails:
So while the Church and [illegible] their ſtrict Embraces joyn;
The ſame rude Blow [illegible] over-turns the Crown,
Strikes its lov'd part[illegible] too, and hews her down.

Ah! wretched *[illegible]gland*! how art thou,
The World's late Envy, made its Laughter now?
Is't not enough, [illegible] Foreign Foes
Diſturb thy quiet, [illegible] Peace oppoſe?
But muſt thy Children, like young Vipers, tear
The Wom[illegible] which did them bear?
Haſt thou to new [illegible], that thou muſt be
Thy own mo[illegible] Enemy?
At length, Unhap[illegible] thy Errors view;
And give to [illegible] God the due;
[illegible] Great
Twice in one Age impoſe upon the State:
Murmure no more, when you ſhou'd Thanks repay;
And value Mercies, leaſt thy fly away:
For they who ſpurn at God, deſerve to ſuffer worſe;
And Bleſſings, when abus'd, oft turn into a Curſe.

London, Printed and Sold by *N. Thompſon* at the Entrance into the *Old-Spring-Garden* near *Charing-Croſs*, 1684.

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WELCOME TO GARIBALDI!

"See the Conquering Hero comes!"

O, who is this that comes from sunnier climes,
  Where Flora bathes in loveliest dyes—
Where music thrilling swells in silvery chimes,
  And beauty smiles 'neath roseate skies?

Land of the brave, the free—in days of old—
  Of art, of genius, of song,
Of the Sybil, of the sage, of heroes bold—
  T' avenge their country's every wrong!

Land of the mighty dead!—to ages Fame
  Will bear the records of thy worth,
When the high prestige of thy name
  An ægis was to ends of earth.

But those thy days of pride, of glory, fled—
  Thou land of heroes now no more,
Is prostrate 'neath the oppressor's ruthless tread,
  Who—Liberty long exiled from thy shore—
Vaunts of his galleys, dungeons, gibbets, rack;
But her avenger is upon his track.

Unquenchable as orient sun, her fire
  Within *his* patriot bosom glows,
Whose deeds of might Italia's sons inspire
  To hurl destruction on her foes.

Glowed ardent, too, within the breast of her,
  Anita, his heroic wife,
Dark-eyed, who, like the famed Zenobia,
  Shared with her lord the glorious strife.
As Odenatus his famed Eastern bride,
He her beheld with all a hero's pride.

Anita, fond and true, thy gentle frame,
  Unequal to his rugged toils,
Was laid to rest ere he of deathless name
  Had torn from tyrant hands the spoils;
Thy valiant husband shed above thy tomb
Those tears of blood that sealed a despot's doom.

Bride of a hero, sleep! your spirit lives
  Bright in your gallant sons; and now
In them kind minist'ring sweet solace gives
  T' a heart affliction cannot bow.
It hovers round his dreamy couch by night,
In form fair Liberty, in robes of light.

His "Alpine Hunters," comrades true and brave—
  His "Ætnean Hunters," too,—oh, where
Are they? Where tyranny to a bloody grave
  Was hurled—go, pilgrim, seek them there:
Go to Calatafimi, Bergamo—
  To Rome, the city of the Pope—
To Solferino, Como, Brescia—
  Gaeta, tyranny's last hope.

Go, shed your tears above their hallowed tombs,
  Whose deeds heroic did this pean bring
To city, valley, hill, and mountain home,
  "The Bourbon is no longer king!
"Down—down the hated despot sinks in shame;
"Vive! viva! Garibaldi's spotless name!"

Is this the hero—he whose valour brought
  Back Liberty to his Italia?
Wears he th' insignia thus so dearly bought?
  Or is the RED SHIRT his regalia?

Aye, like the elder Cincinnatus, he
  T'another leaves the pomp of state;
And with the benedictions of the free,
  At HOME, lives simply, nobly great—

Lives 'mid his goats and vines, on his loved isle,
  Serene in his integrity,
Which knows no stain, no venal taint, no guile;
  And in his broad philanthropy.
Emmanuel Italia's sceptre bears;
That *gem*, her *love*, her "conquering hero" wears.

Such he the visitor to Albion's isle,
  Whose sons as one, with glowing breast,
And daughters with the heart-warm eager smile
  Of welcome, greet "the nation's guest."
And here Italia's sons, who exiled pine,
For the hero's brow the victor's garland twine.

Knight of the peerless lady, Liberty,
  Here, where your mistress is adored,
May heaven vouchsafe with all felicity,
  That priceless blessing—health restored.

Awhile forget the country of your birth,
  Whence tyranny rebuked you've driven;
Accept the homage due t' exalted worth,
  "A city's freedom" freely given,
T' evince that here he has an honoured place,
  Whose noble virtues dignify our race.

That cedar planted by your friendly hand—
  Through coming ages may it rise,
To this land and your own loved native land
  A "Mizpah." There, with pensive eyes,
    Will pilgrims, musing say, "Be thine, O youth,
  "*His* PATRIOTISM, HONOUR, VALOUR, TRUTH!"

S. A. VAUGHAN.

15, *Regent Square,*
April, 1854.

JEANNIE MORRISON.

BY MOTHERWELL.

AIR—"*Auld Lang Syne.*"

I've wander'd east, I've wander'd west,
Through mony a weary way;
But never, never can forget
The love o' life's young day.
The fire that's blawn on Beltane(*a*) e'en,
May well be black gin Yuil;(*b*)
But blacker fa'(*c*) awaits the heart
Where first fond love grows cool.

Oh, dear, dear Jeannie Morrison,
The thochts o' by gane years
Still fling their shadows ower my path,
And blin(*d*) my een wi' tears:
They blin my een wi' saut,(*e*) saut tears,
And sair and sick I pine,
As memory idly summons up
The blithe blinks(*f*) o' lang syne.

'Twas then we loo'd ilk(*g*) ither weel,
'Twas then we twa did part;
Sweet time—sad time! two bairns at school—
Twa bairns, and but ae heart!
'Twas then we sat on ae laigh bink,(*h*)
To lear(*i*) ilk ither lear;
And tones, and looks, and smiles were shed,
Remember'd evermair.

I wonder, Jeannie, aften yet,
When sitting on that bink,
Cheek touchin cheek, loof lock'd in loof,
What our wee hearts could think?
When baith bent down ower ae braid page,
Wi' ae buik on our knee,
Thy lips were on thy lesson, but
My lesson was on thee.

Oh, mind ye how we hung our heads,
How cheeks brent(*j*) rod wi' shame,
Whene'er the schoolweans laughin' said
We cleek'd(*k*) thegither hame?
And mind ye o' the Saturdays,
(The school then skailt(*l*) at noon,)
When we ran off to speel(*m*) the braes—
The broomy braes o' June.

My head rins round and round about,
My heart flows like a sea,
As ane by ane my thochts rush back
O' school time and o' thee.
Oh, mornin' life! oh, mornin' love!
Oh, lichtsome days and lang,
When hinnied(*n*) hopes around our hearts,
Like simmer blossoms sprang.

Oh, mind ye, love, how aft we left
The deavin,(*o*) dinsome town,
To wander by the green burnside,
And hear its waters croon?(*p*)
The simmer leaves hung ower our heads,
The flowers burst round our feet,
And in the gloamin'(*q*) o' the wood,
The throssil(*r*) whussilt sweet.

The throssil whussilt in the wood,
The burn sang to the trees,
And we wi' Nature's heart in tune,
Concerted harmonies;
And on the knowe(*s*) aboon the burn,
For hours thegither sat,
In the silentness o' joy, till baith
Wi' very gladness grat.(*t*)

Ay, ay, dear Jeannie Morrison,
Tears trickled down your cheek,
Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nane
Had any power to speak!
That was a time, a blessed time,
When hearts were fresh and young—
When freely gush'd all feelings forth,
Unsyllabled—unsung!

I marvel, Jeannie Morrison,
Gin I hae been to thee,
As closely twined wi' earliest thochts
As ye hae been to me?
Oh! tell me, gin their music fills
Thine ear, as it does mine;
Oh, say, gin e'r your heart grows grit,(*u*)
Wi' dreamings o' lang syne?

I've wander'd east, I've wander'd west,
I've borne a weary lot;
But in my wanderings, far and near,
Ye never was forgot.
The fount that first burst frae this heart,
Still travels on its way,
And channels deeper as it rins,
The love o' life's young day.

O dear, dear Jeannie Morrison,
Since we were sindered young,
I've never seen your face, nor heard
The music o' your tongue;
But I could hug all wretchedness,
And happy could I die,
Did I but ken your heart still dream'd
O' by gane days, and me!

(*a*) Beltane—The first day of Summer, on which the Druids invoked the Sun that it would be propitious, and bless their labors, &c.
(*b*) Yuil—Christmas.
(*c*) Fa'—Fall.
(*d*) Blin—blind.
(*e*) Saut—salt.
(*f*) Blinks—smiling looks.
(*g*) Ilk—each.
(*h*) Laigh bink—a low seat.
(*i*) Lear—learn.
(*j*) Brent—burned or flushed.
(*k*) Cleek'd—Arm in arm.
(*l*) Skailt—dismissed.
(*m*) Speel—climb.
(*n*) Hinnied—housed.

(*o*) Deavin—deafening. Dinsome—noisy.
(*p*) Croon—a hollow, moaning, humming noise.
(*q*) Gloamin'—twilight.
(*r*) Throssill—the thursh.
(*s*) Knowe—knoll, a small hillock.
(*t*) Grat—wept.
(*u*) Grit—large.
(*v*) Sindered—parted.

George H. Evans, Printer.

The Bully WHIG:

OR,

The Poor Whores Lamentation for the Apprehending

OF

Sir THOMAS ARMSTRONG.

To the Tune of, *Ah! Cruel Bloody Fate!* &c.

I.

AH! Cruel Bloody *Tom!*
What canst thou hope for more,
Than to receive the Doom
Of all thy Crimes before?
For all thy bold Conspiracies
Thy Head must pay the score;
Thy Cheats and Lies,
Thy Box and Dice,
Will serve thy turn no more.

II.

Ungrateful thankless Wretch!
How could'st thou hope in vain
(Without the reach of *Ketch*)
Thy Treasons to maintain?
For Murders long since done and past,
Thou Pardons hast had store,
And yet would'st still
Stab on, and kill,
As if thou hop'dst for more.

III.

Yet *Tom*, e'r he would starve,
More Blood resolv'd to've spilt;
Thy flight did only serve
To justifie thy Guilt:
While They whose harmless Innocence
Submit to Chains at home,
Are each day freed,
While Traytors bleed,
And suffer in their room.

IV.

When *Whigs* a PLOT did Vote,
What Peer from Justice fled?
In the FANATICK PLOT
Tom durst not shew his head.
Now Sacred Justice rules above,
The Guiltless are set free,
And the Napper's napt,
And Clapper clapt
In his CONSPIRACY.

V.

Like *Cain*, thou hadst a Mark
Of Murder on thy Brow;
Remote, and in the dark,
Black Guilt did still pursue:
Not *England*, *Holland*, *France*, or *Spain*,
The Traytor can defend;
He will be found
In Fetters bound,
To pay for't in the end.

VI.

Tom might about the Town
Have bully'd huff'd and roar'd,
By every *Venus* known,
Been for a *Mars* ador'd:
By friendly Pimping and false Dice
Thou might'st have longer liv'd,
Hector'd and shamm'd,
And swore and gam'd,
Hadst thou no Plots contriv'd.

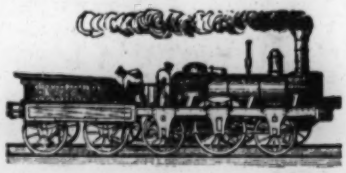
VII.

Tom once was Cock-a-hoop
Of all the Huffs in Town;
But now his Pride must stoop,
His Courage is pull'd down:
So long his Spurs are grown, poor *Tom*
Can neither fly nor fight;
Ah Cruel Fate!
That at this rate
The *'Squire* shou'd foil the *Knight!*

VIII.

But now no remedy,
It being his just Reward;
In his own Trap, you see,
The Tygre is ensnar'd:
So may all Traytors fare, till all
Who for their Guilt did fly,
With Bully *Tom*
By timely Doom
Like him, unpity'd die.

Sold at the Entrance into the *Old-Spring-Garden*. 1684.

BYRON'S  TRIP TO

Morecambe Bay and the Windermere Lakes.

This Byron is a fictious name, so you'll not be at a loss ;
His occupation's on the rails to drive an iron horse.
His wife thought she should like to go as far as Morecambe Bay,
It would so benefit her health to bathe there in the sea.
I will acquaint our masters, and I hope they will be kind,
To send a pass for you and me - you'll not be left behind.
And soon the welcome news did come, the pass I've got to show—
They did not know what paper was five thousand years ago.

Success to our kind masters, then, wherever they may be ;
They've sent a pass for man and wife, and we can both go free.
The century was the nineteenth, and the year was sixty-three,
'Twas the fourteenth day of August, when we made a start for sea ;
At Leicester Station we did mount, as you must understand,
And went with power from water, over dry and dusty land.
The horse he made the dust to fly, with carriages in tow—
They never could go half so fast five thousand years ago.

When we arrived at Morecambe, the day was bright and clear,
I felt so much delighted at the wonders of the sphere ;
The tidal waves roll on, and after each other chase,
I think it must be so ordain'd to keep the earth in place.
The motion of the moon, as she shines on the breeze,
Does take her circuit round the earth, and regulates the seas:
So in history we are lost, and the people do not know
What space those tidal streams o'erflowed five thousand years ago.

Now to the Essbank Station, where the bay we soon must leave,
And we were bound for Kendal, with an iron horse's speed.
Our departure then from Kendal was by another route,
My wife look'd in my face and smil'd, and soon began to spout.
I expect the Windermere we very soon shall see,
Where we can get refreshments and a charming cup of tea.
The iron horse has brought us safe, and this I well do know,
There never were such horses ran five thousand years ago.

So now we're safely landed, a person does appear,
And spoke so very kind to us, "Are you not strangers here?"
And whilst he was talking, then, and seem'd so very free,
He proved to be the gentleman that we came here to see.
In the morning after breakfast, the wind was very still,
This person took us out a walk to Tommy Hallam Hill ;
I stood and gazed upon the hill, I should so like to know
How those rocks and mountains stood five thousand years ago.

We cannot say with confidence, nor can the natives here,
It might have been the ocean once, where mountains now appear.
Our friend will show us round about whilst on this hill we stand ;
There's the trees about the houses, there's the water and the land,
You see the low Ray Castle, down by the mountain's side,
And Lang Dale Pike stands to the right, in its majestic pride ;
So who can tell—no one can tell—not any here below,
How those rocks and mountains stood five thousand years ago.

There's "Conniston Old Man"* he holds a large estate,
He stands above his fellow hills, with nothing on his pate ;
Though he stands firm and seems so bold, he has not got the pride,
He wears no hat upon his head, he has a rich inside ;
He keeps a many servants, and they almost make him totter,
They dive into his pockets deep, and rob him of his copper ;
But one thing I feel almost sure, I think you all feel so,
They did not rob him of that coin five thousand years ago.

But since he has got so infirm, and seems to get no higher,
His servants take him limb from limb and put him in the fire.
The Government does sanction it, the Queen is at the helm,
And so they take him hand in hand and scatter round the realm.
Good people all around subscribe, I'm sure you'll not regret,
And build a tower upon his head and crown him with respect.
We will leave it to the natives, and see what they will do—
He was not "Conniston Old Man" five thousand years ago.

So now you see we might be wrong, think which way we may please,
They might have been at one time rocky islands of the seas ;
And the mighty billows rolling, driving up the stone and sand,
And piled them up in mountains high to ornament the land ;
Be how it will, they seem to stand much firmer than a church,
The sea may have retreated since, and left them in the lurch.
There might have been volcanoes then, there's something here to show,
Which threw out fire into the air five thousand years ago.

Four thousand two hundred and one year since Noah's flood took place,
The heavens were all black with rain, the sea they could not trace ;
The piercing cries of millions would ascend into the air,
And soon descend in liquid graves, for all were in despair.
They might ascend the lofty trees, or climb the mountain top—
The tall, the wise, the rich, the poor, were forced to take their lot.
The billows would wash over them, and drive them down below,
And all that must have happened since five thousand years ago.

For forty days and forty nights we're told it must have rained,
And 'twas only in good Noah's ark were life it was sustain'd.
The mighty deluge swept the earth with wind and stormy rain,
Those mountains might get foot-hold then, and there they still remain.
Now we must leave these splendid scenes, the mountains, trees, and lake,
And ride in coach to Station Grange, for fear we be too late.
The iron horse will come on rails, you'll hear him puff and blow—
There never were such horses ran five thousand years ago.

So now we're on the iron road, the horse has made a start,
He puffs and makes the dust to fly enough to break his heart.
We'll stay at Lancaster to-night, it is a county town,
And there an ancient castle stands which was of high renown.
Five hundred years have passed away since John of Gaunt's best days,
When his brave and loyal servants would be striving for his praise ;
But centuries back they disappeared, their bodies were laid low—
What changes must have happen'd since five thousand years ago.

The Duchess, she gave birth, as in history may be found,
To Henry of Bollingbrook, who wore the British crown ;
A long time since they disappear'd, their bodies turned to clay,
And so you see both rich and poor can only stop their day.
We all have sprung from mother earth in every sovereign's reign,
And when we've served our time on land she takes us in again.
The millions once alive and gay are in their tombs below—
What wonders must have happen'd since five thousand years ago.

Now we're leaving Lancaster, our route will be through Leeds,
The horse will not maintain his pace unless they work his feeds ;
The driver seems to do his best to get along the line,
The guards at stations bounce about - I think they're keeping time.
And now we're coming nearer home, we've left our friends behind,
What pleasures man and wife can see where masters are so kind.
It's a mystery to all nations, though we're at happy home,
What will take place in this bright world five thousand years to come.

What wonders has this earth in store,
From sea to sea, from shore to shore ;
Friends go by *railways once a year,*
And see the wonders of the sphere.

*Copper mountain.

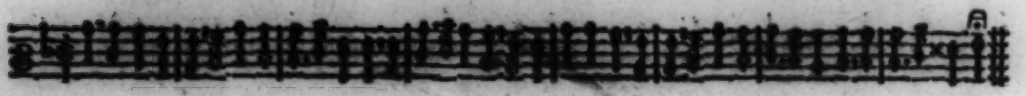
Composed by THOS. W. SMITH.

A New *LITTANY*, design'd for this *Lent*, and to be Sung in all the *Conventicles*, in and about *London*, for the Instruction of the *Whiggs*.

128

By T. D. Gent.

Set familiarly to an Excellent Old Tune, call'd Cavalilly Man.



I.

FRom Counsels of Six, where Treason prevails,
From raising Rebellion in *England*, and *Wales*,
From *Rumbold*'s short Cannons, and Protestant Flayls,
For ever good Lord deliver me.

II.

From *Shaftsbury*'s Tenets, and *Sydnies* Old Hint,
From seizing the King by the Rabbles Consent,
From owning the Fact, and denying to Print,
For ever, &c.

III.

From Aiming at Crowns, and indulging the sin,
From playing *Old-Nol*'s Game over agen;
From a Son and a Rebel, stuft up in one skin,
For ever, &c.

IV.

From Swearing of Lyes like a Knight of the Post,
From Pilgrims of *Spain*, that should Land on our Coast,
From a Plot like a Turd, swept about 'till 'tis Lost,
For ever, &c.

V.

From *Oats*'s clear Evidence when he was Vext,
From hearing him squeak out *Hugh Peters* Old Text,
From Marrying one Sister, and Raping the Next,
For ever, &c

VI.

From tedious Confinement by Parliament Votes,
From *B--s Whig* Sermons and Marginal Notes;
From saving our Heads, by Cutting our Throats,
For ever, &c.

VII.

From *Presbyter* Bandogs, that Bite and not Bark,
From losing ones Brains by a blow in the Dark,
From our Friends in *More-fields*, and those at *More-park*,
For ever, &c.

VIII.

From Citizens Consciences, and their Wives Itch,
From Marrying a Widow that looks like a Witch,
From following the Court with design to be Rich,
For ever, &c.

IX.

From *Trimmers* arraigning a Judge on the Bench,
From fighting the Guards, that we know will not Flinch,
And from the Train'd Bands Royal-Aid at a Pinch,
For ever, &c.

X.

From all that to *Cesar* sham duty Express,
That cringe at his Couch, and smile in his Face,
And two years agoe thought it scorn to Address,
For ever, &c.

XI.

From having the Gout, and a very Fair Daughter,
From being Oblig'd to our Friend cross the Water,
From Strangling and Fleying, and what follows after,
For ever, &c.

XII.

From Wit that lies hidden in gay Pantaloons,
From Womens ill Nature as frail as the Moons,
From *Franckys*'s lame Jests, and Sir *Rogers* Lampoons,
For ever good Lord deliver me.

LONDON, Printed for *Joseph Hindmarsh*, (Bookseller to his Royal Highness,) at the *Black-Bull* in *Cornhill*: 1684.

POETICAL LETTER,

WRITTEN BY W. GADSBY,

WHILE ON A VISIT IN LONDON, TO HIS WIFE AT MANCHESTER.

DEAR BETSEY, through mercy my life is still spar'd,
For what time and ends are best known to the Lord;
But, thro' sov'reign goodness, at times I can say,
The Lord is my life, my truth, and my way:
Thus far my dear Saviour has led me safe on,
Nor does he now leave me to travel alone;
For tho' in thick darkness I can't see his face,
He's there, and upholds me with his matchless grace.
To numbers he blesseth the word of his love,
And raiseth their drooping affections above.
His majesty, mercy, and love he makes known,
And leads his dear saints to praise the Three-One.
No tempest without, nor tempest within,
No bustle from satan, the world, flesh, or sin,
Can alter the purpose of Jesus, my God,
Or make him forsake the price of his blood.
All glory and honor to his lovely name,
Whose love is for ever and ever the same;
For though we at times may be much distrest,
The issue will prove it was all for the best.
I know, my dear spouse, his grace you have felt;
Remember the time he freed you from guilt;
How charming his voice, when he said, *behold me!*
When love, blood, and mercy, brought sweet liberty.
How precious the moment when sin sunk like lead,
And Jesus appeared thy life from the dead!
The light of his countenance ravish'd thy heart,
His promise made all thy sad fears to depart;
And thou, in sweet wonder, dropt out of self's arms,
He caught thee, and fill'd thee with his heav'nly charms:
His arms clos'd thee round, and drew thee to rest,
And sweetly reclin'd on his lovely breast;
And with love immortal he sweetly did kiss
Thy soul out of sorrows, and into his bliss;
He laid his heart open, and clos'd thee therein,
And wash'd thee with blood and love from all sin;
Adorn'd thee with glory, and prov'd thee his wife,
And told thee to gain thee he once gave his life.
Then, then said thy soul, in rapture divine,
Dear Jesus! thou art, and shalt ever be mine.
I'm thine, said the Saviour, for ever the same,
And now I engrave upon thee my name;
My hand and my heart to thee I now give,
My fulness is thine, and in me thou shalt live;
My Hephzibah, beulah, thou ever shalt be,
Nor ought shall e'er rend my affections from thee.
See, here is a key to unlock my chest,
Examine my treasure, and count thyself blest;
I give thee my honor, my person, and blood,
Thy debts I've discharg'd, and made each payment good:
Whate'er be thy needs, I'll surely supply
In each trying moment, and when call'd to die;
I'll ne'er forsake thee, I love thee too well,
And thou shalt in glory with me ever dwell.
Methinks my dear spouse now says with a sigh,
Yes, so it was once, and great was my joy:
My soul can't forget the bliss I then had;
But where is my Jesus!—O where is he fled!
I toil in a desert, perplex'd and distrest,
Fatigu'd with hard labour, and get no sweet rest;
World, flesh, sin, and satan, like blood-hounds pursue,
And Christ has his sensible presence withdrew.
If for a short moment his presence I see,
And hope he's now coming to commune with me,
My eyes close through weakness, and he disappears,
And I stand surrounded with pits, gins, and snares.
Sometimes I reflect on days which are past,
And firmly believe 'twill be all well at last;
Hope anchors in Jesus, though hid from my sight,
And faith still maintains the end will be right:
But this dark cold path I cannot admire,
I want my soul warm'd with heav'nly fire;
I want to feel more of my Jesus's love,
And have my affections more fixed above.
My heart is still panting to lean on his breast,
With sweet smiles and kisses I long to be blest,
And that I am certain will sweeten the rest.
His love shed abroad in my roving heart,
Will make all my idols at once to depart;
For this I am panting, for this I still sigh,
Nor ought short of this will me satisfy.
Dear BETSEY, the blessing will come in God's time,
He surely will make thy countenance shine;
With love everlasting he will thee embrace,
And thou shalt behold the light of his face.
At mercy's door rap, and daily wait there,
The Lord, whom thou seekest, will surely appear;
No mountain of guilt shall keep his love back,
He'll skip o'er them all, and answer thy rap.
Thou knowest, my dear love, his promise is sure,
He still is thy portion, what canst thou want more?
His promise, and oath, and mercy, and blood,
Engage him to manage all things for thy good;
Believe him, his mercy stands firm as his name,
Nor will he, nor can he, e'er put thee to shame.
Through mercy I'm well, and well treated too,
And wonder I've had no letter from you;
Pray write, to inform me how all is at home,
And say whether you to London will come.
The friends all unite in love to my dear,
And earnestly wish to see thee safe here:
And certain I am, your husband can say,
Your presence to him would look blooming as May.
My love to thyself, and our little tribe,
The God of peace keep thee near his lovely side;
And may he in mercy the children protect,
And prove they are number'd with his dear elect.
To all my dear friends pray tender my love;
May blessings beneath, and blessings above,
From Jesu's rich fulness their needs all supply,
God grant they may constantly on him rely.
Adieu, dearest BETSEY, at present adieu,
God help thee to keep thy Saviour in view;
So prays your dear husband, till death doth us part,
Though absent in body, we're still one in heart.

LONDON:
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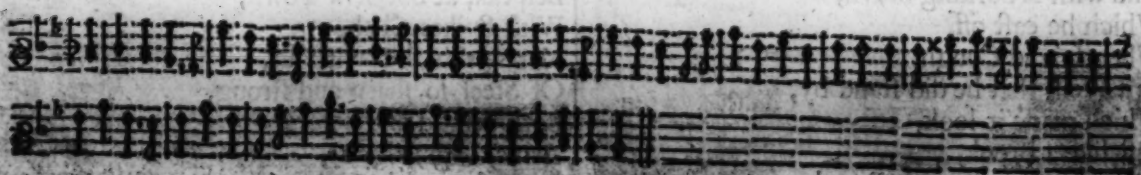
[PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.]

A TRUE RELATION OF THE Dreadful Combate BETWEEN More of More-Hall, AND THE DRAGON of WANTLEY.



1.

OLd Stories tell how *Hercules*
A Dragon ſlew at *Lerna*,
With ſeven Heads and fourteen Eyes
To ſee and well diſcerna;
But he had a Club
This Dragon to drub,
Or he had ne'r don't, I warrant ye
But *More* of *More-Hall*,
With nothing at all,
He ſlew the Dragon of *Wantley*.

2.

This Dragon had two furious Wings,
Each one upon each Shoulder,
With a ſting in his Tayl
As long as a Flayl,
Which made him bolder and bolder.
He had long Claws,
And in his Jaws,
Four and forty Teeth of Iron,
With a Hide as Tough as any Buff,
Which did him round Invir on.

3.

Have you not heard that the *Trojan* Horſe,
Held ſeventy men in his Belly?
This Dragon was not quite ſo big,
But very near, I'll tell ye,
Devour did he,
Poor Children Three,
That could not with him grapple;
And at one Sup,
He eat them up,
As one ſhould eat an Apple.

4.

All ſorts of Cattle this Dragon did eat,
Some ſay he'd eat up Trees,
And that the Forreſt ſure he would
Devour up by degrees.
For Houſes and Churches
Were to him Gorſe and Buirches:
He eat all, and left none behind,
But ſome Stones, dear *Jack*,
Which he could not crack,
Which on the Hills you will find.

5.

In *Yorkſhire* near fair *Rotheram*,
The Place I know it well,
Some two or three Miles, or thereabouts,
I vow I cannot tell ;
But there is a Hedge,
Juſt on the Hill Edge,
And *Mathew*'s Houſe hard by it :
Oh there and then,
Was this Dragon's Den,
You could not chooſe but ſpy it.

6.

Some ſay this Dragon was a Witch;
Some ſay he was the Devil,
For from his Noſe, a ſmoke aroſe,
And with it burning Snivil,
Which he caſt off,
When he did Cough,
In a Well, that he did ſtand by,
Which made it look,
Juſt like a Brook,
Running with burning Brandy.

7.

Hard by a furious Knight there dwelt,
Of whom all Towns did Ring;
For he could wreſtle, play at Quarter-Staff,
Kick, Cuff, Box, Huff,
Call Son of a Whore:
Do any kind of thing ;
By the Tail, and the Main,
With his hands twain,
He ſwong a Horſe till he was dead,
And that which was ſtranger,
He for very Anger,
Eat him all up but his Head.

8.

Theſe Children as I told being eat,
Men, Women, Girles, and Boyes,
Sighing and ſobbing, came to his Lodging,
And made a hideous Noyſe.
Oh ſave us all, *More* of *More-Hall*,
Thou pearleſs Knight of theſe Woods ;
Do but ſlay this Dragon,
We won't leave us a Rag on,
Wee'l give thee all our Goods.

9.

Tut, Tut, quoth he, no Goods I want,
But I want, I want inſooth,
A fair Maid of Sixteen that's brisk,
And ſmiles about the Mouth :
Hair as black as a Sloe,
Both above and below,
With a Bluſh her Cheekes adorning ;
To 'noynt me o're Night,
E're I go to fight,
And to dreſs me in the Morning.

10.

This being done, he did engage
To hew this Dragon down ;
But firſt he went New Armour to
Beſpeak, at *Sheffield* Town,
With Spikes all about,
Not within, but without,
Of Steel ſo ſharp and ſtrong,
Both behind and before,
Arms, Legs, all o're,
Some five or ſix Inches long.

11.

Had you but ſeen him in this Dreſs,
How fierce he look't, and big,
You would have thought him for to be
An Egyptian Porcu-Pig :
He frighted all,
Cats, Dogs, and all ;
Each Cow, each Horſe, and each Hog,
For fear did flee,
For they took him to be
Some ſtrange outlandiſh Hedghogg.

12.

To ſee this Fight, all People there
Got upon Trees and Houſes,
On Churches ſome, and Chimneys too ;
But they put on their Trowzes,
Not to ſpoyl their Hoſe.
As ſoon as he roſe,
To make him ſtrong and mighty,
He drank by the Tayl,
Six pots of Ale,
And a Quart of *Aqua-vitæ*.

13.

It is not Strength that always wins,
For Wit doth Strength excel,
Which made our cunning Champion
Creep down into a Well,
Where he did think
This Dragon would drink,
And ſo he did in Truth ;
And as he ſtoop't low,
He roſe up and cry'd boe,
And hit him in the Mouth.

14.

Oh, quoth the Dragon, pox take you come out,
Thou that diſturb'ſt me in my Drink,
And then he turn'd and ſhit at him,
Good lack how he did ſtink :
Beſhrew thy Soul,
Thy Body is foul,
Thy Dung ſmells not like Balſome :
Thou Son of a Whore,
Thou ſtink'ſt ſo ſore,
Sure thy Dyet it is unwholeſome.

15.

Our Politick Knight, on the other ſide
Crep't out upon the Brink,
And gave the Dragon ſuch a douſt,
He knew not what to think :
By Cock, quoth he,
Say you ſo, do you ſee,
And then at him he let flie ;
With Hand and with Foot,
And ſo they went to't,
And the Word it was, Hey Boyes hey.

16.

Your Word, quoth the Dragon, I don't underſtand
Then to't they fell at all,
Like two Wild Bears, ſo fierce I may
Compare great things with ſmall :
Two Dayes and a Night,
With this Dragon did fight,
Our Champion on the Ground,
Tho' their Strength it was great,
Yet their Skill it was neat.
They never had one Wound,

17.

At length the hard Earth began for to quake,
The Dragon gave him ſuch a knock,
Which made him to Reel,
And ſtrait way he thought
To lift him as high as a Rock ;
And thence let him fall,
But *More* of *More-Hall*,
Like a Valiant Son of *Mars* ;
As he came like a Lout,
So he turn'd him about,
And hit him a kick on the Arſe.

18.

Oh, quoth the Dragon, with a Sigh,
And turn'd ſix times together,
Sobbing, and tearing, curſing and ſwearing
Out of his Throat of Leather.
Oh, thou Raskal,
More of *More-Hall*,
Would I had ſeen you never,
With the Thing at thy Foot,
Thou haſt prick't my Arſe Gut;
Oh, I am quite undone for ever.

19.

Murder, Murder, the Dragon cry'd,
Alack, alack, for Grief,
Had you but miſt that Place, you could
Have done me no Miſchief ;
Then his Head he ſhak't,
Trembled, and Quackt,
And down he layd, and cryed ;
Firſt on one Knee,
Then on back, tumbled he,
So groan'd, kick't, ſhit, and dyed.

F I N I S.

LONDON, Printed for *Randal Taylor*, near *Stationers Hall*, 1685.

THE BIBLE.

THE BIBLE.—Hast thou ever heard
Of such a Book! The Author, God himself;
The subject, God and Man, salvation, life
And death—eternal life, eternal death—
Dread words! whose meaning has no end, no bounds—
Most wondrous Book! bright candle of the Lord!
Star of Eternity! the only star
By which the bark of man could navigate
The sea of life, and gain the coast of bliss
Securely! Only Star which rose on time,
And, on its dark and troubled billows, still,
As generation, drifting swiftly by,
Succeeded generation, threw a ray
Of Heaven's own light, and to the hills of God,
The eternal hills, pointed the sinner's eye.
By Prophets, Seers and Priests, and sacred Bards,
Evangelists, Apostles, men inspired,
And by the Holy Ghost anointed, set
Apart, and consecrated, to declare
To Earth the counsels of the Eternal One,
This Book, this holiest, this sublimest Book,
Was sent, Heaven's will, Heaven's code of law entire,
To Man, this book contained; defined the bounds
Of Vice and Virtue, and of Life and Death;
And what was Shadow, what was Substance taught.
Much it revealed; important all; the least
Worth more than what else seemed of highest worth.
This Book, this holy Book, on every line,
Marked with the seal of high divinity,
On every leaf bedewed with drops of love
Divine, and with the eternal heraldry
And signature of God Almighty stamped
From first to last, this ray of sacred light,
This lamp, from off the everlasting throne,
Mercy took down and in the night of Time
Stood, casting on the dark her gracious bow;
And evermore beseeching men, with tears
And earnest sighs, to read, believe and live.
And many to her voice gave ear, and read,
Believed, obeyed; and now, as the Amen,
True, faithful witness swore, with snowy robes
And branchy palms surround the fount of Life,
And drink the streams of Immortality,
For ever happy, and for ever young.

Printed and Published by Richard Hatton and Son, 99, Chancery Lane, and 64, Carey Street.

PROLOGUE
To the OPERA.

By Mr. Dryden.

FUll twenty years and more, our lab'ring Stage
Has lost, on this incorrigible age:
Our Poets, the *John Ketches* of the Nation,
Have seem'd to lash yee, ev'n to excoriation;
But still no sign remains; which plainly bores
You bore like Hero's, or you bribd like *Oates*.
What can we do, when mimicking a Fop,
Like beating Nut-trees, makes a larger Crop?
Faith we'll e'en spare our pains: and to content you,
Will fairly leave you what your Maker meant you.
Satyre was once your Physick, Wit your Food;
One nourisht not, and t'other drew no Blood.
Wee now prescribe, like Doctors in despair,
The Diet your weak appetites can bear.
Since hearty Beef and Mutton will not do,
Here's Julep dance, Prisan of Song and show;
Give you strong Sense, the Liquor is too heady;
You're come to farce, that's Asses milk, already.
Some hopeful Youths there are, of callow Wit,
Who one Day may be Men if Heav'n think fit;
Sound may serve such, ere they to Sense are grown;
Like leading strings, till they can walk alone.
But yet to keep our Friends in countenance, know,
The Wise *Italians* first invented show;
Thence, into *France* the Noble Pageant past;
'Tis *England*'s Credit to be cozn'd last.
Freedom and Zeal have chous'd you o'er and o'er;
'Pray' give us leave to bubble you once more;
You never were so cheaply fool'd before.
Wee bring you change, to humour your Disease;
Change for the worse has ever us'd to please:
Then 'tis the mode of *France*, without whose Rules,
None must presume to set up here for Fools.
In *France*, the oldest Man is always young,
Sees *Opera*'s daily, learns the Tunes so long,
Till Foot, Hand, Head, keep time with ev'ry Song.
Each sings his part, echoing from Pit and Box,
With his hoarse Voice, half Harmony, half Pox.
Le plus grand Roy du Monde, is always ringing;
They show themselves good Subjects by their singing.
On that condition, set up every Throat;
You Whiggs may sing for you have charg'd your Note.

Cits

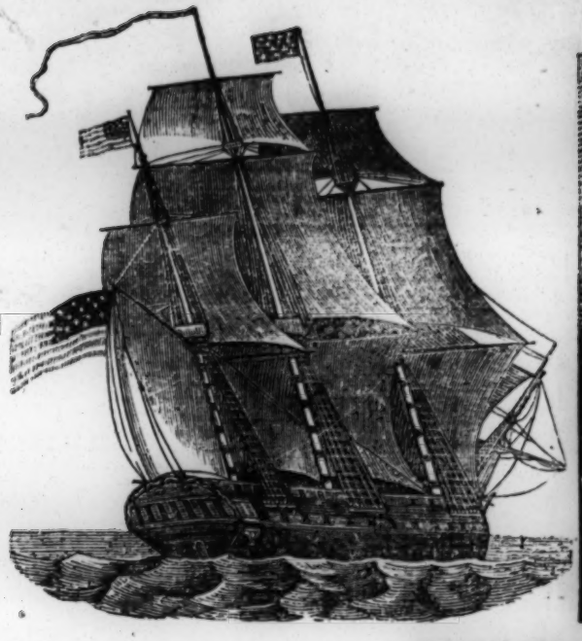
Cits and Citesses raise a joyful strain,
'Tis a good Omen to begin a Reign:
Voices may help your Charter to restoring,
And get by singing, what you lost by roaring.

EPILOGUE

To the Opera. *By Mr. Dryden.*

AFter our *Æsop's* Fable, shown to day,
I come to give the Moral of the Play.
Feign'd Zeal, you saw, set out the speediest Pace,
But, the last heat, *Plain Dealing* won the Race.
Plain Dealing for a Jewel has been known;
But ne'er till now the Jewel of a Crown.
When Heav'n made Man, to shew the World Divine,
Truth was his Image, stampt upon the Coin.
And, when a King is to a God refin'd,
On all he says and does, he stamps his Mind.
This proves a Soul without allay, and pure;
Kings, like their Gold, should every touch endure.
To dare in Fields is Valour; but how few
Dare be so throughly Valiant, to be true?
The Name of Great, let other Kings affect,
He's Great indeed, the Prince that is direct.
His Subjects know him now, and trust him more,
Than all their Kings, and all their Laws before.
What safety could their publick Acts afford?
Those he can break; but cannot break his Word.
So great a Trust to him alone was due;
Well have they trusted whom so well they knew.
The Saint, who walk'd on Waves, securely trod,
While he believ'd the beckning of his God;
But, when his Faith no longer bore him out,
Began to sink, as he began to doubt.
Let us our native Character maintain,
'Tis of our growth, to be sincerely plain.
T' excel in Truth, we Loyally may strive;
Set Privilege against Prerogative;
He Plights his Faith; and we believe him just;
His Honour is to Promise, ours to Trust.
Thus *Britain's* Basis on a Word is laid,
As by a Word the World it self was made.

FINIS.



SONGS

To the Tune of "THE TEA TAX," *or nearly so.*

AT midnight in the navy yard,
Gruff snoring lay the Commodore,
In dreams the thunder-peal he heard,
Thank God, thinks he, I'm safe on shore ;
In dreams of combats fierce and hot
He dodged, or erst, at each chain shot ;
In dreams upon our frigate's prow
He saw his graven image stand,
Admired, adorned by all the land ,
Then, bending on his hunker's low
He kissed great Andrew Jackson's hand.

At midnight, on old Boston's wharves,
With oars in hand and fine toothed saw,
Stood those who do no work by halves,
Who own no monarch but the law.
There rang, of yore, their father's shout,
To see the lobster's put to rout
On Bunker's glorious day :
And there they stood, resolved to dare
The image from its stance to tear
And send it down the bay.
What though the rain in sheet descends,
What though the lightning splits and rends ;
The sentinels no vigil keep ;
Beneath the deck stowed warm and dry,
With snorting snout and leaden eye,
They swing in hammocks, fast asleep.

The night passed off, the Commodore
Oped eye upon a scared marine ;
He woke to hear the soldier roar
These few brief words—he could no more,
'The idol's head is sawed off clean.'
Quick from his cot the hero sprung,
And in his breeches cased his pegs.
While curses through the barrack rung,
He swore as sure as eggs were eggs,
He'd hang the leaders of the faction
Who prompted to this vile transaction.
Come to the man of honor, shame
Come to the doomed convict, rope,
Deprived at last of every hope ;
Fall, blighting and soul killing name
Of traitor on the patriot's ear :
And ye are terrible ; the sea
Lashed with storms, the dungeon drear,
Nor Famine's grisly form appear
The half terrible so terrible as ye.
But in the office seeker, when
He sees his god profaned, its jaw
Fresh grinning from the severing saw,
His arrogance the sport of men
Who hold him coward, knave and fool
Dupe of his pride, and party tool,
A pleasant mock, a very scoff,
His hopes to rise at once sawed off,
Who knows how bowels and how face
Must look, can stomach such disgrace ?
Not tons of vinegar have power
To make his visage half so sour ;
Not all the pukes and purges known
Can so disturb digestion's tone.
O Helly, with each place-bought knave
That riots o'er this bleeding land
Rank thee—there's no more servile slave,
Even in thine own base band.
Change, Helly, change thy slavish tune ;
For thou art mockery's now, and shame's,
One of those Erostratus names
We don't forget so soon.

Published by Tar, Feathers & Co.—PRICE Two Cents.

Some less than fifty years ago.
(Pray listen if you can, sir,)
There lived a certain Gineral,
And he was a great man, sir.
That is, I mean, he would have been,
But for some little failings,
And folkses would have liked him much,
But they could'nt bear his *dalings*—
Whack fol de ri
Ri fol de riddle rol de
Whack fol de ri.
A Cab'net-maker he by trade,
A *job* would never shirk, sir,
And all the *bureaus* that he made,
Were excellent good work, sir.
That is, I mean, they would have been,
But they could'nt stand foul-weather,
For they were made of damaged stock,
And badly put together—
Whack fol de ri, &c.
There was a *monster* terrible,
A monied mono-poly,
Which our great man he hated much,
For it made him melan-choly.
And so he set his *tools* to work,
To excute his will, sir,
And after a tremendous fuss,
The monster he did kill, sir.
That is, he would have done so—but—
The monster was the stronger,
And the *big wigs* gin the monster leave
To live a little longer—
Whack fol de ri, &c.
There was a noble man-o'-war,
Old Ironsides they called her,
They took her to the navy dock,
And there they overhauled her ;
Our great man's image, neatly carved,
They stuck upon her bows, sir.
And that same figure-head she bears,
While still the deep she ploughs, sir—
Whack fol de ri, &c.
That is, I mean, she'd bear it yet,
If it had'nt been de-cap-i-
Tat-ted one stormy night, when all
The sentinels were nap-py.
With him, what did it, some are mad,
And call him knave and rigger,
And I say, when he sawed it off,
He *cut* a *sorry figure*—
Whack fol de ri, &c.

HUE and CRY

AFTER

A Man-Midwife,

Who has Lately DELIVER'D the

LAND-BANK

OF THEIR

MONEY:

IF any Good Person, in Country or Town,
Either Courtier, or Citizen, Sharper, or Clown,
Gives Tidings or Tale, of a famous Projector,
Whom Great-Belly'd Ladies have mighty respect for,
Shall at the Land-Bank *be as Nobly rewarded,*
As by the Trustees it can well be afforded.
He's a little old Man, very pale of Complexion,
Into many Deep Things makes a narrow inspection:
His Head's very Long, and his Hands very Small,
Fit to fathom a gentle Tuquoque *withal:*
In tormenting of which, as the Good Women tell us,
He stranglas more Necks, than the Rope and the Gallows.
Among his Profession he's fam'd as a Topper,
By some call'd a Midwife, *by others a* Groper.
From his Office in Queen-street *he lately has started,*
And left his Society half broken-hearted.
Thus show'd them a Trick, one would think was beneath him
And run with their Stock; marry Devil go with him!
But yet he was so civil unto the Trustees,
Tho he's taken the Chest, he has left 'em the Keys.
Of Iron 'twas made, and secured with Chains,
Being Lock'd with abundance of Cunning and Pains;
Which mingles their Sorrow with some little Pleasure,
To think how 'twill plague him to come at the Treasure.
By common Report into Holland *he's fled;*
If so, the Land Bank *is brought finely to Bed:*
For if to the old place of Refuge he's run,
Adzooks you're all Cozen'd as sure as a Gun.
And you that are Chous'd, for your Money may mourn;
For Holland, *like* Hell, *never makes a Return.*
'Tis known to all Europe, *the* Dutch, *like the* Devil,
Takes dammable care of the Root of all Evil.
What Money is once carry'd into their Nation,
Is more hard to regain, than if sunk in the Ocean.
If the Coin was inclos'd (like the Soil in a Gizzard)
In an Adamant Coffer, lock'd up by a Wizard,
They'll show him a way, by some Pow'r Infernal,
To break up the Shell, and to take out the Kernel.
A Bank to give Paper, and hoard up our Coin,
Was nothing at first but a Coz'ning Design:
And he, like a Man of wise Circumspection,
Has show'd the true end of a Roguish Projection.
Considering how often the Nation is bit
By Projects, *and yet will not see thro' the Cheat,*
'Tis a wonder to me, we should learn no more Wit.
We've Lott'ries from Venice, *and Banks from the* Dutch,
Tho' Holland *indeed has occasion for such;*
For if they were down, as abundance do wish,
They must die all like Puppies, *or live all like* Fish.
My Brains are so heavy, I vow and protest,
I must beg you'll accept of that Pun *for a* Jest.
For talking of Holland *so much, I'm a Dog,*
If my Fancy at last is not slip'd in a Bog.
But now to the matter, If any discover
The Man and the Money, and bring 'em both over,
He shall find the Trustees of the Bank to be Noble,
And give him what e'er he can get for his Trouble.
To give you his Character truely Compleat,
He's Doctor, Projector, Man-Midwife and C—
Who has Cunningly manag'd a subtle Device,
Beyond the poor Parson, or Auberry Price.
And all that I farther can say of the matter,
He's gone to the Dutch, *and the Devil go after.*

The Figure Head

Or, The Constitution Disfigured.

A TALE OF HORROR!

White, black, and grey, all who can see,
Draw near, and read the story:
For ne'er in rhyme, since Adam's time,
Were such things laid before ye.
'Twas on a dark, inclement night,
The second of July,
A deed was done, heart-rending sight,
It almost makes one cry.
The thunders roll'd, the lightning play'd,
The rain in torrents fell,
And such a noise the billows made,
'Twere hard to hear a bell.
All things were shrouded thick in gloom,
The sky was hung with black,
The spacious concave seemed a tomb,
And nature one vast wreck.
The Constitution frigate lay,
As it was wont to do,
Within the waters of the bay,
All fitted up anew.
A figure on its prow was placed,
(A most disgraceful plan,)
Which many thought the vessel graced,
Because they liked the man.
But others viewed it with surprise,
And said they could not bear
To see a head they did despise,
Placed in such honor there.
The Constitution they admired
It had so good a *Hull*,
By whom renown it once acquired,
Too great for such a scull.
The sentinels, oppressed with sleep,
No longer walked their round,
But close within their boxes keep,
Enjoying slumbers sound
The sacred image on the prow,
Which they almost adore,
They leave a while to slumber now,
As did their Commodore.
Not one imagined any wight,
However fierce or bold,
Would venture out that dismal night,
To steal a head of gold.
The stately image, there upreared,
Which like an idol stood,
And soldier-like to all appeared,
Was made of solid wood.
No tempting object to the sight,
Not e'en when viewed by day,
But on that dark; tempestuous night,
What wretch would bear away?
To notice faults it grieves me sad,
But 'tis an axiom true,
There's nought so villainous or bad,
Which wicked men won't do.
'Tis not enough for them to wreak
Their fury on the dead,
Their effigy they often seek,
And spite a wooden head.
For bloody deeds they seem to rise,
At morning's early call,
Nor give they slumber to their eyes,
Till some they've caused to fall.
That gloomy night by fate's decree,
O, horrid to relate!
Some vagabonds who roam'd the sea,
Cut off the idol's pate.
How such a deed could e'er be done,
And who could do it too,
Without the light of star or sun;
Or knowledge of the crew,
Has caused some sceptics half to doubt,
The truth of this sad tale;
And try to find the mystery out,
That's hid behind a veil,
No wights, they say, of human form,
Or one of earthly mould,
Would venture out in such a storm,
To plunder one of gold.
The sportive fishes played around,
As thoughtless as the head;
But when they heard the splashing sound,
They all affrighted, fled.
The spirits of the vasty deep,
Rous'd from their oozy cell,
Above the surface dar'd to peep,
To learn what 'twas that fell
O, what a fall was there, they cried
It earth's foundations shook;
Some ill, no doubt, will us betide;
We'll upward rise and look.
Amazement siezed old Neptune's race,
When they the head beheld;
They recognized, at once, the face,
And knew he had rebell'd.
Hey, hey, old friend, how came you here?
This augurs something wrong:
Inform us why you interfere—
Come, don't detain us long.
What, speechless, too? mute as the grave?
The reason now I see:
My empire o'er the briny wave
You'd like to share with me.
How goes your Constitution, now?
You lubber of the land!
Who plac'd you on its honor'd prow,
And gave you there command?
That's no fit place for you to rest;
The station you disgrace;
If you had staid in yonder west,
Your head had kept its place.
The Constitution, one would think,
Should have a better guard;
You've slighted one, that's writ with ink,
And now I'll have you tarr'd,
Begone, begone, or vengeance due
Will make you quickly tread.
With that, old Neptune's jolly crew
Bore off the wooden head.
The morning come, by nature's law;
The guard, with horrow, shrunk,
When they amazed with wonder, saw
Nought but a headless trunk.
A thousand mourners gathered round,
To view the dreadful sight,
And weep and wail, in doleful sound,
That horrid deed of night,
The headless figure seem'd to strike,
The multitude with dread;
Who cried they never saw the like—
A man without a head.
The loss was felt by all the band;
But none deplor'd it more
Than he who held the chief command,
The gallant Commodore.
He looked astonished, grieved and sad,
And said as well he might,
It was enough to make one mad,
And was a sorry sight,
The monster, who could perpetrate
A deed so black and foul.
He vow'd he would decapitate,
Quick as he would an owl.
Knave, rascal, villain, was the sound,
Which flowed from many a tongue,
And if the culprit can be found,
He shall at once be hung,
No power on earth shall him protect,
Or shield him from our fury,
The guilty scoundrel we'll dissect,
Without a judge or jury.
For he, who could thus boldly dare
Invade the Constitution,
And Andrew's effigy impair
By shameful dissolution,
No longer ought on earth to live
Or breathe this upper air.
His crime's too heinous to forgive,
His life we will not spare.
A head! a head! the captain cried,
My kingdom for his head!
He has my patron saint defied,
His blood must now be shed.
And now let all who read this tale,
This friendly warning take—
That sentinels will naught avail
Unless they keep awake.
Ye men, for wisdom long renowned,
Your light around you shed,
And keep your Constitution sound,
Without a wooden head.

THE WRECK OF THE "LONDON."

JANUARY 4, 1866.

A ship and its group full of vigour and glee
Had started from England—the wind blowing free—
And to Melbourne was bound; of that place they'd long heard;
And the flight of the ship was like that of a bird.
Her engines were steaming, the deck it was thronged;
Her colours high hoisted told where she belonged;
And the hearts that loved fondly their own native earth
In tears bid farewell to the land of their birth.

How sudden the change! for a storm wakes the deep!
There is dread in the billows which over them sweep!
And the ship bravely mann'd toils hard for her track,
But the winds, loudly roaring, are driving her back.
The sea forms in mountains; the clouds seem to dip
Their brows in the waves that are tossing the ship;
And night with deep darkness now mantles the sky,—
The steamer fast breaking, no aid coming nigh.

CHORUS.

Lovely home, lovely home, my own happy shore,
Oh! why did I leave thee, to see thee no more;
The ship is fast sinking, no aid coming nigh,
Death rides on the billows! my country, good bye!

How dreadful through night—no hope entertained
How life would be saved or land might be gained;
The anchor was weighed, the engines were still,
But the sea swelling fearful beat courage and skill.
The captain long watching the roll of the deep,
For days and for nights was known not to sleep,
But coolly gave orders to all on the deck,
That his ship might be saved from found'ring or wreck.

Then the brave engineer was ordered to raise
The steam and return, after sailing for days.
So they put back for Plymouth; but during the day
The masts from their sockets were carried away;
And there at the engine his courage is traced,
For he stood till the water rose up to his waist;
He truly obeyed every signal and shout,
And left not his post till the fires had died out.

Then a rush to the pumps, in spite of the gale,
For the waves higher rolling, and mingled with hail,
Dashed over the brave, who strove to regain
The speed of the steamer, though labour in vain.
Like our "Star of the Stage" there toiled but a few
Till the last gleam of hope had vanish'd from view;—
Yes, he toiled, Briton-like, till hopeless the case,
Then calmly he stood and looked death in the face!

Now the new-married bride to her fond partner clings
As hope soars away on her tear-dropping wings;
And pity looks back from a perilous band
Who chanced in a boat to struggle for land.
A shivering damsel was longing to go;
The nineteen beheld her in peril and woe,
And pressed her to leap to the boat on the wave—
But danger prevented her joining the brave.

There was room for the captain and they urged him to go,
But he threw them a compass, and answered them, "No!"
"May God speed your boat to the land which is dear;
"Your duty is done, men, but mine's to stay here.
"Your chance for the boat is but little, I fear;
"There is none for the ship—all her pumps disappear."
Her sails were in ribbons, the storm at its height:
What pen can describe such a heart-rending sight?

Now the captain announced to all on the deck
That the ship he commanded would soon be a wreck;
All aid to her speed was extinguished and torn,
She sinks with one shriek—O, my God, what a storm!
A wealthy young maid, so lovely and bold
Had promised to meet in the region of gold
A suitor, who wished to be settled in life;
But the maid he loved fondly can ne'er be his wife.

A mother then pressed, ere she sunk in the deep,
A babe to her bosom in angel-like sleep.
Had it tears on its cheeks, did it murmur or frown?
No, the innocent slept till the *London* went down.
The captain, so brave, shared the fate of the rest,
And died like a man! Let us hope he is blest!
For the ministers prayed with unquivering breath
Till the group of the *London* was silenced in death.

November 24th, 1866.

T. BARRETT, SKIPTON.

ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.]

[EDMONDSON AND CO., MACHINE PRINTERS, SKIPTON.

NEWGATE Salutation:

OR,

A DIALOGUE between Sir *W. W.* and Mrs. *Cellier*.

To the Tune of, *The Fight is now ended.*

1.

OLd Stories of State grow now out of date,
And Factious Promoters obstructed by Fate;
Great *Charles* in his Throne Protects Us alone,
Without those wild Maggots that *Calvin* has blown;
And now in the calm a Reflection I'le make,
Of a kind Salutation in *Newgate* of late.

2.

Twixt a Knight of the Cause, whose great Eminence,
By Popish Rat-catching, and smooth Impudence;
Belov'd by all those that are the Kings Foes,
Yet in the Reception he dreaded some blows;
For when Fire and Water by accident greet,
Those unruly Elements clash when they meet.

3.

And down-right Dame *Cellier*, who still keeps her place,
To which He prefer'd her with Marks of Disgrace:
But now they are met in *Newgate* to Treat,
Id'e freely give Six Pence you had seen the Sett.
For She was Transported, and stood in a maze,
Whilst He like and Owl among Lapwings did gaze.

4.

He snuffl'd with's Nose, and made a long pause,
In's New-fashion'd Cloak he wrap'd up the *Old Cause*,
And cry'd *Madam Cellier*, I hope we are Friends;
Wer't now in my Power I'de make you amends.
Pray turn not my Stomack with lancing old Sores,
My squeazy Misfortunes are far worse than yours.

5.

Great Sir! You are welcom unto this Great House,
I scorn to throw Water upon a drown'd Mouse;
None of my Relations I have seen this year,
Could be half so welcom should they be brought here.
Your great Vigilance, and your Zeal doth surpass,
In Courage, *Don Quixot*; in Zeal, *Hudibrass*.

6.

I'th silent of Night, no Goblin nor Spright,
Could e're work such Wonders as you did Sir Knight,
In finding out Priests without help of Christ.
You were the Knight Errant on all such Exploits;
No *Janus's* two Faces, nor *Argus's* strange Eyes,
E're bilkt up their Fortunes, like you by surprise.

7.

Though you were betray'd by *O*— and his Bums;
Those *Amber Necklaces* like *Beads* on your Thumbs,
Supply'd you with Coyn Sir those Debts for to pay,
Besides those Rich *Medals* in ambush for Prey;
Or some score of Pounds *Bedings*. (pull'd out on's Bed)
Though two years at least after he had been dead.

8.

Gusman to your Worship was but a meer Sot,
He never had Sence to find out a *Sham Plot*;
But you by the Art Sir of *Legerdemain*,
What you put in the *Meal Tub*, could fetch out again;
But all you neat Jugglers Confederates do keep,
As my Maid and you in the *Meal Tub* did meet.

9.

The Knight in his passion found Truth would confute,
St. *Francis* then enter'd to end the Dispute.
Sir, This is no place for your Safety and Honour,
She's void of the *Light which the Cause upon her*.
Come give me your Hand Sir into my own Room,
To consult who supply's our kind Ladies at home.

10.

Now since we are inform'd the Knight is got loose,
Yet finding some Clause of his Case in the noose
Wrapt up in the tangle, Great *Charles* he did dunne,
To Pardon his Treasons, what's past, and to come.
But an answer most fit I hope he did receive,
For a Treacherous Fool, and a sly busy Knave.

LONDON. Printed for the Use of the Students in *Whittington's* Colledge.

A

Loyal Satyr against Whiggism.

As I did lately travel from the Town
Through distant Roads, and deserts scarcely known,
From whose dark thickets when I'd made my way,
A new-found World, as well as new-born day
I thought appear'd; where Nature rul'd alone,
No Art, or help, no gawdy pomp was shown,
But every Plant, each Bush, and spreading Tree
Did grow without mans Care or Industry.
There as I stood, and cast my eyes around,
Pleas'd with the sight of that delightful ground,
Something from midst the Walks did towards me make,
Which nearly did resemble humane shape;
Soon as it nigher came it prov'd to be
A man of most inviting honesty;
An Aspect courteous, and a brow serene,
Of humane nature, and most humble meen,
His hoary head did Veneration bear,
And his face spoke his Noble Character.
Joyful I was in those strange parts to find
A front that did foretel so brave a mind,
For asking me Transactions of the Town,
I told him what disorders late were done;
What wild distractions and mishapen fears,
And what a Cloud of Faction round appears,
What daring Treasons were but now maintain'd
By *Sh.* and City both in Faction train'd,
And how the bloudy minded Whigs do aim
To play again their old King-killing game.
Which when the good old man heard me relate,
In flowing tears he mourn'd his Countrys fate,
And gave me this Advice, Beware my Son
Lest by the Wiles of Traytors thou'rt undone,
For I have known th' Experience of those times,
When Loyalty was thought the worst of Crimes;
And when Rebellion with a daring eye
Was cover'd by the Veil of sanctity,
But thou art young, therefore I'le plainly show
How thou a Monster Whig mayst surely know,
It somewhat favours man; so have I seen
When on a Christmas Evening we have been
On frolicks bent, a thing of such like note,
With hairy Chin, diminish'd hanging Coat,
Broad Hat, stiff Band, and a malicious Eye,
Which at a distance fully seem'd to be
The very Villain that sequestred me.
It rais'd my wonder, but as 't tow'rds us prest
What should it prove but a Baboon well drest,

For ſo moroſe are they, and more preciſe:
As we're in truth, they're poſitive in lies;
What one but ſays, the other ſtraight will ſwear,
Let it be right or wrong, or foul or fair,
It is all one, ſince they the Godly are.
Vile hypocrites, who're only good in ſhow,
Whoſe whole Religion lies in ſeeming ſo:
For were their Souls laid open to our view,
We ſhould not find amongſt 'em all one true.
Therefore beware (again the old man ſaid)
Leſt by their flattering tongues thou art betray'd,
But if they find you loyal, wiſe, and brave,
They'l leer, and ſmile, and ſmiling dig your grave;
Such is their malice, ſpight, and mortal hate
'Gainſt all that love their Country, Prince, and State.
Now gentle Youth let any man of wit
Weigh right their Cauſe, and well Conſider it
They'l find conceal'd a lurking Jeſuit.

Morals and Whigs are Inconſiſtent things,
The one ſtill ſaves, the other ſtill kill's Kings;
Morality would teach 'em to obey,
And make 'em happy under Sovereign ſway,
Make 'em ſpeak well of, and do good to all;
Envious tow'rds none, but love in general.

The very Herds do due ſubmiſſion yield
To the Imperial Lion of the Field;
No Mutinies or Factions do they know,
But pay Allegiance where they ought to do;
'Tis only Whig, that worſer Beaſt than they,
That does pretend to Senſe, and diſobey.
He that although he hears his Brothers name
Unjuſtly wrong'd, won't vindicate his fame,
But rather blow thoſe aſhes into fire
Which were before juſt ready to expire.
Oh! where is then his Juſtice, does it lie
In things like theſe, or Acts of charity?
There I have known 'em well; ye poor beware,
Better ye ſtarve than ask for mercy there:
For ſtead of helping, they will ſpurn your grief,
Contemn your ſorrows, and forbid relief.
Once one of theſe did my aſſiſtance crave
For certain Sums, which I moſt frankly gave
Without the leaſt diſtruſt, his Note, or Bond,
(For who would think that man could do ſuch wrong)
Which when I call'd for in, in rage he ſays,
Nay vows he never ſaw me in his days.
By this I only warn thee to be wiſe,
Nere truſt 'em, for they're all deceit and lies,
Whilſt ſtill they ſeem to act on pious grounds,
Yet cut your throat to gain an hundred pounds.

'Tis

'Tis Interest alone that they adore,
Almighty Interest, and a secret Whore
Can touch the Letchers so, that they agen
Shall hug and sleer as if they're Jurymen;
Oh that blest time! then, then the Cause did rise,
And full revenge for Tory Injuries,
It was not Right, but Faction did prevail,
A well-grown Whig of Verdicts ne're could fail;
Oh then, ye common Hirelings, Cheats, and Knaves,
Heroes in Stews, Stabbers, and Alley-braves;
Turn, turn t' embrace so good, so safe a Cause
There you may act your Murders with applause,
Kill but a Tory, and you serve the Laws.
Nay, though 'tis prov'd, that 'twas your dire Intent
To seize your King at *Oxford* Parliament.
Yet bring it up to Town, and you shall be
Prais'd by a Jury for your Loyalty;
Though at the very moment Oaths they take
That all they do is meer for Conscience sake.

At this he paus'd, and somewhat weary grown
In a fine od'rous Grotto we sate down,
And then he thus went on, Think not dear Youth
That what I've said is malice more than truth,
For Heaven can tell from such vile thoughts I'm free,
And all is out of sense of honesty.
Which did they know, they would not dare to own
The Hellish Principles of Forty one,
Nor in their Tubs of Treason still declare
That Kings Elective by the People are.
Nor would they now, (but Whig is still the same)
Foment Divisions, and blow up the flame;
But Jealousies, Suspicion, Guilt, and Fear
Do on their disaffected brow appear;
Their business is to raise Commotions higher,
Lay open breaches, peoples hearts to fire
With wild Chimeraes of tyrannick Pow'r,
And of another bloudy Massacre;
Or now, which is so much the Nations Cry,
The eminent increase of Popery.
'Tis Popery that round our City waits,
'Tis Popery that taints our Magistrates;
'Tis that alone that makes our Nation fear
A Popish Miss, and Popish Successor,
Cries out old *Belial's* Heir, the noble Peer.
Whose little bulk with Treason's so orecast
That it is vanish'd in the mist at last;
He that's reserv'd so long only to be
A fitter pattern of Hells Cruelty,
Where with his Faction when he groveling lies,
They may, too late, cast up repenting eyes,
And ask forgiveness of that Prince, whose name
They made it still their business to defame;

Whilst

Whilst he shall dazle with a Crown so bright,
Their guilty heads shan't bear that glorious light,
But from his presence sink, and howl in dismal night.

Another Tenet Whig does surely hold,
Is to rail at these times, and praise the old;
To cry out on the Nations horrid pride,
And cast all sins upon the Tory side;
As if that formal looks and dress precise
Mayn't hide a heart more proud than ever lies
In those that wear more handsom Decencies.
Then Whoring, Drinking, Swearing to our Charge
They all impute, and lay our Crimes at large;
And Crimes they are, but such with them are done,
Jenny can tell how well the Tap did run.

'Tis thus that Faction moves, 'tis these foul ways
That makes Rebellions, broyls, and threatning days;
These are the men from whom all trouble springs;
'Tis they that ruine States, 'tis they that ruine Kings;
Though he be ne're so gracious, just, and good,
One that wa'nt pleas'd ev'n with Traytors bloud;
And though whole Hecatombs could ne'r attone
For Royal bloud, and an Usurped Throne,
Yet, like the Almighty, with a giving hand
Pours favours still on an ungrateful Land;
And how do they requite him now at last?
'Tis well, 'tis well, Acts of Oblivion past.
Sure 'twas enough to have a Father slain,
Not to attempt it in the Son again:
But they who are not grateful, cannot be
Ever expected to have honesty.
The very Beasts do gratitude profess;
Oblige them once, what kindness they'l express
By every sign, and in their Language say,
Rather than you shall die, we'll be the prey:
Now to be Whig and grateful ne'r was known,
It is enough to make their Charter none.
For if such bounteous graces of their Prince
Can't raise a grateful, nor a Loyal sense,
But they who after all, his Pow'r disown,
His Favours slight, and undermine his Throne,
First bring him low, to seize at last his Crown,
Who're so to Kings, oh what will they then be?
To Fellow Creatures of their own Degree?
How are they fit for Mans Society?

London, Printed for *C. B.* and are to be sold by *W. Davis*, 1682.

THE RECOVERY.

YEt once more *Peace* turns back her head, to ſmile,
And take ſome Pity on our ſtubborn *Iſle*;
She, and her Siſter *Truth* now Hand in Hand,
Return to viſit our forſaken *Land*.
I ſee, I ſee, O *Albion*! Bleſs the Sight!
Truth long Eclips'd lift up her Sacred Light,
And chaſe away the obſcene *Birds of Night*.
Th'ill Boding *Screech-Owl* we ſo long did fear,
Hov'ring above us in our thick'ned Air;
Whoſe Fatal Note was never heard, but *Death*
Follow'd th'*Infernal Evidencing Breath*.
Hail *Lovely Truth!* Oh! Spread thy Rays Divine,
And bid thy Dawning Beams more fully Shine;
Already thy *Glad Influence* We find,
And all now ſee but They who will be blind:
They ſee whilſt Thou hold'ſt up thy *Guiding Light*,
The Dangerous Errour of their *Former Night*;
A *Night*, which all our Heaven did Invade,
By the Dire Skill of *State Magicians* made:
In a Dark Cell the *Wayward Brothers* met,
I'th'midſt a Chair there was for *Satan* ſet;
Which in his Abſence————
A little Wither'd Conjurer Supply'd,
And all his *Imps* drank Venom from his Side:
His Word was (then He out his *Tap* did pluck,)
Come my young Pugs of Treaſon, *come and Suck*:
This Helliſh Rite perform'd, to work they go
To raiſe up Darkneſs from the Shades below;
Thick Miſts of *Popular Fears and Jealouſies*
Did at their *Necromantick* Call ariſe,
And in *Black Clouds* hid the *Britiſh Skies*.
Here firſt their unskil'd Spirits their Viſions play'd,
And learnt their *Viſions* to the *Hatfield Maid*:
Here firſt were rais'd the wond'ring World to ſear,
The Armies *Harris* Muſter'd in the Air.
But now the *Charm*'s Diſſolv'd, and *England*'s free
From the *Enchantment*, does it's Madneſs ſee;
Sees its vain Fears of that Expected Day,
No *Royal Blood* ſtain'd the Fifteenth of *May*:
Prevailing *Truth* has open'd *Britains* Eyes,
And *Folly* ſeen, begins to make Her wiſe.
O let us then Unite, make *Faction* ceaſe,
Nor think *Confuſion* is the way to *Peace*;
That *Schiſm* muſt the *Churches* Fall prevent,
Or breaking *Law*, ſecure the *Government*.
Let *Traytors* to expected *Tryal* come,
And from the Mouth of *Juſtice* hear their Doom:
'Tis ſo, the *Traytor* comes, now, now maintain
Juſtice thy Seat, nor bear the *Sword* in vain.
Tho Hackney *Speakers* wou'd o're Law prevail,
And Conquer Thee by telling a falſe Tale;
Though *Factious* or *Guilty Lords* appear,
To blunt that *Sword* whoſe Edge they juſtly fear;
Tho *Garter* Blue, and *Star* the Court ſhould awe;
But oh! that *Star* does now its Beams withdraw,
Nor at the *Tryal* will its Light diſpence,
To cheriſh *Treaſon* with its Influence.
What then are they who from thy Hand would ſnatch
The *blackeſt Traytor* Hell did ever hatch?
When they but once that *Horrid Paper* ſee,
Which does almoſt exceed in *Villany*,
Satan, or his Vicegerent *Sh——ry*;
Who in this Cauſe ſo much had never done,
But that he knew the ugly Brat his own.
Yet all in vain ſtrives *Councellours* and *Lord*,
Revenging Goddeſs, ſpeak the Fatal Word;
Nor let *Confeſſion* turn aſide thy Blow,
But once ſtrike *Rogues* that own that they are ſo.
Had this been early done, t'had ſav'd the Guilt
Of ſo much *Blood* ſo Prodigally ſpilt;
While certan *Villany* did hurry hence,
To Unjuſt *Death* Suſpected *Innocence*.
But *Juſtice* now in this Triumphant Scene,
Thy Shame does end, and *Triumph* does begin.
All this to thy Defender CHARLES is due,
Who now with Thee His *Glory* does renew;
Already with freſh Beams the *Crown* does ſhine,
Power Sacred grows, and *Majeſty* Divine.
His Majeſty's *Scepter*'s in His Hand held faſt,
Nor like a *Reed* is bent with every Blaſt:
Hold, hold Great *CHARLES*, this Reſolution hold,
And in thy own and Kingdoms Cauſe be Bold;
What ever of this Mighty *Body*, Thou
The *Head* Reſolv'ſt, We thy *Hands* will do;
Dare to be Happy, and to make Us ſo.
How Great is *Majeſty*, and how Auguſt?
How *God-like*, when 'tis Reſolutely Juſt?
Then 'tis that Willing Subjects gladly meet,
To throw their Lives before their *Monarchs* Feet;
Then 'tis their Fortunes they before him lay,
Sue to be *Rul'd*, and Glory to *Obey*.
Such CHARLES is now thy State, and ſuch the Train
Of theſe that now Petition Thee to Reign;
See, even thy *Prodigal Son* does now deſire,
To leave his *Husks*, and *Swine*, and *Wapping* Mire,
In which ſo long He wallow'd up and down,
Known to each *Dirty Kennel* in the Town;
And to his Injur'd Father, and his Lord,
Would by his much wrong'd *Unkle* be reſtor'd:
How well have *W——s*, *J——s*, and *W——n*,
B—h, *G——d*, *T——y*, their great Duties done!
How have They taught the People to Repent
Their Zeal for their great Idol *P——t!*
How have They ſhewn the *Arbitrary way*
That *Monſter* took to make Us all its Prey?
They to loſe all, claim'd more than was their Right,
And ſtretch'd their Power, only to break it quite.
Theſe, Theſe are They who have True Service done,
Meriting their Sacred Favours from the Crown:
Theſe, Theſe have made a *Diſſolution* be,
Not *Wiſdom* only, but *Neceſſity*.
Theſe thus remov'd, our *Jealouſies* and *Fears*,
Were ever ſo Deſerving *Penſioners!*

Then Charles, *ſince all things now conſpire to bleſs*
Thy Peaceful Age with Conqueſt *and* Succeſs;
Begin, Reſolve, and Venture to be Great,
Nor overthrow theſe Vaſt Deſigns of Fate:
Begin at home, Purge thine own Houſe, and free
From Villains Tongues *the Ears of* Majeſty;
Falſe P——s *from the* Bed-chamber *Diſcard*,
Let Catch-pole Br——s *thy* Court *be bar'd*,
Nor leave one Factious R——l *in the* Guard.

FINIS.

News from the Royall Exchange:

London. Royal Exchange K

OR

Gold turn'd into Mourning:

FROM

Exit Tyrannus Regum Ultimus Anno Libertatis Angliæ *Restitutæ primo.* Januarii 30. Anno Dom. 1648.

TO

ECCE!

Exit non Tyrannus, sed Regum Hominumq; optimus Anno Angliæ *Fœlicitatis Ultimo.*

ENGLISHED:

The last Tyrant of Kings dyed in the first Year of the Liberty of *England* Restored, *January* 30. 1648.

Behold! It was not a Tyrant King that dyed, but the best of Kings and Men, that suffered in the last Year of *Englands* Felicity.

An Acrostick upon King *Charles.*

CHARLES STUART

Crowns of Gold with Gemms beset are vain,
Heavenly Crowns of Content are Gain:
A Shadow is the Throne this World affords,
Riches and Honours are but Weights with Cords
Loading the Princes shoulders; who them bare,
Each Common Trouble call's for them to share.
Soul therefore let thy Meditation
Soar higher for a Habitation:
Treasure up Goods, where neither Moth nor Rust
(Undervalue things that turn to dust)
Are able to corrupt; that so thy Heart,
Rising above the heighth of Mans desert,
Triumphing, may released be of smart.

CHARLES STUART.

ANAGRAM,

Arts Chast Rule.

Epigram.

TIll *Arts Chast Rule* we do approve,
And all things seek to win by Love,
We must all miseries endure,
Not Goods, nor Lands, nor Lives secure
Can we expect, when each day brings
New Changes, and new Sufferings:
Wherefore Call in and him Enthrone,
Who only can lay Claim to th' Crown;
Let not the towring minds of men,
Insult for private Interests then;
But Tribute give to whom 'tis due,
That so GODS Blessing may ensue,
Lest he O'return, o'return, o'return,
And many Towns and Cities Burn:
And waste the Nation, to perform
His Word which shall not be forlorn
Who hath it promised to give
To whom 'tis due as he doth Live:
Therefore do not his word withstand,
But to Its Right restore the Land;
By which a Pardon you may find,
When to Repentance ye're enclin'd:
That so in Peace your dayes may end
Which in this World God doth you lend.

The Peoples Complaint through want of their Exil'd Sovereigne LORD the KING.

WEE Englishmen are worse then *Esops* Frogs,
We call'd those Tryant Kings which were but Logs,
For when both Peace and plenty fil'd our Nation,
We not content'cry out for Reformation;
Jove sent us Storks: who in short time devour
One hundred thousand Natives by their Power:
This strikes us to the Heart, and we bethink
How to repair our Chains, broak Linck from Linck.
We try a Parliament which doth not please,
We make of them a *Rump*, and yet not cease,
We reform our General to a Protector,
Who turn'd out *Rumps*, and play'd the gallant *Hector*.
He Parliaments did call, and they did come,
He turn'd them out and left an empty Room,
Till *Jove* call'd him aside by a great wind,
Who left us all to grope like those are blind;
For when his Son did take the Royal Throne,
We cry'd a Log, a Log, and threw him down:
We call'd the *Rumps* again we had before,
Who by a Cipher were turn'd out of doore:
A Safe Committee then did rule the Roast,
Of which we have no reason for to boast:
Our *Rump* did worm them out, and sat againe,
Till twice they Roasted were, which work't their bane:
At last the Parliament of forty-eight
Began to sit in th'House in former State
At their re-sitting all the Bell did Ring,
Much more they will, when we have *Charles* our *King*.

London, Printed for *Charles King*. 1660.

69

THE Loyal Apprentices PROTESTATION.

ALas! What *Times* are those we're like to see,
When Men are stigmatiz'd for LOYALTY;
And called *Tivies*, *Tories*, and what not,
And worse abus'd than those concern'd I'th' *PLOT?*
And we Poor *'Prentices*, how we're abus'd,
Because to side with *Faction* we refus'd:
Had we with *Clubs* and *Staves* run to *Whitehall*,
And there demanded Things *Irrational:*
Run into Churches, and tore *Common-Prayers*,
Pull'd out the *Good old Bishops* by the *Ears*,
And *rent* the *Surplices*, those decent *Wares*;
Reviv'd but *Forty One* again; O then,
Instead of VERMIN, we'd been *Gentlemen!*
But hold **Impartial**, We are not so *mad*
For to *displease* our KING, to make *thee* glad;
I know full well that's it thou'dst have *Us* do,
But know *dull* Ass, we'll not be advis'd by *you.*
Thou simple *Sot*, the very worst of Fools,
Dost think to make of *Us* **Forty One** Tools;
By *Publishing* thy damn'd fallacious Stories,
To asperse *those* Loyal Men, whom thou call'st *Tories?*
Who can expect *peaceable* Times to see,
Whilst thou art thus fomenting *Enmity?*
And is this the way t' *Extirpate* the **Pope**:
Judge now thy self if *thou* do'nt merit R.....
But on, thou damn'd Incendiary, *Print* what you will,
We *London* APPRENTICES will be *Loyal* still:
We *ever* lov'd our KING, and ever shall;
And for *his Service*, our Lives and Fortunes all
Doth lye prepar'd, whilst he has *need* to call.
In the mean time *We Apprentices* will Sing,
And clap *our* Hands, and say, **God save our King.**

Printed by *A. B.* and sold by *Randal Taylor* near *Stationers-Hall*, 1681.

Dr. Robert Wild's LAST LEGACIE, OR A POEM SENT

With a *Guinney* to Mr. *B. D.* for a *New-years-Gift.* December 30. 1678.

SIr, since the *Proclamation* from the King,
For apprehending any Man, or Thing
Of whom we may be jealous; I have got
One able to Discover all the Plot;
By the *Great Gross* he weareth, you will see
Ground to suspect, he *Catholick* may be.
Long *hidden in a Corner* he had been,
And loth I found him to be known or seen:
His *Words but few*, and those in Latine too;
What you can make of him, I pray you do:
For though he sets a *Good Face* on the Thing,
And pleads that he hath *Count'nance from the King*,
(As too too many Counterfeits, you know
Delude and cheat the World by pleading so)
He is *no Native*; but from foreign Parts
Came over to bewitch our English hearts.
Seiz'd on as soon as landed, and convey'd
Into the *Tower*, and there a *Priz'ner* made;
There he was *Tri'd*, & *Cast*: Thence made *Escape*,
And now goes *Currant* under *Royal Shape*:
Yet you'l suspect him by his *Blushing so*,
For that's an Argument of *Guilt*, you know.
He *goes* by *Name of Guinney*; new-coin'd names,
And new-nam'd Coins are Jesuitish Games;
Give me *old Gold*, with *English names*; like these
Crowns, *Nobles*, *Angels*, and *Jacobusses*.

I must not be misconstru'd, let him wear
The *Image* of the *Lawrel* he doth bear,
And never *given to change*; may no Disaster
Ever prevail to make him *change his Master*.
For I prefer, and so all Subjects True,
An *Old Jacobus* far before *A New*:
It is the *Matter*, not the *Form* I charge;
And here in his *Impeachment* might be large,
As far as from one *Indie* to the other,
Against both Gold and Silver his pale Brother.
We find St. *Peter* in the daies of Old
(That was the *Golden-Age* that hated *Gold*;)
Had neither Gold nor Silver, but when they
Usurp'd the Chair, they banish'd Faith away:
And when these once forsake the *Tripple Crown*,
Both *Pope* and *Popery* must tumble down.
'Tis these set men together by the Ears,
Put Difference 'twixt the *Commons* and the *Peers*:
These have the great Command at *Sea* & *Land*,
They *Raise the Army*, they can it *Disband*:
They *Hatch'd* and *Brooded* the late curst Intent,
To *Kill the King*, and *Change the Government*.
For them———vote, by *them* they Rise,
'Tis Love to *them*, upholds *Pluralities*.
For them the *Lawyers* brawl; *They* fool the *Wise*:
They cast *a Mist* before the *Judge*'s Eyes:
They pay the *Pensioner*, the *Pimp*, the *Miss*:
They brought the *Treasurer* to *what he is*.
If they don't fetch him off, off flies his *Head*.
And who can help't, They *cannot raise the Dead*.
Their Charge is infinite, I must give over,
Let *Praunce* the *Silver-smith* the rest Discover.
Mean time, do you Sir under Lock and Key
Keep Guinney *safe, for fear he steal away*,
For if but once he can get out of Door,
Twenty to one, *you never see him more*.

London, *Printed for* A. B.

Dr. Wild's Poem.

IN NOVA FERT ANIMUS, &c.

OR, A

NEW SONG

TO AN

OLD FRIEND from an OLD POET,

Upon the Hopeful

New Parliament.

WE are All tainted with the *Athenian*-Itch,
News, and new Things do the whole World (bewitch.
Who would be Old, or in Old fashions Trade?
Even an Old Whore would fain go for a Maid:
The Modest of both Sexes, buy new Graces,
Of Perriwigs for Pates, and Paint for Faces,
Some wear new Teeth in an old Mouth; and some
Carve a new Nose out of an aged Bum.
Old *Hesiod*'s gods Immortal Youth enjoy:
Cupid, though Blind, yet still goes for a Boy;
Under one Hood Hypocrite *Venus* too,
Carries two faces, one Old, th' other New.
Apollo wears no Beard, but still looks young;
Diana, *Pallas*, *Venus*, all the throng
Of Muses, Graces, Nymphs, look Brisk and Gay,
Priding themselves in a perpetual *May*:
Whiles doting *Saturn*, *Pluto*, *Proserpin*,
At their own ugly Wrinkles Rage and Grin;

The very Furies in their looks do twine;
Snakes, whose embroydered skyns renew their shine;
And nothing makes Great *Juno* chafe and scold,
But *Joves* new Misses slighting her as Old.
Poets, who others can Immortal make,
When they grow Gray, their Lawrels them forsake;
And seek young Temples, where they may grow Green;
No Palsie-hands may wash in *Hypocrene*;
'Twas not Terse Clarret, Eggs, and Muskadine,
Nor Goblets Crown'd with *Greek* or *Spanish* Wine,
Could make new Flames in Old *Ben Johnsons* Veins,
But his Attempts prov'd lank and languid strains:
His *New Inn* (so he nam'd his youngest Play,
Prov'd a blind Ale-house, cry'd down the first Day:
His own dull Epitaph—*Here lies Ben Johnson*,
(Half drunken too) He Hickcupt---*who was once one.*
Ah! this sad *once one*! *once* we *Trojans* were;
Oh, better never, if not still we are.
Rhymes of Old Men, *Iliack* passions be,
When that should downward go, comes up we see,
And are like *Jews*-Ears in an Elder-Tree;
When Spectacles do once bestride the Nose,
The Poet's Gallop turns to stumbling-Prose.
Sir, I am Old, Cold, Mould; and you might hope
To see an *Alderman* dance on a Rope,
A *Judg* to act a Gallant in a Play,
Or an Old *Pluralist* Preach twice a day;
Of a Thin *Taylor* make a Valiant Knight,
Or a *good Subject* of a *Jesuite*;
As an old Bald-pate (such as mine you know)
Should make his Hair, or Wit and Fancy grow;
Nor is there need that such a Block as I
Should now be hew'd into a *Mercury*.
When Winter's gone, the Owl his foot may spare,
And to the *Nightingales* resign the Air.

Such

Such is the beautiful new face of things:
By Heavens kind Influences, and the Kings,
Joy ſhould inſpire; and all in meaſures move,
And every Citizen a *Virgil* prove.
Each *Proteſtant* turn Poet; and who not
Should be ſuſpected guilty of the *Plot*;
If, now the day doth dawn, our Cocks forbear
To clap their Wings and Crow, you well may ſwear,
It is their want of Loyalty, not Wit,
That makes them ſullen, and ſo ſilent ſit:
Galli of *Gallick* kind--I'le ſay no more,
But that their Combs are Cut, and they are ſore;
Yet to provoke them, my old Cock ſhall Crow,
That ſo his Eccho round the Town may go.

Upon the New PARLIAMENT.

MY Landlord underprop't his Houſe ſome years,
Was often warn'd--- 'Twould fall about his Ears;
For the main Timber, That above, and under,
By every Blaſt was apt to rend aſunder.
This year He gently took all down, and then
What of the Old prov'd ſound, did ſerve agen.
May all the New be Heart of *Engliſh* Oak,
And the whole Houſe ſtand firm from fatal ſtroke,
And nothing in't, the Founder e're provoke.
My *Grandam*, when her Bees were old and done,
Burnt the old Stock, and a new Hive begun;
And in one year ſhe found a greater ſtore
Of *Wax* and *Honey* than in all before.
Variety and Novelty delights;
Old Shooes and Mouldy Bread are *Gibeonites*.
When Cloaths grow thread-bare, and breeds Vermin too,
To *Long-Lane* with them, and put on ſome new:
VVhen VVine turns Vinegar--All Art is vain,
The VVorld can never make it VVine again.

'Tis time to wean that Child, who bites the Breast,
And Chase those fowls, that do befowl their Nest.
VVhen *Nolls* Nose found the Rump began to smell;
He dock't it, and the Nation lick't it well.
Cast the old-mark't and greazy Cards away,
And give's a new Pack, else we will not play;
Nothing but Pork, and Pork, and Pork to eat!
Good Landlord give's fresh Commons for our Meat.
Trent Council Thirty years lay sows'd in pickle,
Until it prov'd a stinking Conventicle.
And now Old *Rome* plays over her old Tricks,
This *Seventy-nine*, shall pay for *Sixty-six*.
Out of the Fire, like new-refined Gold,
How bright new *London* looks above the Old!
All Creatures under Old Corruptions groan,
And for a New Creation make their moan:
The *Phoenix* (of her self grown weary) dyes
Unto succession a burnt-sacrifice:
Old Eagles breed bad Hawks, and they worse Kites,
And they blind Buzzards, (as Old *Pliny* VVrites),
Deans, Prebends, Chaplains think themselves have wrong,
VVhen *Bishops* live unmercifully long;
And poor *Dissenters* beg they may ascend
Into a Pulpit from the Tables end.
And who hath not by good experience found
Best Grops are gained by new-broken ground,
And the first seed---OATS sifted clean and sound?
But yet Old Friends, Old Gold, Old King, I prise:
Old *Tyburn* take them who do otherwise.
Heaven Chase the Vultur from our Eagles Nest,
And let no Ravens this *March*-Brood molest;

So Sings poor Robin Redbrest.

FINIS.

1.d

THE

Welsh-Mens GLORY,

OR,

The Famous Victories of the Ancient BRITAINS Obtain'd upon St. DAVID's Day.

1. March. 168 3/4

THe Honor, Glory and the Grace
Of Valiant *Brute's* Tryumphant race,
Shewing the Reasons, wherefore they
Wear Leeks upon St. David's *Day*.

The Valiant Deeds of *Britain's* bold,
I here shall sing in Verse,
Direct my Pen, Heroick Muse,
While I the same reherse.
That to the *Britains* Noble Fame,
I bravely chant it may,
The reason why, they do wear LEEKS
Upon St. David's *Day*.

I mean not to relate the Deeds
Of Warlike Valiant GUY
Nor *England's Warwick* Champion,
Saint GEORGE's Chivalry;
Nor any other Warriers Fame,
Intend I to display,
But what the *Britains* bold, have done
Upon St. Davids *Day*.

Cold *Winter* with his Frosty Face
Doth bid you all farewell;
And Manly *March*, hath taken place,
A month with you to dwell:
Brother to sweet *April* Showers,
And Usher to fair MAY,
And in his Hat a LEEK he wears
Upon St. David's *Day*.

'Gainst *Britain* when the *Romans* did
Their Warlike Ensigns bear,
Instead of Plumes, the green top LEEKS
Brute's Valiant Race did wear,
Who bravely from the *Roman* Troop,
The Conquest bore away
Which Badge of Honour still they wear
Upon St. Davids *Day*.

And though stout *Cæsar*, with his Force
Did strongly invade their Land,
The *Britains* bold, with Foot and Horse
His Power did withstand,
And when of them, he tribute sought,
They did refuse to pay,
For which they still do wear a LEEK
Upon St. Davids *day*.

The *Saxons* entered afterwards,
And *Essex* did obtain,
And with an Army well prepared,
The Kingdom for to Gain;
Each Town and City went to wrack
VVhere the *Saxons* bore the sway,
At length the *Britains* drove them back
Upon St. David's *Day*.

They being led by that brave Prince,
King *Arthur* called by Name,
VVhose Power with his Valiant Knights
The *Saxons* pride did tame.
In twelve Battels them did overthrow,
As Chronicles doth say,
The last of which, the *Britains* overcame
Upon St. David's *Day*.

Next after that the *Lances* came in,
That great nerping Foe,
At *Winchelsey*, They did begin
The Land to overthrow;
Till Captain *Landaff*, a BRITAIN true,
Did make their Lives decay,
And Conquered the *Danish* Crew,
Upon St. David's *Day*.

VVhen Crook-back *Richard*, wore the Crown
As Regent of this Land;
No Policy could put him down,
Nor his proud Power withstand:
Till *Henry Richmond*, entered *Wales*,
VVhom BRITAINS did obey,
And Conquered in *Bosworth*-Field,
Upon St David's *Day*.

The VVarlike Deeds which late have been,
By Valiant *Welsh-Men* shown,
Both *England*, *France*, and *Germany*,
And other Lands have known;
VVhose Honour with Tryumphant Praise,
Fames Trumpet doth display,
And Blazen still their Noble Acts
Upon St. David's *Day*.

Then doth not our St. DAVID's day,
VVell Merit to be Fam'd;
VVhereon the most Tryumphant *Brute's*
Their mighty Foes have tam'd,
And have so well behav'd themselves,
That I may boldly say,
The like was never yet perform'd
Upon St. David's *Day*.

Of *James* the *Spaniard* Boast,
Saint *Denis* stands for *France*;
Saint *Patrick* in the VVestern Coast,
The *Irish* Men advance;
George holds the Sword, *David* the Scales
VVhere *Justice* bears the sway,
And *England* Drinks a Health to *Wales*
Upon St. David's *Day*.

The BRITAINS have been ever true,
And dares for to oppose,
Both Pagans, Infidels and Jews,
And all that are our Foes;
And will maintain their Countrys good,
VVhich never will decay,
Then blessing be on all their Names,
That Love Saint David's *Day*.

And to Conclude, my new made Song,
I wish with all my Heart,
That they may never suffer wrong,
That take the *Welsh*-Mens part;
VVho stand up for their Countrys right,
As Lawfully they may,
And wear the LEEK as their delight
Upon St. Davids *Day*.

Entered according to Order.

LONDON,
Printed by *Th. Dawks*, his Majesties British Printer, at the *West*-end of *Thames*-street.

A New Moral Song,

To the Tune of "*When Troy Town for Ten Years War, &c.*"

WROTE BY

NAT WITHY, from HAGLEY, in WORCESTERSHIRE;

COMMONLY CALLED

THE WANDERING BARD.

Fly trifling Sonnet from me quite,
And bring One Penny to my Sight;
I'll never ask a greater Store,
Fortune grant this, I'll ask no more.

I.

YOU that would read or hear my Song,
I beg you'll patiently sit down,
And listen to the wand'ring Bard,
Who wrote these Lines in London Town.
I will not interrupt you long,
But stop, if you don't like my Song.

II.

My Case is singular indeed,
But I'll not murmur or repine,
For fear that I should give Offence
To Providence the most Divine;
Who so far has protected me,
For I am aged Sixty-three.

III.

I've seen the Fall of mighty Men,
Who have shone in the highest Sphere,
Let you and I learn by their Fate,
We did not come to stay long here.
No Wisdom, Wealth, or Power can save
One single Mortal from the Grave.

IV.

I've rang'd almost three Kingdoms o'er,
So by Experience write my Theme;
I think this transitory Life
Is justly call'd a Span or Dream:
For as I rove among the Throng,
I see most Men still acting wrong.

V.

I own I've glided with the Stream,
And don't approve what I have done;
To justify myself is vain,
Who can the Paths of Folly shun?
Nor need we blame the young and gay,
While wise and old Men go astray.

VI.

Titles of Honour dignify,
And likewise sometimes they disgrace;
For he can never merit Fame,
That acts unworthy in his Place:
But that Man should be most caress'd,
Who points the Road to endless Rest.

VII.

This last Assertion must be true,
Yet do not say that I dictate;
I'm only the poor wand'ring Bard,
And live beneath the Frowns of Fate;
Yet tho' half blind, I clearly see
That all Men live in Jeopardy.

VIII.

Feeble and weak, I creep along,
With pensive melancholy Pace,
To seek where I may sing my Song,
My Interest lies in a strange Face;
Who sometimes sorrows at my Tale,
Because I'm old, half blind, and lame.

IX.

Tho' Misfortune treads on my Heels,
My Peace of Mind she shan't destroy;
Thus Homer sang in Days of yore,
His most renowned Siege of Troy.
It's said he was both blind and lame,
Yet he immortaliz'd his Name.

X.

I do not wish like him to soar,
Such bold Attempt might give Offence;
I'm only the itinerant Bard,
And still rely on Providence.
Pray buy these Lines, and you will see
How much obliged I shall be.

XI.

But hush, my Muse, what's this I hear,
Some sound re-echos from afar;
I think it is the Trump of Fame,
Britons make ready for the War:
Renew your Thunder once again,
And on the foaming Billows reign.

XII.

Loyal to George, launch from the Shore,
And let your lofty Streamers fly,
Beat up your Drums, load all your Guns,
And Thunderbolts of War let fly;
Your ancient Characters maintain,
None but Britannia rules the Main.

XIII.

I think I hear proud Galia weep,
For the wild Actions she has done;
Her Perjuries, and Tragedies,
That to such glaring Heights have run,
Makes Nature from herself recoil,
And gives Humanity the foil.

XIV.

Paris, thy Regions I detest,
Thank God that I'm a Briton born;
Where'er I go, both Friend and Foe,
Treat you alike with equal Scorn:
You've tarnished all your Pedigrees,
By your unheard of Cruelties.

XV.

My Pen shakes in my aged Hand,
My humble Muse is fled away;
Frighted at you she bid adieu,
Nor would she longer with me stay:
Let Bards more learn'd instead of me
Write out your bloody History.

XVI.

Your Friars Black, and White and Grey,
You have turn'd out in Wind and Rain;
To Saints and Relicks no more pray,
Dissimulation is in vain:
You are so much to murder prone,
No Christian Nation will you own.

XVII.

I draw a Veil 'twixt us and you,
Nor stop to make too long a Pause;
May God preserve great George our King,
Religion, Liberty, and Laws;
And every Briton cry encore,
Till Time and Death shall be no more.

N. B. The Author (who calls for this) has turned the Multiplication Table into a Song, and all the Rules of Arithmetic, as far as the Rule of Three Direct; a proper Lesson for little Boys and Girls. Price Three-Pence.

☞ If this Paper is not approved of at *One Penny*, please to return it.

A New Song, in Praiſe of London,

By Nathan Withy, the *Wandering Bard.*

ONE night I dream'd the Muſes ſaid
They would not on me frown,
If I would write a ſong in praiſe
Of famous London town:
They fix'd me on the Monument,
To ſhew their fond regard,
Then to Parnaſſus ſtrait they fled,
And left the Wandering Bard.

From baſket women, down below,
I quickly heard a noiſe,
The ſcullers, and ſalt-watermen,
Appear'd like little boys!
The carriages, and horſes too,
Obedient to the rein,
And ev'ry thing I ſaw below
Look'd juſt as ſmall again.

I look'd all round me in amaze,
With admiration fill'd,
To celebrate ſo large a place
I know I am not ſkill'd;
Almoſt four hundred churches here,
Beſides the great St. Paul's,
With meetings, chapels, theatres,
And many public halls.

Three modern bridges, lately built,
With judgment moſt profound,
They coſt the public, I am told,
Twelve hundred thouſand pound;
Twelve hundred thouſand people here
Go ev'ry night to ſleep,
Not reckoning thouſands, that repoſe
While floating on the deep.

There is no city on this earth,
Beneath the lofty ſky,
That e'er I read of, ſince my birth,
That can with London vie;
Here men of ſenſe, and opulence,
Continually combine,
To bring in ſtore from ev'ry ſhore,
And wealth from every clime.

Ships from all nations anchor here,
And in great ſplendour ride,
Traffic and commerce crown the ſcene,
With each returning tide;
Brave ſeamen go ſtill to and fro,
To ev'ry diſtant ſhore,
And boldly ſteer, quite void of fear,
While foaming billows roar.

Along with theſe I'd chuſe to rank,
And take a trip once more,
But it would be too wild a prank,
For I'm aged ſixty-four;
Beſides, my ſight is growing dim,
My feet are very lame,
And, under theſe predicaments,
I cannot riſe to fame.

But I'll not murmur at my lot,
Or infelicity,
The days of man are but a ſpan,
Towards eternity;
Look on the graves of Lords and ſlaves,
Mingled promiſcuouſly,
They're laid to rot, and quite forgot,
Friends, ſo muſt you and I.

A SONG upon *POWDER.*

By the WANDERING BARD.

I'M the Wand'ring Bard, and times are hard,
My name is Nathan Withy,
Yet right or wrong, I'll make my ſong
Re-echo thro' the city;
That neceſſity brought me to this
To you I need not mention,
For all men know that poverty
Is the mother of invention.

Had I the ſtrength of Hercules,
Or voice to ſing much louder,
Thro' all my days, I'd ſing his praiſe
Who put a tax on powder;
Look down, proud taylors, now, and weep,
Your ſorrows ſeem returning,
For you muſt let your monkey tails
Hang down in ſable mourning.

Coarſe kitchen girls, and chambermaids,
Who fain wou'd look inviting,
May uſe a little common chalk,
Bruis'd with a bit of whiting;
This mingled with ſome candle greaſe,
That's vulgarly call'd tallow,
Will whiten hair, or ſcour their teeth,
When they are grown too yellow.

You'll wonder, perhaps, how I came at
This famous recipe,
Twas from a doctor of renown
Out of High Germany;
He ſwears 'twill kill both nits and lice,
And drive them off for ever,
And you know all German doctors are
Not only wiſe, but clever.

I've read Agrippa many years,
And the famous Doctor Fauſter,
I've gaz'd at ſtars, and foretold wars,
At Merlin's cave, near Gloucester;
I can cast a ſpell, and fortunes tell,
As well as thoſe who're prouder,
And will not refuſe, to thoſe that uſe,
My celebrated powder.

I live in Shoreditch, near the church,
'Moſt oppoſite the door
Of that renowned courtezan,
The old ſign of Jane Shore;
Where my advice I gratis give
To all that are in trouble,
But guinea pigs, and powder'd wigs,
I always make pay double.

If any lady buys this ſong,
Whatever it may coſt her,
I hope 'twill be of none but me,
For fear of an impoſtor;
She'll know me by my creeping pace,
Old age, and ragged tatters,
My want of ſight, or elſe I'd write
Of far more greater matters.

R Withey (91.)

The present CASE of the *WANDERING BARD.*

WHILE Bards more learned ſing their hapleſs fate,
Why ſhould not I my doleful tale relate,
My friends are dead, that to me were moſt kind,
And I'm a wand'ring Pilgrim left behind.
But I'll not murmur, or too much repine,
All men on earth give way to death and time,
So I will aim for that celeſtial ſhore
Where time and death ſhall never triumph more.
Weary and weak I tread this earthly ſtage,
At ſixty-ſix I bend to heavy age,
My ſights deceives me as I move along,
Among the croud to tune my mournful ſong.
I've loſt one eye, the other's dim indeed,
I cannot ſee either to write or read
On paper, yet I hope you'll pleaſe to look
On what I've wrote, times paſt, and buy a book.
Arithmetic's turn'd to a ſong by me,
From numeration to the rule of three,
Give it ſome boy or girl, this, my advice,
Will two-pence coſt, yet worth three times the price,
Twill be of ſervice when I'm no more ſeen,
And ſhew the world that ſuch a Bard has been.
Had I the eloquence to ſpeak my mind,
My taſk ſhou'd be to edify mankind,
Both friends and enemies I wou'd adviſe
To ſhun the wretch who dares to curſe his eyes,
Chide him, deride him, ſhame him if you can,
For he's not worthy to be call'd a man;
He makes himſelf beneath the common brute,
Better for him had he been born a mute.
Cou'd one poor eye be either bought or ſold,
Say, who is he cou'd purchaſe it with gold?
Not all the gold on earth, nor ſilver too,
Nor all the hidden treaſures of Peru,
Cou'd purchaſe it, yet do not think it odd,
Becauſe the eye's the nobleſt gift of God;
With it you ſee ſweet Nature's blooming reign,
See what falls down to die and riſe again,
From one ſmall ſeed ſprings up ſurpriſingly
A noble, loſty, large, and ſturdy tree;
By this in time prolific ſeeds are ſhed,
He that caus'd this can ſurely raiſe the dead!
Each vernal ſpring, and every fragrant flower,
Diſplay the greatneſs of his mighty power.
But when you turn your face, and look up high,
And ſee the ſplendor of the ſpangl'd ſky,
Where planetary worlds in circles roll,
And ſtars unnumber'd luminate the pole.
For when you ſee fierce lightning dart and fly,
And clapt of thunder ſeem to rend the ſky,
Kneel down, and the Almighty God adore,
And beg for leave to praiſe him evermore.

EPITAPH on the *Wandering Bard,*

Wrote by HIMSELF.

BENEATH this ſpot are laid, to rot,
The Bones of NATHAN WITHEY,
The Wand'ring Bard, who ſtraggl'd hard
To traverſe London City;
Let all my faults lie buried here,
For they are too well known,
And if you'd wiſh for future bliſs,
Don't multiply your own.

The Lamentation of

JOHN HOLDEN,

Who was executed at Omagh Gaol, on the 27th August, 1860, for the murder of Sergeant M'Clelland.

You tender hearted Christians, I hope you will draw near,
I'm sure this doleful tragedy will cause you to shed a tear,
While in strong prison I'm confined, and locked up in a cell,
Of my dear friends and loving wife I take my last farewell.

My name it is John Holden, with shame I now must say,
It was my sad misfortune for to be led astray,
Through passion I did take his life, the truth I now must own,
Which is a sore heart to my dear wife, whom I must leave alone.

I ne'er had spite or malice of any human kind,
'Twas Satan that did tempt me to do that awful crime;
But I can't recal his life again, and that does grieve me sore,
When I think on parting my dear wife to meet with her no more.

There is one thing I do request, as I must lose my life,
I hope no one will cast it up to my dear friends or wife;
In wickedness I took his life upon that fatal day,
So remember my poor victim, and attend to what I say.

O Matthews, I forgive you, as no one could you blame,
Had you concealed that wicked deed you would have been to blame.
I own I'm worthy of my fate, I may blame myself for all,
Since it has not pleased our noble Queen my sentence to recal.

Now all my loving comrades and friends that I love dear,
When you come here to see I pray don't shed a tear,
And do not have any quarrelling upon the day I die,
For I hope we'll meet to part no more at rest above the sky.

I hope this will be a warning to all that hear my song,
And look to God to be your guide and keep you from doing wrong.
I hope you will all walk steadily when you are in your prime,
And curb your voilent temper when you have grace in time.

The jury found me guilty, and the judge to me did say,
"In August, Holden, you shall die, the 27th day.
When I received my sentence my heart was struck full sore,
But when I look at what I did it grieves me ten times more.

I hope that God will pardon me upon my dying day,
For had I taken Him for my guide I would ne'er have went astray.
Farewell to old Dungannon and my comrades all around,
For you all will see the last of me this day in Omagh town.

If God had sent me a reprieve I would amend my life,
'Twould ease the minds of friends so kind, and my poor desolate wife;
But since it's so that I must die, don't breed any strife for me,
I trust I'll get to heaven where the one Judge will be.

A New and admired Song Called

The Old Settoo.

You gentlemen and muses around me sit,
I'll sing you a song about reason and wit;
I'll sing you a song as true as I say,
And the air of it goes by is the white cockade:
Tidle il al idle &c.

There was a rich farmor in this town did dwell,
He'd a handseme daughter few could her excel,
She courterted a beggarman and lov'd him true
And the dress that he wore was an old settoo.
Tidle il al idle &c.

As soon as her father came this for to hear,
He said dear daughter you are very queer;
Believe in my words and you'll find them true,
You'll yet curse rhe godthy wirh the long set-too
Tidle il al idle &c,

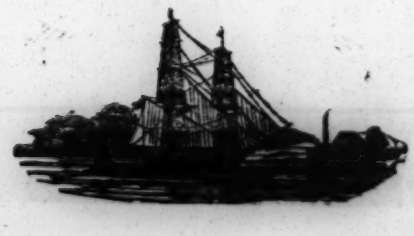
She says dear father dont be severe,
I'll follow my beggarman the world for to range
I love him in my heart you know it is true,
I doat en the skirts of his old settoo.
Tidle il al idle &c.

My boggarman and I for begging we did go,
We begged like blases where none of our friends knew,
Saying do you prove constant I'll prove true,
And I'll buy for you a livery like my old set-too
Tidle il al idle &c.

Above all trades going shure begging is the best
When a man is tired he mey sit down and rest,
He has no care on him has nothing to do,
Says my fellow the gothy with the old set-too.
Tidle il al idle &c.

When night comes on for lodgings we seek,
They will put us in the barn us both to sleep,
When I'll want to frighten her I'll say boo,—
And over her I'll shake my old set-too.
Tidle il al idle &c.

Now to conclude and to finish my song,
These couple got married and traveled along!
The cold of the winter she never knew,
For every night I rolled her in my old set too.



Grand Triumph of Mrs. Yelverton.

All you that wish to hear a joke, I hope you will attend;
Unto those simple verses that lately I have penn'd,
You've heard of Major Yelverton, that all the world disdain.
Although his birth was very high, his spirit it was mean.

CHORUS.

Long life to Mrs. Yelverton, that lady of renown.
She is the talk of Ireland, and the pride of Dublin town.

'Twas in the Four Courts, the other day, when Yelverton was there,
Before the judge and jury, audaciously did swear.
That she strove for to decoy him and ensnare him all his life,
For the sake of cursed riches he denied his virtuous wife.

But his perjury was all in vain, as you may understand,
For she nobly gained the victory by the laws of Erin's land,
For she had able counsellors for to defend her cause,
Her character was well proved, which gained her great applause.

Brave Whiteside made a noble speech, saying, Major it appear,
Two wives you've got in the army, the court it rang with cheers
You thought to stain this lady's fame, your marriage to deny,
There are no penal laws in force, those days they are gone bye.

When the trial it was ended, the cheers would reach the sky,
To think she was victorious, each heart was filled with joy,
While Yelverton was in a rage, he began to stamp and swear,
He dashed his hat against the ground, and then he tore his hair.

The like of her before a court was never in our day,
She conquered this bold major, tho' he fought at the Crimea.
The gallant men of Dublin, as you all know right well,
They drew her in her carriage, all along to the hotel.

She nobly did address them, and this to them did say,
"I thank you for the kindness you have shown me this day,
The sweet city of Dublin, I always will adore,
I'll claim myself an Irish woman, now, and evermore."

Yelverton he may go home, and sorely rue his sad fate,
And repent for all he's guilty of, before it is too late,
If our loyal Dublin females could catch him by surprise,
They'd make him curse and rue the day he ever had two wives.

Now to conclude and finish, those verses I will end,
Long live the judge and jury, who this lady did befriend,
According to the Irish laws they brought the verdict home,
And they proved the marriage lawful of the holy Church of Rome.

1829

THE

CARRIER'S ADDRESS

TO THE PATRONS OF THE

BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER.

Time's flight! how swiftly passeth on
His restless wing! day after day
Rolls onward, and our years are gone,
As if with lightning speed away.

A year! and we have seen young Spring,
With cheeks like those of bashful Love,
From the mild South her offering bring,
Of early buds and tendrils wove.

The warm-eyed Summer too hath smil'd,
And bless'd us as she hastened by;
And Autumn,—vine-clad Autumn,—pil'd
Our garners with abundance high.

And now hath rugged Winter come,
Kindly, although with frosty look;—
Check'd is the busy mill-wheel's hum,
And hush'd the flow of stream and brook.

The blazing hearth pile high, pile high!
And let the evening sports begin;
Without, the wind sings lustily,
As answering to the mirth within.

But many a heart doth sadly dwell
Upon the by-gone year,—for grief
And care o'er them have wrought their spell,—
Their emblem is the faded leaf.

They weep the ties that Death hath broken,—
Their throbbing pulses know not rest;
Their agony may not be spoken,—
Peace to the troubled mourner's breast!

The strong tree and the humble flower,
Which the lone hill-side giveth birth,
The fair-hair'd maid,—the man of power—
All have one common home,—the earth.

Yet why indulge the sombre thought?
If life be but a narrow span,
And *must* with many ills be fraught,
Let's bravely bear them,—for we can.

THE CARRIER greets you with his song,—
His honest wish is written here,—
May countless joys around you throng,
And render this A HAPPY YEAR!

January 1, 1829.

NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS,

R P P Burton

OF THE

CARRIER OF THE DAILY ADVERTISER,

TO HIS

FRIENDS AND PATRONS.

Why should we hail the new born Year?
Why, hand in hand, each other cheer?
Is it because Time's ceaseless wave,
Has thrown us nearer to the grave,
Through which we pass to better life,
Secure from sorrow, toil, and strife?
Is it because the year's that's flown,
Has borne no mark, which we must own,
Of crime, or folly?—No lament
For talents wasted, time mispent?
'Tis not for *this* we hail the year;
But 'tis because, *we still are here*,
Have 'scaped the deaths that lurk around,
Still find ourselves above the ground.
We have no time to look behind;
What's done, is done;—so never mind
The past;—so say the world; to chide
Is profitless; I'll with the tide.
Kind friends, 'tis wise to go with you;
Good bye *Old Year*, Welcome! the New!
In this glad day of friendly greeting,
Each to the other still repeating
The kindliest Wish for every joy,
Wilt hear the *Wish of Carrier* BOY?
And first, I would that all who choose
To read my rhyme for lack of news,
Would please give me *a quarter dollar*,
I want to buy *a black silk collar*.
'Tis dandy smart; 'Tis all the go;
Saves soap, and time; the dirt won't show;
It holds *unseen* a whole year's dirt,
And, better still, *it saves a shirt!*
Another weighty reason is,
It makes a very *martial* PHIZ!
And next *five seals* I wish to buy
Upon a chain to hang (if I
Can get a watch) I will not tax
My friends for sticks of sealing wax,
I've nought to seal;—like dandies fine,
I only want my seals *to shine*.
I've one more wish, 'tis for a PIN;
(Wherewith some fair one's heart to win,
A wish more dear to me than all are)
To sparkle in my black silk collar.
But wishes for myself I've seen,
Won't bring me one poor pistareen;
I'll throw these in, and wish for you,
Things excellent, and somewhat new—
I wish that *Christians* were agreed,
To let alone each other's *creed*,
And by their modes of life to show,
They always *practise* what they know;
To act by that best rule e'er given,
The way to point from Earth to Heav'n,
In every scene, "TO OTHER'S DO,
AS YOU'D HAVE OTHERS DO TO YOU".
I wish the *great* and *general* COURT,
As wise, as great, who never sport
With power, would, while they may, and can,
Devise, and execute some plan,
T'avert the ills of vice, and crime,
That threaten to be here in time,
Thro' PAUPERS *raised in factories:*
Than this no heavier burthen lies,
On states; no greater moral curse,
Or bootless strain upon the purse;
As *England* feels, and must endure;
For there no statesman finds a cure.
Well speed the spindle, shuttle, wheel,
For private wealth, and public weal;
But let not "LITTLE ONES" be pent,
From early dawn, 'till day is spent,
Where health must wither, mind decay,
'Till they become of VICE, the prey,
Then wear out life in sickly ail,
In grog-shop, begging, poor-house, *jail*.
Hail! BOSTON CITY! happy year,
To YOU; to all, to whom you're dear!
May faction never tear your fame;
Still may your sons revere your name,
Still may they feel no better home
Is found, beneath the azure dome!
May I presume my wish to tell,
That you would still yourself excel,
In enterprise, and deeds of glory,
And sparkle bright in future story?
Long live your POLICE COURT to try
The smallest sort of Crown pleas' fry;—
Well tried they are; *with mercy too*;
Which worthy courts should ever shew,
If ignorance, and idle time,
Give deeds the seemingness of crime;
And still may *wordy* chastisement
Lead *Tyro* "HILL"-*ians* to repent!
And long live *knowing* Mr. REED,
Of whom the Law hath so much need.
His duty often times the worst is,
In doing *ministerial* justice;
Where *zeal*, the RIGHT, may sometimes bury,
HE, catchpole, witness, almost *Jury*.
THAT *jail*, and *Court house*, which now stand
Near Court street, on the city's land,
I wish demolished; and that *there*,
Upon this central, noiseless square,
A structure rise, in Grecian taste,
And simple Grandeur, strong and chaste,
For public uses well designed;
Wherewith there might be well combined,
Apartments for fraternities,
Of every sort, and kind, and size—
I wish the *ropewalks* could renew
Their being, somewhere less in view,
And that the COMMON could extend,
To where the flats, and waters blend.
I wish the *Common* could be made
As smooth as Daddy's razor blade,
As even too, as Grandmaam's silk,
Or cream that lies on last night's milk.
I wish the *hollows* could be filled,
The *swells* cut down; that persons skilled
In ornamenting land with trees,
Might be allowed themselves to please.
The markets, streets, but I've not time
To crowd into my short lined rhyme,
The things wherein 'twere well to *dash*
If you could only get the CASH;
The *Cash*? A million might be had,
As quick as ninepence buys a shad,
The Int'rest and the principal
To be paid off in Annual
Instalments, thro' a Century;
And thus successive progeny,
That now lie hid in Time's long run,
Would take their part of that same fun,
Of PAYING, as they rightly should,
For things, now done for *lasting* GOOD.
I wish the *beaux*, who grace the ball,
Tea parties, and the parties all,
Would dress the *inside* of themselves
With matter, *resting* on the shelves,
Of many a book store in the City,
And be *inside* as *outside* pretty;
Nor waste in dreams, their youthful moons,
On oils, boots, frills, and pantaloons—
Where ladies meet, these comely beaux,
Should sport themselves in shoes and hose;
And who goes first, or later tarries,
Should always take the HAT *he carries.*
DEAR LADIES! white, or brown, still *fair*,
Pray do not let the winter air,
Approach *so much* of your soft skin,
Pray do not dress yourselves so *thin*.
I hate to see the shoulder blade,
Attempt its neighbour's place t'invade;
I sometimes think 'twere fun, to take
Some ice cold water, and to make
It trickle down those twilight shades,
That form 'neath jutting shoulder blades.
I do not like to see that point,
Which forms upon the Elbow joint,
Exposed to light; *it looks so blue*,
And oftentimes of darker hue.
Nor would I see the snow white arm,
Which is, *unclad*, bereft of charm;
Use lace, or muslin, in whose mesh
You'll hide the roughness of *goose flesh*.
And when you dance, pray do not try,
To keep your neck and head awry,
As though you meant to him to put it,
With whom you're in the group to foot it,
That he's unworthy of a glance,
From end to end of the whole dance.
Politte, and complaisantly kind,
Depend on't, you will always find
The Drawing, and the ball room too,
Have most of charm for Beaux and you.
Nor fear that well bred men will see,
In Complaisance, what should not be.
Ye GENTLEMEN! who love to dine
On best of bits, and best of wine,
In Clubs;—or when, a distant friend,
Himself scarce known, may choose to send
An order to convene those hearties,
Who never flinch from any parties;
Or when 'tis held, some *yearly* meeting,
For paying off one's debts for eating,
Whate'er it be; I wish that you,
Would please take heed of what you do.
Don't call upon your *gastric* power,
As though 'twere *vitriol*, to devour
A mass, it never can get through,
But quits; and leaves to prey on you
That self same mass; a deadly foe,
Who will his searching venom show,
In aches, and pains, and fev'rish gout,
Until your *copper* is worn out.—
Enjoy good cheer, feed well; but then
So feed, as still to feed again;
And oh! beware you don't abuse,
*That bonne bouche, white topt** SANTA CRUZ!
And if your Host gives bowls to lave
Your glossy fingers, when you have
Dined like a prince; from finger slops,
Oh! do not fill your weary—
Then squirt into the bowl again,
As whales spout torrents on the main—
I have a thousand wishes more,
You, dearest friends! to lay before;
But first I think it wise to try,
What, these, I've told, will for me buy;
If THIS to my blest sight reveals,
Enough for *collar, pin, and seals*,
I'll hang my harp, until the SUN
Once more his yearly race has run.

*Madeira—white washed casks—imported from Santa Cr

BOSTON, JANUARY 1, 1823.

73

Oxfords Lamentation

IN A

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

OXFORD

AND

LONDON:

Concerning the Dissolution

OF THE

Parliament.

Oxford. WHat is the Pomp and Glory of this World?
How soon is all into Confusion hurl'd!
I, who in Pride, held up my Head of late
With so much Joy, Expectancy and State,
Seeing my Sister Cities of the Land,
Like Servants, at a distance from me stand,
Whilst I Exalted was by King and Court,
Am on a sudden made Dame Fortune's Sport;
And with one Breath am to the Ground thrown down
My Pomp, my Pride, and Glory all is gone:
One puff of Royal Fire away has sent
My Hopes together with the *Parliament*:
Was it for this I laid out so much cost,
To have my Glory in a moment lost?
But few Days since my Conduits did run Wine,
And now as fast they run with Tears salt Brine.

London. *What ho! what sad Nymph, hear I thus complain,*
That makes me my salt showre of Tears refrain?
Am I deceiv'd, or may I my Eyes trust,
Is it my Sister Oxford *in the Dust?*
She who had Rob'd me of my chief Content,
My Hope, my Love, my Joy, my Parliament?

Oxf. O Sister *London* it is I you see,
As sorrowful as e're was *Niobe*;
And now the King and Parliament are gone,
Like her I weep, till I am chang'd to stone.

Lond.

Lond. *Tho' you had rob'd me of my Hope and Joy,*
And sought with Pride my Comfort to destroy.
Yet since my King had will'd you to be great,
I did with Tears and with sad Heart submit;
When I resign'd my Love, and gave you place,
Would you so soon Kill him with your Embrace?
Oxf. Oh name no more your Love, behold my Eyes
They witness that his Death was my surprize;
My Sadness, Tears, and Mourning are too true,
I have a Lovers pangs as well as you.
Against me all my Sisters will be bent,
And 'twill me of my short-Liv'd Parliament,
A meer *Ephemeron* Lover, of a Day,
Appear'd, was seen, then Vanished away;
A *Mushrump*, that in one Night up did spring,
Gather'd ith' Morn, a Sallad for a King;
The Peoples Representives are but Men
Set up by Kings, to be Tip'd down agen;
But, Oh! my Heart is full, I cannot speak,
At me with Scorn, I see your Head you shake;
I'le lay me down by Silver *Isis* side,
And with my Tears increase her Chrystal Lyde.
Lond. *Ah! mournful Nymph you do not grieve alone,*
I weep as well as you our Lover gone;
Beloved Thames *makes Musick to my sigh,*
And with sad voice my side runs murmuring by.
All England *weeps, and doth in Sack-cloath Groan,*
Humber, Trent, Dee, Severn, *and* Meadway *moan*
The loss of our Dead Lover, and we find
Our numerous Cities, to his Memory kind;
Throughout the Land, their Tears like Currents flow,
And in sad murmuring sighs they tell their woe.
Oxf. Oh! Sister when shall ever we be sped?
How soon have we seen two dear Lovers dead,
As if the *Plague*, or *Murrain*, they had got,
They dye like Sheep that's Killed with the Rot.
Assist me now *Melpomeny* to Weep,
Oh! my dear Muses are you all asleep?
You that e're while melodiously did Chant,
Have you no Elegy left fit for Complaint?
Hang up your Harps upon the Willow-Tree,
And sit you down and weep, and weep with me.
Lond. *With you my doleful Sister, I'le bear part,*
For I am griev'd as well as you at Heart:
Let us Embalm with Tears our Lover dead,
Whose Soul is now among the People fled:
His Body's gone, a Shaddow now we weep,
For ever laid in an Eternal *Sleep:*
Weep Sisters of this Isle, and ne'r give o're,
For 'tis in vain to Hope for Lover more:
We ne'r a true kind Lover *e're shall* Wed,
Some evil Dœmon *strikes our Lovers dead;*
And no one with us e're Alive can stay,
Till Raguel *drives the* Evil-Spirit *away.*

FINIS.

Printed for *T. Benskin*, in St. *Brides* Church-Yard, 1681.

Ter Eeuwiger Schande

der

STADT LEYDEN,

Dewelke, door haarer Voor-ouderen Opstant,
en zeer rechtvaardige Wapenen,
de Religie en Vryheyt herstelt hebbende,
En
Door 't ontfangen, en beschermen der
Vluchtelingen, en Ballingen,
merkelijk haar Macht en Rijkdom
vermeerdert hebbende;
Des niet-te-min
Den Achtbaaren Heere THOMAS ARMSTRONG,
een *Nieu-meger* van geboorte,
van afkomst een Onderdaan
der Hoog Mog: Heeren Staaten Generaal,
Die
Het welvaaren van de Vereenigde Nederlanden
meer dan het sijne ter herten nemende,
Wegens
Diensten aan deze Provincien
in 't Parlament van Engelandt
in 't jaar cIↃ IↃ c LXXIII.
gedaan,
In des Konings ongenade is gevallen:
En
Die wegens 't kloekmoedig staande houden
der Vaderlijke Wetten des Rijks,
Nevens
Andere Heeren van zeer Doorluchtigen Geslacht,
Over Landverradery beschuldigt,
En
Van den Heer *Howard van Escrik*
aangeklaagt is.
(Ik betuige u by uwe Trouw,
O Batavieren!
Wat is hy niet een Monster! ja een Schandvlek!
En met wat schelmstukken is hy niet gebrandmerkt!
Daar gyl. ook bewust van zijt!)
Desen braven Heer, THOMAS ARMSTRONG, zegt ik,
W[illegible] houden
van de Gereformeerde Religie,
En van de Vryheydt van 't Volk van Engelandt,
Uyt dat Rijk vlugtig,
En
Tot CLEEF beleefdelijk ontfangen,
Doch tot LEYDEN tot sijn ongeluck een nacht
in 't passeeren meinende te herbergen,
door den *Opper Schout*, (die schaamte
en eer min dan gelt acht)
voor 5000. guldens gehuurt,
Met bewilliging, of ten minsten met stilswijgen
van den Raadt,
Ter begeerte van den Ambassadeur
des Konings van Engelandt,
Schandelijk gegrepen en gevangen heeft.
En
den Manhaftigen Welgeboornen Man,
Snoodelijk geboeyt,
Verraaderlijk aan sijn Vyanden
(Om hem tot een gewisse doodt
in Engelandt over te voeren)
overgelevert heeft.

Heeft *'t gantsche Menschelijk Geslacht*,
Selfs
Met toestemming van de Koning van Engelandt,
(Die 't Verraadt wel goedt keurt,
maar den Verrader haatet)
Dit tot *Eeuwige Gedenkenis*,
Te schryven en op te richten,
Goedt gevonden en geboden.

THE Protestant Dissenters LETANY,

Occasioned by a late Pamphlet falsly call'd, ~~the Loyal Letany~~

FRom *Rom's* Tiranizing o'r Kingdomes and Kings
From Religion that Murther and Massacre brings
From *TREASON* styl'd *Merit* and such dreadful things,
Libera nos Domine.

From Poysoning of Princes i'th bles'd Sacrament
From Eighty Eight's Torments that *Spain* did invent
From Blowing up Parliaments by Hell's consent
Lib. &c.

From whipping of Monarchs to please a base Monk
From those who at Villanies never yet shrunk
And from the vile Strumpet with Saints blood made drunk
Lib. &c.

From *Piedmont*, *Bohemia* and *waldences* late
From such as do strive to raise War and Debate
And with burning of Martyrs themselves Recreate
Lib. &c.

From Damn'd Inquisitions and Massacring Knives
From deflowring our Daughters and Ravishing our Wives
From ripping up Wombs to destroy Infants Lives
Lib. &c.

From Firing of Cities to quench them with blood
From Adoring of Pictures and Statues of Wood
From praying to Saints and Blaspheming of God
Lib. &c.

From Marean dayes and a Smithfield Rounds Sweat,
From the Stakes and the Faggotts that there would be set
If the *Pope* and the *Papist* the upper Hand get,
Lib. &c.

From Jesuits who still in close Ambush do lye,
From such who known truth to the last do deny,
And in hopes of Saintship do most Perjur'd dye.
Lib. &c.

From *Godfrey's* sad usage, and that which was meant
To conforming Protestants, and those that dissent,
From three Nations bleeding to give *Rome* Content.

Lib. &c.

From Bosom friends that our lives would betray,
From such as their Detrestations won'd pay;
From those the *Pope's* Curse can Compell to obey

Lib. &c.

From such as their trust with their Conscience do sell,
From TORY'S whose work's to persuade us, Rebell:
And from all those who of Popery smell.

Lib. &c.

From evil Counsellors, if such there be,
From those that wou'd Conscience-chain which shou'd be free,
From all Superstition and Idolatry

Lib. &c.

From Plotts and Sham-Plotts good Subjects to wrong
From those who to wade in our blood do think long
From Mass and from turning our Prayers to a Song.

Lib. &c.

From factions of *France* and their murthering Arms,
From Secret Impoysonings, and Mischevious Charms,
From Roman Locusts, with which *England* Swarms.

Lib. &c.

From all the Devices the Pope can contrive,
From those that do seek to devour us alive:
From all those Villains that by Murther trive.

Lib. &c.

From our Worship being turn'd into noise and loud Cants,
From Bowing to Pictures and praying to Saints,
From making a God of what each Block-head Paints.

Lib. &c.

From smiling upon us and cutting our Throats,
From such as a Saintship for Treason *Rome* Votes:
From those who from side to side still shifts their Coats.

Lib. &c.

From Romish Merchants Extortioning Jews,
Who deceiv'd us of Coyn to maintain the Popes Stews,
And from those the Oath of Supremacy refuse.

Lib. &c

Printed for B. B. 1681.

The Catholick Ballad:

OR AN

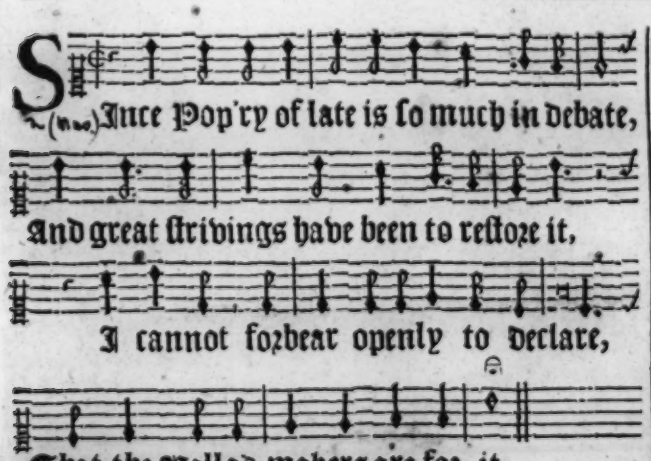
INVITATION

TO

POPERY,

Upon considerable Grounds and Reasons.

To the Tune of 88.



We'l dispute no more then, these Heretical men
Have exposed our Books unto laughter,
So that many do say, 'twill be the best way
To sing for the Cause hereafter.

O the Catholic Cause! now assist me my Muse,
How earnestly do I desire thee!
Neither will I pray to St. Bridget to day,
But only to thee to inspire me.

Whence should Purity come, but from Catholic Rome?
I wonder much at your folly?
For St. Peter was there, and left an old Chair,
Enough to make all the world holy.

For this sacred old wood is so excellent good,
If our Doctors may be believed,
That whoever sits there needs never more fear
The danger of being deceived.

If the Devil himself should (God bless us) get up
Though his nature we know to be evil,
Yet whilst he sat there, as divers will swear,
He would be an infallible Devil.

Now who sits in this Seat, but our Father the Pope?
Which is a plain demonstration,
As clear as noon-day, we are in the right way,
And all others are dwm'd to damnation.

If this will not suffice, yet to open your eyes,
Which are blinded with bad Education;
We have Arguments plenty, & Miracles twenty
Enow to convince a whole Nation.

If you give but good heed, you shall see the Host bleed,
And if any thing can perswade ye,
An Image shall speak, or at least it shall squeak
In the honour of our Lady.

You shall see without doubt the Devil cast out,
As of old by Erra Pater;
He shall skip about and tear like a dancing Bear
When he feels the Holy Water.

If yet doubtful you are, we have Reliques most rare,
We can shew you the sacred Manger;
Several loads of the Cross as good as ere was
To preserve your souls from danger.

Should I tell you of all, it would move a stone-wall,
But I spare you a little for pity,
That each one may prepare, and rub up his ear,
For the second part of my Ditty.

LONDON: Printed for *Henry Brome*, at the Gun at the

The Second Part to the same Tune.

NOw listen again to those things that remain
They are matters of weight, I assure you,
And the first thing I say, throw your Bibles a-
'Tis impossible else for to cure you. (way,

O that pestilent Book! never on it more look,
I wish I could sing it out louder:
It has done more men harm, I here boldly affirm
Than th' Invention of Guns and Powder.
(saith,

As for matters of Faith, believe what the Church
But for Scripture leave that to the Learned;
For these are edge tools, & you Laymen are fools,
If you touch them y'are sure to be harmed.
(stir?

But pray what is it for, that you make all this
You must read, you must hear and be learned:
If you'l be on our part, we will teach you an Art,
That you need not be so much concerned.
(don

Be the Churches good son and your work is half
After that you may do your own pleasure:
If your Beads you can tell, and say Ave Mary
Never doubt of the heavenly treasure. (well

For the Pope keeps the Keys, and can do what he
And without all peradventure, (please
If you cannot at the fore, yet at the back-door
Of Indulgence you may enter.

But first by the way you must make a short stay
At a place called Purgatory,
Which the Learned us tell, in the buildings of
Is about the middlemost Story. (Hell,

'Tis a monstrous hot place & a mark of disgrace
In the torment on't long to endure:
None are kept there but fools & poor pitiful souls
Who can no ready money procure.

For a handsom round sum you may quickly be
For the Church has wisely ordein'd, (gon,
That they who build Crosses and pay well for
Should not there be too long detein'd. (Masses

So that 'tis a plain case, as the nose on ones face,
We are in the surest condition.
And none but poor fools & some niggardly owls
need fall into utter perdition.

What aileth you then, O ye great and rich men,
That you will not hearken to reason,
Since as long as y'have pence y'need scruple no
Be it Murther, Adultery, Treason. (offence.

(things common,
And ye sweet-natur'd Women, who hold all
My addresses to you are most hearty,
And to give you your due, you are to us most true
And we hope we shall gain the whole party.

If you happen to fall, your Penance is small,
And although you cannot forgo it,
We have for you a cure, if of this you be sure
To confess before you go to it.

There is one reason yet, which I cannot omit,
To those who affect the French Nation,
Pereby we advance the Religion of France,
The Religion that's only in fashion.

If these reasons prevail, (as how can they fail?)
To have Popery entertain'd,
You cannot conceive, and will hardly believe,
What benefits hence may be gain'd.

For the Pope shall us bless (that's no small hap-
And again we shall see restored (piness)
The Italian Trade, which formerly made
This Land to be so much adored.
(things,

O the Pictures and Rings, the Beads and fine
The good words as sweet as honey,
All this and much more shall be brought to our
For a little dull English money. (door

Then shall Justice and Love, and whatever can
Be restored again to our Britain. (move
And Learning so common, that every old wo-
Shall say her Prayers in Latin. (man
(shall obey,

Then the Church shall bear sway, and the State
Which is now lookt upon as a wonder,
And the proudest of Kings, with all temporal
Shall submit and truckle under. (things

And the Parliament too, who have tak'n us to do
And have handled us with so much terror,
May chance on that score ('tis no time to say more)
They may chance to acknowledge their error.

If any man yet shall have so little wit
As still to be refractory,
I swear by the Mass, he is a meer Ass,
And so there's an end of a Story.

FINIS.

---

the West-end of St. *Paul*'s Church-yard. MDCLXXVIII.

FLORIANA.

A PASTORAL,

Upon the Death of Her Grace THE Duchess of Southampton.

Damon. TEll me, my *Thyrsis*, tell thy *Damon* why
Do's my lov'd Swain in this sad posture lie?
What mean these streams still falling from thine eyes,
Fast as those sighs from thy swoln bosom rise?
Has the fierce Wolf broke through the fenced Ground?
Have thy Lambs stray'd? or has *Dorinda* frown'd?
Thyrsis. The Wolf? Ah! let him come, for now he may;
Have my Lambs stray'd? let 'em for ever stray:
Dorinda frown'd? No, She is ever mild;
Nay, I remember but just now She smil'd:
Alas! She smild; for to the Lovely Maid
None had the fatal Tidings yet convey'd:
Tell me then Shepherd, tell me canst thou find
As long as thou art true, and She is kind,
A Grief so great, as may prevail above
Even *Damon*'s Friendship, or *Dorinda*'s Love?

Damon. Sure there is none. *Thyrſ.* But, *Damon*, there may be:
What if the charming *Floriana* die?
Damon. Far be the Omen! *Thyrſ.* Alas! But ſuppoſe it true.
Damon. Then ſhould I grieve my *Thyrſis*, more than you.
She is——*Thyrſ.* She was, but is no more;
Now, *Damon*, now, let thy ſwoln eyes run o're:
Here to this Turf by thy ſad *Thyrſis* grow,
And when my ſtreams of Grief too ſhallow flow,
Let in thy Tide to raiſe the Torrent high,
Till both a Deluge make, and in it die.
Damon. Then that to this wiſht height the Floud might ſwell,
Friend, I will tell thee. *Thyrſ.* Friend, I thee will tell,
How young, how good, how beautiful She fell.
Oh! She was all for which fond Mothers pray,
Bleſſing their Babes when firſt they ſee the Day.
Beauty and She were one; for in her face
Sate Sweetneſs temper'd with Majeſtick Grace;
Such powerful Charms as might the proudeſt awe,
Yet ſuch attractive goodneſs as might draw
The Humbleſt, and to both give equal Law.
How was She wondred at by every Swain?
The Pride, the Light, the Goddeſs of the Plain:
On all She ſhin'd, and ſpreading glories caſt,
Diffuſive of her ſelf, where e're She paſt,
There breath'd an Air ſweet as the winds that blow
From the bleſt Shoars where fragrant Spices grow:
Even me ſometimes She with a Smile would grace,
Like the Sun ſhining on the vileſt place.
Nor did *Dorinda* barr me the Delight
Of feaſting on her eyes my longing Sight:
But to a Being ſo ſublime, ſo pure,
Spar'd my devotion, of my Love ſecure.
Damon. Her Beauty ſuch: but Nature did deſign
That only as an anſwerable Shrine
To the Divinity that's lodg'd within.
Her Soul ſhin'd through, and made her form ſo bright,
As Clouds are gilt by the Sun's piercing Light.
In her ſmooth forehead we might read expreſt
The even Calmneſs of her gentle Breaſt:
And in her ſparkling Eyes as clear was writ
The active vigour of her youthful Wit.

Each

Each Beauty of the Body or the Face
Was but the Shadow of ſome inward Grace.
Gay, ſprightly, chearful, free and unconfin'd
As Innocence could make it, was her Mind;
Yet prudent, though not tedious nor ſevere,
Like thoſe, who being dull, would grave appear:
Who out of guilt do Chearfulneſs deſpiſe,
And being ſullen, hope men think 'em wiſe.
How would the liſtning Shepherds round her throng,
To catch the words fell from her charming Tongue!
She all with her own Spirit and Soul inſpir'd,
Her they all lov'd, and her they all admir'd.
Even mighty *Pan*, whoſe powerful Hand ſuſtains
The Sovereign Crook that mildly awes the Plains,
Of's tend'reſt Cares made her the chiefeſt part;
And great *Loviſa* lodg'd her in her Heart.
Thyrſis. Who would not now a ſolemn Mourning keep,
VVhen *Pan* himſelf and fair *Loviſa* weep?
VVhen thoſe bleſt Eyes by the kind gods deſign'd
To cheriſh Nature, and delight Mankind,
All drown'd in Tears, melt into gentler Showers
Than *April* drops upon the Infant Flowers;
Such Tears as *Venus* for *Adonis* ſhed,
VVhen at her feet the Lovely Youth lay dead;
About her, all her little weeping Loves
Ungirt her *Ceſtos* and unyoakt her Doves.
Damon. Come pious Nymphs, with fair *Loviſa* come,
And viſit gentle *Floriana*'s Tomb;
And as you walk the Melancholy Round,
VVhere no unhallowed feet prophane the ground,
VVith your chaſt hands freſh flowers and odours ſhed
About her laſt obſcure and ſilent Bed;
Still praying as you gently move your feet,
Soft be her Pillow, and her Slumbers ſweet.
Thyrſis. See where they come, a mournful lovely Train,
As ever wept on fair *Arcadia's* Plain:
Loviſa mournful far above the reſt,
In all the Charms of beauteous Sorrow dreſt:
Juſt are her Tears, when She reflects how ſoon
A Beauty, ſecond only to her own,
Flouriſht, lookt gay, was wither'd, and is gone!

Damon. O She is gone! gone like a new-born flower,
That deck'd ſome Virgin-Queens delicious Bower;
Torn from the Stalk by ſome untimely blaſt,
And 'mongſt the vileſt weeds and rubbiſh caſt:
But flowers return, and coming Spring diſcloſe,
The Lilly white, and more freſh the Roſe;
But no kind Seaſon back her Charms can bring,
And *Floriana* has no ſecond Spring.

Thyrſis. O She is ſet! ſet like the falling Sun;
Darkneſs is round us, and glad Day is gone!
Alas! the Sun that's ſet, again will riſe,
And gild with richer Beams the Morning-Skies:
But Beauty, though as bright as they it ſhines,
VVhen its ſhort glory to the Weſt declines,
O there's no hope of the returning Light;
But all is long Oblivion, and eternal Night.

FINIS.

LONDON, Printed for *Samuel Cooke*, 1681.

R.D.

K litany

The Loyal Letany:

FRom a new model'd Jesuit in a Scotch Bonnet,
With a Mass under's sleeve and a Covenant on it
From Irish Sedition blone out of French Sonnet,
Libera nos Dom.

From Conspiring at *Yoes* and Caballing at Mews,
From Sr. Gutts holy Tub of Uncircumcized Jews
From Gibbet and Halter which will be their dues.
Lib. &c.

From a Parliament man rak'd out of the Embers
From Knights that haunt Counters and Lunatick Members,
From Presbiters *Januaries* and Papist *Novembers*,
Lib. &c.

From hugging a Witch and consulting the Devil,
From Welch Repermanes which are something uncivil
From the touch of a Scot to cure the Kings Evil.
Lib. &c.

From the mutinous Clamours of such as raise fears
From those that wou'd set us together by the Ears
Who still for the Shipwrack of Monarchy steers,
Lib. &c.

From Rebellion wrapt up in an humble Petition
From the crafty intregues of a Suttle Politition
From a *Geneva* Divine and a *Stafford's* Phisitian,
Lib. &c.

From serving great *Charles* as his Father before
And disinheriting of *York* without why or wherefore
And from such as *Absolon* has been or more.
Lib. &c.

From denying the King that which is his right
From Cashiering of Members for faults very light
From the troublesome Searches of a Monyless Knight.
Lib. &c.

From Libelling the Government and Actions of Kings
From vindicating Sectaries in illegal things
From encouraging Faction which Rebellion brings.
Lib. &c.

From murmering for sending the Parliament home
From chosing Fanaticks to sit in their room
That the actions of forty may not be our doom,
Lib. &c.

From late Irish Massacres by Papists done,
From Seditious Cut Throats which thing is all one.
From murthering the father and banishing the Son.

Lib. &c.

From putting three Towns to the Sword in Coole blood,
From robbing and spoiling the Land for its good,
From Cloaking their Crimes with a Warrant from God.

Lib. &c.

From shrouding all Villanies under the cause,
From making us happy by giving Sword Laws,
From trampling o'th Mitre and Crown with Applause.

Lib. &c.

From Hunting the King and abjuring his Race,
From cleansers of Bung holes Usurping his place,
From preachers in Tubbs that are void of all Grace.

Lib. &c.

From Vulcanes Treasons late fog'd by the Fan,
From starving of Mice to be Parliament man,
From his Copper face that dissolve all things can.

Lib. &c.

From unbridling the Faction the King to dismount,
From giving for each thing to Subject account,
From letting P's Dominere as they were wont.

Lib. &c.

From voting Lords useless and dangerously Ill,
From hanging of B---- up for dropping the Bill,
From letting Fanaticks have too much their will.

Lib, &c.

From purging the House to obstruct our free choice
From resolving the King to Oppose with one voice,
From such that at mischief do daily rejoyce,

Lib. &c.

From all the Seditious that love not the King,
From such as a Civill War once more would bring,
Deliver us good Lord let each true Subject sing.

Lib. &c.

R.D.

THE Country-mans Complaint, AND Advice to the KING.

WE only can admire those happy times
Of Innocence, unskill'd in Laws and Crimes;
When Gods were known by Blessings, owned by Prayer,
And 'twas no part of Worship for to swear:
Clearer than Fountains, and more free than those,
Impartial Truth they all to each disclose.
To hear and to believe were strictly joyn'd,
And Speech thus answer'd what it first design'd.
But Oh unhappy state of Humane kind!
Nought dreadful now our Awe, or Faith can bind.
Vows and Religions are but bare pretence,
Oaths are found out to shackle Innocence,
And Laws must serve a perjur'd Impudence,
Tumults address for Blood, Witness for Hire deceives,
And Judge is forc'd to Sentence what he neire believes.
All Truth and Justice, blushingly withdraw,
Leaving us nothing but the Form of Law:
Whereby Rogues profligate and hardned in their Vice
Proscribe all Loyal men, as factions raise their price.
Poor Land! whose Folly to swift Ruine tends,
Despis'd by Foes, unaided by its Friends.
In vain does Heaven her Fiery Comets light,
We stifle th' Evidence, and still grope in night:
Baffled by Fools, betray'd by perjur'd Knaves,
Rather than Subjects, we'll be branded Slaves:

And

And by a vain purſuit of airy Bliſs,
Forfeit ſubſtantial real Happineſs;
Change Monarchy (from all oppreſſion free)
Religion, and its Native Purity,
True Freedom, without lawleſs Liberty:
For thouſand Maſters, worſt of Tyranny,
For frantick Zeal, formal Hypocriſie,
For Licence to rude rabbles, Hell and Slavery;
And all this wrought by old known Cheats and Rooks,
Gods! to be twice Cajol'd by Cants and Looks!
Sots, worſe than Brutes, to run into that Net
We ſee, and know for our deſtruction ſet!

To the KING.

ARiſe, O thou once Mighty *Charles*, ariſe,
Diſpel thoſe miſts that cloud thy piercing Eyes;
Read o're thy Martyr'd Father's Tragick Story,
Learn by his Murder, different ways to glory.
How fatal 'tis, by him is underſtood,
To yield to Subjects, when they thirſt for Blood,
And cloak their black deſigns with Publick Good.
As thou art God-like by thy *Pity*, ſhow
That thou art God-like by thy *Juſtice* too:
Leſt we ſhould count thy greateſt Vertue, Vice,
And call thy Mercy, ſervile Cowardiſe.
Of old, when daring Giants ſkal'd the Skie,
The King of Gods ne're laid his Thunder by,
To hear Addreſſes for their Property.
But quell'd *His* Rebels by a ſtroke Divine,
And left example how to deal with *Thine*.

Printed in the Year, 1681.

H. H. 1 R.D

PROLOGUE

To the *Northern Lass*. By *J. H.* Jo: Haines

IF any here, this Prologue, does cry down,
Henceforth I'le not allow one Wit i'th' Town:
As Houses haunted with ill Spirits, are
All Noise, and Lies, such, is our *Theatre*.
Ye talk of *Wits*, the Devil a *Wit* is here.
Wherefore to let you know
What Wit is not, I think can't be amiss,
For no man here, I'me sure, *knows* what it is.

First then,

Wit is no *Scarf* upon *Phantastick* Hips,
Nor an *affected Cringe*, t'approach the *Lips*.
'Tis not, *I gad*, *O Lord*, or, *let me die*,
Nor is it *Damme* ye *Son of a Whore*, ye *Lie*:
'Tis not to tell how lewd you were last Night,
What *Watches*, *Wenches*, *Windows* felt your spite;
Nor is it an abusive Epilogue,
Nor being Drunk, and cry, *more Wine ye Dog*:
'Tis not the *Pert*, *Dull*, *Nonsense*, e'ry day
Ye teaze the *Gallery Nymphs* with, who t' each Play,
Like *Weavers*, with unlawfull *Engines*, come
And manage *twenty Shuttles* with one *Loom*;
Whilst honest *labourers* that use but one,
For want of work, lie *still*, and are undone:
'Tis not your *Scholar*, *Trav'ler*, nor *Math'matician*,
Poet, nor *Player*, and faith 'tis no *Physician*:
Were I now *clapt* I were in a sweet *condition*.
'Tis none of these, that, singly, *Wit* can be,
But all in one man meeting 's, Wit; *that's Me*.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. Butler.

Gentlemen,

WHEN this Old Play first came upon the Stage,
You see 'twas Gen'ral Lust, a Whoring Age.
And youre Forefathers, in those Grandame days,
Kind, much like you for Wit, and Verse praise.
Wherefore I mean t'advise you all to Night:
Give good attention, Sparks, and profit by't.
I've long since observ'd, with mighty grief of mind,
You're like my Knight, to Widows much inclin'd!
They're grown a common Vice, Match-maker sell 'em;
Ugly or Old some buy 'em, others steal 'em.
Consider by a Youth, well Made, well bred,
Much in his Veins, though little in his Head,
Shou'd quit Delights, yet hardly tast enjoy'd,
Shou'd be so soon with Love's sweet Manna cloy'd,
And on that Naucious bit, a Widow, venter,
That rank *Egyptian* Flesh-pot with a Joynter.
A Widow! what's a Widow? Let me see,
Nothing so like a Sapless hollow Tree.
And thus the Parallel most aptly holds,
The Schreech-Owl's in her Branches when she scolds.
She with much Mossy rottenness o'regrown,
From her late Husband's and her own,
Who weeds her lives a Prisoner in a Tomb,
Decay'd, disquiet, and I'll smell his Boom.
Hee's haunted all the Day with jealous Sprights,
And horrid, due Benevolence a Nights:
The poor endeav'ring Creature does his best,
Yet the foul Fiend, as greedy as before,
Still with unsatiate Fury, yells out more.
Which Curse light on you all for your deceiving,
While we poor Younlings are too much believing,
He who next wrongs a kind yielding Maid,
Too apt, by specious Oaths to be betray'd,
In recompence for Spoils so basely got,
That bottomless pit of Widow be his Lot.

Printed for C. Corbet *at the* Oxford-Arms *in* Warwick-lane. 1684.

R.D.

A POEM ON THE Present Assembling OF THE PARLIAMENT.

March the 6th. 1678.

BREAK, Sacred *Morn*, on our expecting Isle;
And make our *Albion*'s sullen *Genius* smile;
His Brightest Glories let the Sun Display,
He Rose not with a more important Day
Since *CHARLES* Return'd on his Triumphant way:
Gay as a Bridegroom then our Eyes he drew,
And now seems Wedded to his Realms anew.
Great Senate, hast, to joyn your Royal Head,
Best Councell by the best of Monarchs swai'd:
Methinks our Fears already are o're-blown,
And on our *Enemies Coast* their Terrour thrown.

Darlings of Fame, you *British Bards* that *wrote*,
Of Old, as *warmly* as our Heroes *fought*,
Aid me a bold Advent'rer for the Fame
O'th' *British State*, and Touch me with your Flame;

Steep my rude Quill in your diviner Stream,
And raiſe my Daring Fancy to my Theam.
Give me th' Heroick Wings------ to Soar as High
As *Icarus* did, I wou'd like *Icarus* Die!

Now I behold the bright Aſſembly Met,
And 'bove the Reſt our Sacred Monarch Set,
Charm'd with the dazling Scene, without a Crime,
My Thoughts reflect on th' *Infancy* of Time,
And wrap me in *Idea's* moſt Sublime.
I think how at the new Creation, Sate
Th' Eternal Monarch in his Heaven's freſh State;
The *Stars* yet wondring at each others *Fires*,
And all the Sons of Glory Rankt in Quires.

Hail, awfull Patriots, *Peers by Birth*, and you
The *Commons*, for high Vertues, *Noble* too!
The Firſt by *Heav'n*, in this Aſſembly plac't,
And by *Heav'ns Voice*, the People's *Votes* the Laſt.

As Various Streams from diſtant Regions fall,
And in the Deep their general Council call;
Conveying thence Supplies to their firſt Source,
And fail not to maintain their rowling Courſe:
Our Senate thus, from every Quarter Call'd,
And in Compleat Aſſembly Here Inſtall'd,
Shall deal their Influence to each Province round,
And in our *Iſle* no Barren Spot be found.

Juſtice

Justice as plenteous as our *Thames* shall Flow
In Peace the Sailer Steer, and Peasant Plow.
From Foreign wrongs safe shall our *Publick* be,
And *Private Rights* from Home Oppressours free:
Degrees observ'd, Customs and Laws obey'd,
Dues, less through *Force*, than *Fear* of *Scandal*, paid.

Proceed, brave Worthies then, to your Debates;
Nor to Decree alone our Private Fates,
But to Judge Kingdoms and Dispose of *States*.
From You, their Rise, or Downfall, they assume,
Expecting from our *Capitol* their Doom:
You Form their Peace and War, as You approve
They close in Leagues, or to fierce Battele move.

And though the Pride of *France* has swell'd so high
A Warlike Empire's Forces to Defie,
To crush th' United Lands Confed'rate Pow'r,
And silence the loud *Belgian Lion*'s Roar;
Yet let their Troops in *Silent Triumph* come
From Vanquisht Fields, and *steal* their Trophies Home;
Take care their Cannon at *Just Distance* Roar,
Nor with too near a *Volley* rouze our *Shore*;
Lest our disdaining Islanders Advance
With Courage taught *long since* to Conquer *France*,
Seizing at Once their Spoils of many a Year,
And Cheaply Win what they oft bought *too Dear*:
Their late Success but juster *Fear* affords,
For they are now grown Worthy of our Swords.

Howe're

Howe're 'tmuſt be confeſt, the *Gallick Pow'rs*
Can ne're Engage on *Equal Terms* with *Ours*.
In *Nature* we have th' Odds, they Dread, we Scorn,
The *Engliſh* o're the *French* are Conq'rors *Born*.

The Terrour ſtill of our Third EDWARD's Name
Rebukes their Pride, and Damps their tow'ring Fame;
Nor can the Tide of many rouling Years
Waſh the ſtain'd Fields of *Creſſey* and *Poictiers*.
A pointed Horrour ſtrikes their Boſomes ſtill,
When they ſurvey that famous, fatall *Hill*,
Where EDWARD with his Hoſt Spectator ſtood,
And left the *Prince* to make the Conqueſt good.
The *Eagle* thus from her fledg'd Young withdraws,
Truſts 'em t'engage whole Troops of *Kites* and *Daws*.
Nor has the black Remembrance left their Breſt
How our Fifth HARRY to their *Paris* preſt,
Whilſt *France* wept Blood for their hot *Dauphin*'s Jeſt.
We forc't their Cavalry their Foot t'ore-run,
As Tides withſtood, bear their own Billows down:
Such was the Virtue of our *Anceſtours*,
And ſuch, on juſt Reſentment, ſhall be *Ours*;
Our Temper'd Valour juſt *Pretence* requires,
As *Flints* are Struck, before they ſhew their *Fires*.

FINIS.

R.D.

K Causa

Causæ Veteris EPITAPHIUM IN ANTECESSUM, AB Anonymo Autore SCRIPTUM.

{Quicquid agunt *BRUTI*, *Clamores*, Sibila, *Rixæ*,
{*Latratus*, *Rabies*, brevis est farrago Libelli.

QUOD *Felix Faustúmque* sit *Monarchiæ*,
Nec non
Regiminis Monarchici Assertoribus
Citrà Spem *Resurgendi*
Hic sita erit (brevi) *CAUSA VETUS* non *Bona*:
Quæ
Anno CIↃ IↃCXL^me^. Primo
Tentavit Tria *Regna*, Tria *Corrupit*;
Fidem Promisit Principi, pactam Violavit;
Pietatem Professa est, & Abdicavit;
Ecclesiam præ se tulit, & Posthabuit;
Pacem Prætexuit, *Bellum* dedit Iniquissimum;
Regem Cladibus, *Regios* Oneribus oppressit;
Arrisit *Pessimis*, Irrisit *Optimos*:
Omnibus nocuit.
Pythonissa in *Templo*, *seditiosa* in *Regno*,
Larvata in *Synodo*, *Perduellis* in *Concilio*,
Prædatrix in *Prælio*:
Anglorum in *Pace* (juxtà) ac *Bello Hostis*.
Salutem Rerum Publicam primo turbavit, mox evertit;
Et *Hujus* ope vidimus
Abscindi Caput *Regium*,
FRÆNARE Concives *Olivarium*,
Dominari in *Optimates PLEBEM*.

Quid egerit velis ? Pauca è multis audies :
Oravit, Devoravit, Latrocinia ex ercuit ;
Regum Palatia, Clericorum Præda, Nobilium Latifundia
Hiante Ore, Latrante Stomacho , Canino Morſu
Deglutivit.
In *Præcidaneas* *Sacræ Cædis*) *Hoſtias*
Cecidit, (porum Principem,
Hinc *Straffordium* Hiberniæ Proregem, Inde *Laudium* Epiſco-
Utroſque (ſine Culpâ) *Optimos*, (ſine Exemplo) *Maximos.*
Religionem *Reformatum* ivit, & *Peſſundedit* ;
Epiſcopos ejècit Templis, & induxit *Equos* ;
Choriſtas omnes expulit, immiſit *Hiſtriones* ;
Cathedras Præſepibus, *Tubis Organa* mutavit ;
Evangelium Pacis reſpuit, admiſit *ARMATUM* :
Gentem *Diſſidiis*, Urbem *Furiis*, Aulam Regiam *Clamoribus*,
Synodum *Zelo*, Senatum *Faſtu*, Popellum *Rabie* inſerſit ;
Incendio Omnia miſcuit, ut *Civilem Flammam* premeret ;
Tyrannidem exagitavit, ut Imperaret *Ipſa* pro *ARBITRIO* ;
Malignorum Regios, *Sanctorum* Perduelles Titulo notavit ;
Salutem Regiam præfata eſt, mox *Sacrum* abſcidit *Caput*,
Ut (ex mente *Fœderis*, *Fideique Publicæ*) eundem redderet
(Non niſi) *Martyrio Glorioſum.*

Cæsâ (Barbarè) *Regali* Victimâ, exulante *Filio*,
Cœlum ipſum Precibus, *Pios* Religione Fictâ delaſſavit.
Perduelles Socios ad *Aſtra* extulit, *Regiis Solum* invidit ;
Nonnullos *Carceribus* incluſit, Alios ad *Inſulas* ablegavit ;
Pretium *Sceleris Diademata*, *Fidelitatis Cruces* ſtatuit ;
Feminas *Annulis* ac *Monilibus*, Maritos *Vaſis Aureis Argenteiſq*;
Emunxit ;
Hujúſque ſub Auſpiciis
In *Conciliis* floruit, in *Suggeſtis* Triumphavit
Clericorum Dedecus & *Carcinóma*,
Pantomimon (in Sacris) *Coryphæus*
Bipedum Nequiſſimus
HUGO PETRIUS.
Refixo (piè) Rerum ac Religionis *Statu*,
(Nè *Solida* deeſſent *Fulcra* ac Tibicines
Qui Novum Hoc *CHAOS* ſuſtentarent)
Selegit
De *Fæce* Plebis *Dominos*, de *Subulâ* Pares,
Nebulonum *Naſutiſſimum* (Zythepſam) *Protectorem*,
Capita Senatûs *CAUDAM*,
Cuſtodes Angliæ Libertatum
Meros Prædones.

(--Quod

(–Quod *Divum nobis promittere Nemo*
Auderet,)
Avito Solio (quasi postliminio) *Reduce Carolo*
Annuente (palàm) *Deo*, Procurante D. *Aumerlio*,
Anglorum Cunctatore Fabio;
Inhiavit ac promisit sibi (non promeruit,
Utpote *CUJUS Sceleri* non *Unus* debebatur *Culeus*)
Obtinuit tamen.
Inauditam *Regis Seren*^{mi}. Indulgentiam
Quibus (posteà) Officiis demereri studuit,
Paucis accipite. (*Contumeliis*,
Regem Inprimis *Clementissimum Calumniis*, *FRATREM*
Ecclesiam Anglicanam Spurcissimis *Mendaciis*,
Fidos *Regis* Administros Dicteriis, Scommatisque
Ornare (pro re natâ) nunquam destitit.
Invictam voluit *Patientiam* in *Furorem* vertere,
Sed *Nihil* profecit.
TRIBUNITIOS FUROREM nuperiùs *Asserere* tentavit;
Inauspicato *Assertis* doluit.
Quod vero Unicè Deflendum; *Patronum* nuper *Nob*^{mum}. amisit,
Trium Nominum ac Literarum Hominem,
Regnorum Trium *Pestem* ac *Incendium*.

Idcirco
Causa, dudum *Querula*, Nunc (etiam) *Languida* & *Anhela*,
(Quod *GENTI PATRIÆ* benè cedat, precor)
Supremum confestìm *Actura* est *Spiritum*:
Diémque (nisi fallimur) *obibit*, ac *Moriens*
LEGABIT
Regi Seren^{mo}. quem *Amâsse videri* voluit, & *perosa* est,
(Utrasque capsulis inclusas Aureis)
PANDORÆ Pyxidem, & *SAGUNTINAM Famem*,
Eboracensi Illmo. sive *preces*, sive *diras* (nam *perindè* sonant)
Episcoporum Ordini, *CODRI Patrimonium*, scil.
TOTUM NIL:
Universo *Clero* Anglicano, Agentis Animam *Suspiria*,
Vice *Anathematum*.
Relinquet insuper
Urbeculæ Rebelli & Principibus Infestæ,
CHARTAM Inanem, sive *RASAM TABULAM*.
Anglorum *Igni Fatuo*, sive *Polypo Polonienſi*
Vel Fugam Maturam, vel Securim.
Consuli (nuper) *P*^{uo}. *Æs Sueciæ* cum *Favore Plebis*;
Collegæ ejus *Bibulo CANARIENSES INSULAS*;
Sibi à *Camerâ* Officiario, cum Procuratrice *Vetulâ*,

Venerem

Venerem quoque *Venustissimam*;
Quix Otio Salam[nn.] *Equitis Asiani* sive *Cappadocis*
Facultatem integram in *MONOPOLIUM*:
Et pro 700[tis]. ob Causam Publicam Deperditis,
Paupertatem Splendidam.
Leguleio suo Ordinario ob *Rem* strenuè *Actam*
Et cum *Pellice*, & contrà *Principem*,
In *Hiberniâ Decanatum.* (*biem*,
Dilecto suo *CARO Pillularum* q.s. ad Tollendam quamvis *Sca-*
Præter *Unicam Pruriginem Scribendi.*
Novarum Rerum studiosis *TONIANAM FISTULAM.*
Monarchiæ Infensissimis (ad unum) omnibus,
Ad Gr. Calend. A *Rege* & *Clero* (denuo) reportanda
OPIMA SPOLIA.
Quo tandem evasura est *Edentula, Moribunda Vetula,*
Olim *Malorum* Nobis *Ilias*, nunc sibi *Orci Pabulum*?
Rectà ad *Cœlum* ibit, non *Empyræum*, sed *Ignatianum*:
Ibi *Perduellibus* Immisti *Loyolitæ*
Quàm benè conveniunt & in Unâ sede morantur?

Sepulturæ Locum statuit Seligere
In *FOEDERATA BELGIA*, vel *POLONIA*,
Vel si quâ aliâ Terrarum Plagâ
Honoratur *Plebs*, Vilescunt *Optimates*
Res Nihili est *MAJESTAS REGIA.*

In Tumuli Marmore Inscribi Hæc jubet.

CAROLIDUM, PATRIÆ, CLERI communis Erinnys
Clausa sub hoc jaceo Marmore *CAUSA VETUS.*
Bella per *Angliacos* (plusquàm) Civilia Campos
Quæ *Prius* excivi, *Plura* datura fui:
Sed Vicit *Cæsar*, cessitque *Antonius*; omnes
Cessuri *SACRO Cæsaris Imperio.*
Ergo *EGO cum gemitu fugio Indignata*, per *Orcum*,
Quas nequeo in *Terris* spargere certa *Faces.*

PAGANOPOLI,
Excudebat *Utis* Homericus *Redivivus*, Cum Privilegio S. *Cæsareæ*
PLEBEIORUM Majestatis.
Prostant autem Venales in Officinâ *Gulielmi Abington*, in vico vulgo dicto
Ludgate.

R.D.

A CANTO TO A CANTER: OR, The Pulpits Complaint.

ROom for *a Canter* in *Religions guise*,
With *Cambrick-band*, *long Cloak*, and *cockt-up Eyes*.
Who can with *piteous Tears* and *Cries beguile*,
Surer than does th'*Egyptian-Crocodile*,
Yet at's *gull'd Audience*, *in his sleeve does smile*.
Whose *Prayers*, in such *rude lowdness* still are said,
As if the *God* was *deaf*, to which he *pray'd*.
Unto whose *Iron-lungs* and *throat of brass*,
But a *small-reed*, loud *Stentor's wind-pipe was*.
Who like the *Ocean* when the winds do blow,
Does from *soft murmurs*, into *roaring* grow,
And nothing forth but *mire* and *dirt* does *throw*.
You'd think the *Sea* had taught him how *to pray*,
He *roars* and *beats* his *Desk*, the self-same way,
With *brinish foam*, *washing* his *Cushion* o're,
Then *falling back* for *zeal* he can't do more.
As if the *Pulpit* were of *Walnut-tree*,
He *beats it*, that more *fruitful* it may be.
Whilst his *Religious thrashing* in his *Cloak*
Doth like th'*Egyptian Copties Service* look,
Who never in their *Churches sit* or *kneel*,
But in the *painfull'st postures worship* still.
But now the *Glass* is *turn'd*, and *Hems* make way,
And bid the *Brother-hood* prepare to Pray.
And now with *face* so *sowr* he does appear,
As if hee'd been *Baptiz'd* in *Vinegar*;

Or as his Looks ſhould ſome *reſemblance* hold
With the *Jews bitter Sacrifice* of old.
Into ſuch *Mimick-poſtures* he does *ſcrue*
His face, enough to make his *Audience ſpue.*
Now does the *tedious Exerciſe* commence,
Where *canting Phraſe* proclaims his *Eloquence*,
And *rudely Elbows out* poor *modeſt Sence.*
For the firſt *long half hour*, like Herald he,
How great he is, acquaints the *Deitie.*
Then with their *Sins* they are *ſeverely dous'd*,
And in *Repentance pickle* ſharply ſous'd.
The *Glaſs* ſtill run, but it did run ſo *ſlow*,
Thought I, *Time flies* not *here*, it *ſcarce* doth *go.*
With *Head declin'd*, I did for *ſleep compoſe*,
Having of's *Opium* took too large *a Doſe.*
Could they not better *Watch* than *Peter* keep,
The t'other *Glaſs* had *laid* them all *to ſleep.*
By his *long-Prayer* I did conclude, that he
Was of that *Sect* the *Jews* call'd *Phariſee*,
Both old Acquaintance of *Hypocriſie.*
Six Staves of *Hopkins beat* me up at length,
But prais'd be *Morpheus*, I had gain'd *new ſtrength*
To hear the *Sermon*, which I don't retain,
The *Sower ſow'd* ſuch lamentable *grain*,
Yet of their *barrenneſs* did ſtill complain.
Strong was his *Desk*, else it had ſurely been
Cruſht to the *ground*, by his grand *load* of Sin.
Who to be *Learned* thought, *fathers* a Lye
On *Auſtin*, *Bernard*, and St. *Hillary.*
And when he *aims* at *Sence*, doth always vent
More *fooliſh Bulls*, than e're the *Popedome* ſent
Into the *World*; nor ever *Sermon* makes,
But ſtrait turns *Vagrant*, and the *Text forſakes.*
Something of *Alms* and *Bounty* he did *Preach*,
Things by *Example* which he ne're will teach;
Thoſe *fruits* hee'd have, only i'th' *Peoples reach.*
The only *leſſon* which I bore from thence,
Was, that *A Mad Dog's Medicine's Patience.*

FINIS.

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ENGLAND's Happine

A Hundred Years Hence:

Licensed according to Order.

To a New *Play-House* Tune.

I.

COme chear up your Hearts, Boys, & all hands to Work,
We'll be Happy and Blest, spight of Devil and *Turk*;
Our Land you must know, we shall one day see flow
With that dear Milk and Honey,
Call'd Plenty and Money,
If we can but a little with Patience dispence,
Those Blest Days will be Ours all a Hundred Years hence.

II.

By that time our Foes will be all Dead and Rotten,
Our Quarrels all hush't, and our Troubles forgotten;
His Gout, Stone and Pox, will have then done the work
Of *Europes* Old Blood-hound,
The most Christian *Turk*:
For *Lucifer* waits his New Reign to Commence,
And all long before a Hundred Years hence.

III.

Our Monthly Poll Tax, we will pay in our Turns,
Count it [illegible] way you please, for our Heads or our Horns
We shall [illegible] that blest Day, when we ne're shall be poor,
If our Wives have not sent us
To Heav'n long before.
Peace, Blessing, and Plenty, their Smiles will dispence
As furthest within one poor Hundred Years hence.

IV.

And what, tho' thus long we have mourn'd the sad wants
Of a Glass of good *Bourdeaux*, and Cup of fine *Nants*,
We then shall have Wine, and Brandy most certain,
A Quart for a [illegible]
And Two-pen[illegible]
For the Generous *French* [illegible]
If we happen to live but a [illegible]

V.

'Tis true, no great store of [illegible]
Our Wealth and our Silver [illegible]
But what, though the Cli[illegible]
And o're the [illegible]
The Wa[illegible]
We shall role in Mill'd Crowns, [illegible], Shillings & Pence,
If we live and do well but a Hundred Years hence.

VI.

In a Hundred Years time, how the World we shall settle,
Our Tinkers will then have quite mended our Kettle,
Our Disputes and our Titles, will then be Adjusted,
And Monsieur by that time
Perhaps may be trusted:
Then kind *France* to *England* her smiles shall dis[illegible]
In a General Peace a Hundred Years hence.

VII.

In Wedding, and Bedding, and Gossiping Ra[illegible]
Tho' we now pay for Kissing, and getting o[illegible]
Our Grandsons will lay the young Girls on the[illegible]
In the fear of the Lord,
And without fear of Tax;
Without Socket-Money, or Christning Expence
Take up the Smock Cheaper a Hundred Years hence.

VIII.

And what tho' our Citizens, honest good People
In hopes of a New, and a Swinging *Paul's* Steeple
Stand Gaping to see it Rise higher and higher;
Whilst we Raise by our Coals
What we Lost by our Fire,
With that small yearly Rent they'll easily dispe[illegible]
For Pauls *will be Built in a Hundred Years hence.*

IX.

Nay, the *Bank* Bills that Swagger'd so high, tho'
They're Dwindled to Twenty *per Centum* Keb[illegible]
If you'll stay but a while, and be but so Civil
To wait but till Knavery
Is gone to the Devil;
By that time they'll hold up their Heads, and [illegible]
If you can but [illegible] a Hundred [illegible]

[illegible]

But now, without Raillery or Joque, lets agr[illegible]
To pay our Great *Cæsar* out Hand, Heart an[illegible]
The Heroe, whose Sword for our Liberty D[illegible]
Who faces Blood, Danger,
And Death in Our Cause,
Some few Months, we hope, will his warlike Bea[illegible]
And our Heirs Bless his Name a Hundred Years h[illegible]

Coventry Ballad, &c.

To an Excellent New Tune.

The Second Edition.

I.

HERE's a Health to the *Tackers*, my Boys,
But my A— for the *Tackers About*;
May the Brave *English* Spirits come in,
And the Knaves and Fanaticks turn out;
Since Magpies of late, are Confounding the State,
And would peck our Eſtabliſhment down,
Let's make 'em a Jeſt (for they Shit their own Neſt)
And be True to the Church and the Crown.

II.

Let us now Choose men Parliament-Men,
As have ſtuck to their Principles tight,
And would not their Countrey Betray,
In the Story of *Aſhby* and *White*;
Who care not a T——, for a Whig, or a ——
That won't ſee our Accounts fairly Stated;
For *C——hill* ne'er fears the Addreſs of those ——
Who the Nation of Millions have Cheated.

III.

The next thing Adviſable is,
Since Schiſm ſo ſtrongly Abounds,
To Oppoſe ev'ry Man that's Set up
By *Diſſenters*, in Corporate Towns;
For High-Church and Low Church, have brought us to no Church,
And Conſcience ſo Bubl'd the Nation,
That who is not ſtill, for *Conformity Bill*,
Will be ſurely a R—ue on Occaſion.

NORWICH, Printed MDCCV.

The Messenger Defeated:

OR,

The LAWYER's Escape.

A New Ballad.

To the Tune of, *Hey Boys up go We.*

The Third Edition.

SCarce did the Grey ey'd Dawn appear,
When from the Senate sent,
A Stern and Dreadful Messenger,
T' a Lawyer's Chamber went.
He Knock'd as he were Raving Mad,
But Snug the Lawyer lay;
Till he at length this Project had,
To Fly, unseen, away.

He to his Window ty'd a Sheet,
The Danger for to shun;
Fear wants no Stratagem, or Wit,
And so Slid nimbly down.
Upon a Thread (the Learned say)
Does Humane Life depend;
He verifi'd the Thing to Day,
Who thro' the Air durst thus descend.

A Safer Way, than when the Punk,
As we do all remember;
Jump'd Headlong down, most Filthy Drunk,
Ev'n from the selfsame Chamber.
A Stout and Valiant Heroe he,
Who Ventur'd hard to Break
(Rather than a Vile Pris'ner be)
His Bones, and eke his Neck.

Sure no Man doubts his Courage now,
Our Liberties Defender;
For he who can such Wonders do,
Is Brave as *Alexander.*
He Values not his Outward Form,
For that is something Grisly;
But 'tis his Inward Sense must Charm,
By which he acts so Wisely.

Thus has he gain'd Immortal Fame,
The Praise of ev'ry Tongue;
Thus will Survive his Precious Name,
As long as Ballad shall be Sung.

MDCCV.

THE

Dutchess of C——s

MEMORIAL.

To the Tune of, *The Dame of Honour.*

WHat tho' my Name is toss'd about,
For quarrelling with Beau *F---ng*,
As if I did begin to Doat,
And were to Duty yielding:
Since I have him to *Newgate* sent,
To shew it was my manner,
No single Man could me content,
Since I was a Strump of Honour.

I had an harmless wealthy Spouse,
Whose Name was *R--g--r Pal--r*,
And decently did plant his Brows,
With Horns in ample manner,
I, from his Arms to *Rowly* fled,
My Cole-black lovely Charmer,
Then jumping into Royal Bed,
Was dubb'd a Whore of Honour.

I still pursu'd my Virgin Tricks,
With Lackeys, Peers, and Pages,
Of sizes all from Twelve to Six,
All Nations, Sects and Ages:
From Fleshly *Will* of *Market Clare*,
That look'd like Bishop *Bonner*,
To *Jacob Hall* that Caper rare,
Who danc'd in mine A--se of Honour.

My Monarch gave me Wealth and Fame,
Creating me a Dutchess,
But still all went just as it came,
I cou'd not close my Clutches;
Of Brims and Bawds, and Stallions strong,
I was the Entertainer,
Who daily did my Toilet throng,
Whilst I was a Jade of Honour.

Poor *Rowly* being dead and gone
I howl'd and had Remorse Sir,
To comfort me scum *Goodman* came
Whom I made Master Horser:
But in a freak I luck'd the Sot
In such a shameful manner;
He reeking went from my wide Pot
Whilst I was a Punk of Honour.

At length a Widow I became,
And cloathed all in Sable,
I ever vow'd to be the same,
But alass I was not able!
For unto me the General came
In such a Blust'ring manner,
That I resolv'd to wear his Name,
And be a Dame of Honour.

To celebrate our Nuptials bright,
Seven times his Guns he fir'd,
I did his Pendants sore *be--shite*,
I stunk but was not tir'd;
Thus all in *T--d* and Love we lay
In a most fragrant manner; (day
And from the Fumes of that sweet
Sprung all our Broils of Honour.

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General Fielding's ANSWER TO THE Dutchess of C——'s MEMORIAL.

To the Tune of, *The Dame of Honour.*

IF I was by misfortune sent,
To *Newgate* in a huff Sir,
et I got out by free Consent,
And stood both Kick and Cuff Sir.
And as for those mean Sons of W---rs,
That all my Glory grutches,
I'll live to pay off all their Scores,
And still defend my Dutchess.

What if when young, like her fair Sex,
She kept a private Lover,
Why should the Ladies her perplex,
And her small Faults discover?
The Horns she made are not the first,
Let Court and City speak it,
When Hypocrites have done their worst,
Yet they'll say nay, and take it.

'Tis strange the Wh---s of *London* Town
Should thus envy each other;
When 'tis well known, Rich homely *Joan*,
Will kiss a holy Brother.
The Mercer's Wife, or Goldsmith's Spouse,
Their Cause of discontent is,
Because their Husbands ne'er allows,
So much as *John* the Prentice.

There's Ladys too, that I could name,
That truckles something lower,
But one of mighty Wealth and Fame,
And most good People know her.
She does, aye that she does I'm sure,
More than my Spouse of Honour,
For all her looks are so demure,
The Spirit moves upon her.

If Royal Scepter was held out,
With Fortune's Bounty to it,
My Dutchess gave it fre[illegible]
And knew how to b[illegible]
But Misses of a mean [illegible]
They hoard up all they [illegible]
While lordly Stallions for 'em bleed,
And daily run in Debt.

When *Goodman* bore the chiefest
O'er what the *K.* had left sir, (rule
She made the wanton *Ass* a Fool,
For his lascivious Theft sir,
She sent him packing like a Cull,
Or what is worse by half,
A silly Cocks-comb wretched dull,
Or like an *Essex* Calf.

'Tis mighty News indeed to hear,
A Widow's Vow a breaking,
There's scarce a Day in all the year,
But such false Vows are making:
But shew me one that keeps her *word*,
In such a Case as this is? (*T--d*,
The greatest Vow's not worth one
If Man will crown her wishes.

I storm'd the Fort and won the Prize,
When all her Force were beate,
But faith they tell confounded Lies,
That say we were besh----n:
'Tis true, I was all in a Sweat,
For want of Ammunition,
She seiz'd on all that I could get,
And this was my Condition.

THE High Church LOVERS:

OR, A

General Resolution made by Young and Old, Rich and Poor, Handsome and Homely to be Married by Dr. SACHEVEREL, *that true Son of the Protestant Church, who we wish long to prosper in the Works of Piety.* Tune of, *Golden Hair*, &c. Enter'd according to Order.

YOung Lovers pray be of good Chear,
who lives in our neighbouring Parts;
I'll tell you a Word in your Ear,
no doubt it will comfort your Hearts:
And so let us Couple together,
the jolly, short, proper and Tall;
There's nothing like Weding and Beding,
Sacheverel *shall Marry us all.*

The Doctor, that Protestant Soul,
he's newly come up to the Town;
To him, in a full flowing Bowl,
we'll drink with a merry go down:
And so let us Couple together, &c.

Young Ladies, tall, proper and trim,
as well as *Ralph*, *Bridget*, and *Kate*,
Resolves to be marry'd by him,
such Love they have for him of late:
And so let us Couple together, &c.

From those of the lowest Condition,
to 'Squires and Ladies too,
Are lifted up so with Ambition,
that none but the Doctor will do:
And so let us Couple together, &c.

Strange Wonders the Doctor has wrought,
the like sure was never before;
All over the Kingdom is thought,
fair Woman his Name does adore:
And so let us Couple together, &c.

Young Ladies admire his Charms,
and so does *Kate*, *Bridget* and *Joan*;
Some wishes themselves in his Arms,
so loving and kind they are grown:
Then now let us Couple together, &c.

This Protestant Pious Divine,
so vertuous a Life he has led,
That now both the Coarse and the Fine,
by him they're resolv'd to be Wed:
And so let us Couple together, &c.

We'll have it done by this good Man,
the Bargain thro' *London* is made;
Now if this Design should go on,
he will have a wonderful Trade:
And so let us Couple together, &c.

Where ever the Doctor does come,
he shows himself courteous and kind,
Which is a great Comfort to some,
who has been disturb'd in their Mind:
And so let us Couple together, &c.

For like a true Son of the Church,
to all Men is Peace he will give;
Then let's not leave him in the Lurch,
but love him as long as we live:
And so let us Couple together, &c.

There's *Joan*, an old Kitchenstuff Woman,
and *Roger* the Cripe and Lame,
Both vow they'll be married by no Man,
but Dr. *Sacheverel* by Name:
And so let us Couple together, &c.

Quoth *Joan*, *He's the sweetest of Men,*
both loving, kind, courteous and mild,
Tho' I am full threescore and ten,
I'll never despair of a Child:
And so let us Couple together, &c.

Said *Simon*, *Sweet* Jenny *my Honey,*
a Marriage I'd freely Embrace;
But since I am quite out of Money,
Love, what shall we do in this Case?
Prithee let's Couple together, &c.

Quoth *Jenny*, *Love be not cast down;*
for when it shall come to the worst,
We'll go though we have but a Crown,
who knows but the Doctor may trust:
And so let us Couple together, &c.

The Doctor is to be commended,
who *Herisie* strives to expel;
Tho' some Men are highly offended,
there's thousands that love him as well:
And so let us Couple together, &c.

Then let us by Heaven's Assistance,
for his Health and Happiness pray;
For since there's to be no Resistance,
our Wives will be taught to Obey:
And so let us Couple together,
the jolly, short, proper and tall;
There's nothing like Weding and Beding,
Sacheverel *shall marry us all.*

London: Printed in the Year, 1710.

The Happy MEETING: Or, The Joyful BRIDE.

WEleome to my Arms, my Joy and my dear,
In thy Absence for thee I've shed many a Tear
For fear that I ne'er should behold thee (no more,
The Joy of my Heart whom I dearly adore.
O blest be the Powers that proved so kind,
And protected my Love, that his —s did not find
Him tho' they did seek his dear Life as we hear,
Kind Heavens to me has directed my Dear.
O dreadful my Love was the Day we did part,
Like *Rosamond* fair I did smite on my Heart,
Wishing my —d that I with him might go
In Hopes to protect him I might from his F—.
Fair *Rosamond* dreaded the Frowns of a Queen,
And *Helen* her Husband, for base she had been;
But nothing I dread, but the Thoughts of the Foe
Who daily do's seek my dear Love to undo.
Altho' they have took from him all *that's his* —n
They can't be at rest for to let him alone,
His Life they will have too, they daily do —y,
But the Seed of old *Oliver* he do's defy.
He wants not for —d nor for —r I'll vow,
And Hearts that are —y, likewise he's enow;
Then be of good Cheer, for the Time it will come
He will be [illegible] you as sure as a G—.

I'll drink to his Health, them that do *love the same*
I hope on your K—s you will pledge it again,
And he that refuses the same for to do,
I'm sure from his Heart he can never be true.
O blest be the Day that my *Love* he was b—n,
It was on the Month that the Weather was warm,
And fragrant R—s so pleasant were seen,
Here's a Health to the Bridegroom, you know [*whom I mean.*

A Health to the Bride and Bridegroom.

JOY to the Bridegroom and the Bride,
Over the R— g O——n wide,
Make your Voices ring I pray
To celebrate the Happy Day.
May their Joys for e'er encrease,
With them Everlasting Peace,
All Happiness for to enjoy,
Let no one their Bliss annoy.
May she like the fruitful Tree,
Joy and Pleasure bring to Thee,
A lovely Son or a Daughter fair
To adorn the Happy Pair
May he be for ever blest
Ever in her Arms carrest,
So I mean my Song to end,
Here's a good Health to the Church's Friend.

London, Printed by J. Jackenson in St. Giles's.

ON THE

Ladies HOOPS and HATS

NOW WORN.

An *EPIGRAM.*

OUR Granums of Old were ſo pioufly nice,
That to ſhew us their Shoe-tye was reckon'd a Vice:
But, Lord! could they now but peep out of the Ground,
And ſee the fine Faſhions their Daughters have found;
How their Steps they reveal, and oblige the lewd Eye
With the Legs pretty Turn, and delicate Thigh:
Which the Modern Free Hoops, ſo ample and wide,
Up-lift the fair Smocks with an impudent Pride,
And betray the ſweet Graces they chaſtly ſhou'd hide.
But how wanton is Beauty? how capricious the Fair?
Their Hats are all flapp'd with ſo modeſt an Air;
Each Virgin you meet, a veil'd Veſtal you'd ſwear.
In Propriety ſtrange! How wild the Extremes!
How the Hats ſuit the Hoops! juſt like Water and Flames.
What Whimſies are theſe? What comical Farces?
They hide all their Faces, and ſhew us their Ar---s.
But from hence an Excuſe for the Ladies may riſe;
For when conſcious their Nethermoſt Charms treat our Eyes,
Perhaps they may bluſh; and 'tis a Sign of ſome Grace,
When their Breech is expos'd, to cover their Face.

LONDON: Printed for J. ROBERTS in *Warwick-Lane.* 1719.

(Price Two-Pence.)

The Ladies SKREEN,

A NEW BALLAD,

Tune of To you Fair Ladies now at Land,

I E T P——y speak, or *Caleb* write,
invincible *Platoon*;
Or exil'd *Harry* call in spite,
Both *H.* and *L* Buffoon:
I'll honour *H-ee*, praise *L.--p*,
In hopes to hear from * Mr. *Scrop*.
With a fal la.

Alike in Parts, alike to sight,
I view each witty Brother;
Both modest, Silent, and Polite,
Just tally'd to each other:
For, seen apart, or in a Group,
Who hates not *H-ee*, likes *L.-p*.

Tis true, that *France*, coquet and vain,
Beheld with strange Caprice,
Descended from a Taylor's Strain,
Madam L' Ambassadrice;
Nay, siken'd *H-ee*, with a smile,
To *Sancho Pancho* in his Isle.

In such a free licentious State,
What Merit can hope praise?
Where Men Reform'd Religion hate,
and Women wear no *Stays*:
Where they thought *H-ee* loud and rude,
and call'd his Wife a *Strait lac'd Prude*.

Why should *L.--p* Retirement chuse?
Why dread the *Craftman's* Sting?
Who when he did the Prince abuse,
Did represent the King:
His Blunder's small the Case is plain,
He only did mistake the Reign.

He sure may think, without Offence,
His honour from *Ratisbon*,
Excell'd by t'other Excellence,
That's lately come from *Lisbon*:
Dame Nature could no farther go,
To make this *Third* she join'd these *Two*.

With such allies you can't dispair,
Or, tho' put to a Stand,
You'll Succour find from Dr *H-re*,
and wit from Dr. *B-lde*

Their easy Turn their courtly Style
Their † *heathen Gods* will make you smile.

These Elders twain Right Rev'rend One,
as t'other soon shall be,
May end the work so well begun,
Inscrib'd by Mr. P.
Or let his Lady be abus'd,
By Elders not the first accus'd.

But tho' your chief affection lyes
To bright-reflecting Brass;
Yet don't be arch I would advise,
On Mirrors made of Glass,
It may provoke him to produce
One Mirror for the Nation's Use:

What righteous *Caleb* says deny,
He'd have it understood,
You ne'er a Sixpence would put by,
M'advance the publick Good;
aloud you *Pow'r* Expence declare,
You for the publick Good was there.

And now, Friend *Robin*, e'er we part,
I'll tell you what they mean;
By a Word so often got by Heart,
That famous Word a SKREEN,
Invented first as we are told,
To keep us either warm or cold.

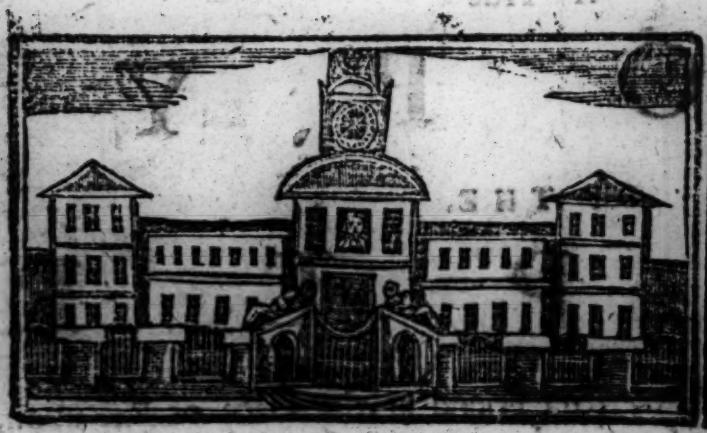
For first we place it by the Fire,
Or, when that Use is o'er;
When Flames decrease, or Winds grow high,
We place it next the Door,
This Office last is worse, no doubt,
Who's at the Door, is nearest *Out*.

Now Heav'n increase the Subjects Love
To th' King that will displace
The Man, whose *Going Out* may prove
A *Gen'ral Act of Grace*,
Speak loudly *Britons*, what you mean,
God save the King *Fold up the* SKREEN.

* Secretary to the Treasury.
† Answer to *The Occasional Writer*.

LONDON: Printed for A. *More* near *St Paul's*,

TOM of BEDLAM's New MEDLEY.



YE Tories of *Britain*, if you think it fitting,
Come listen a while unto what I shall say;
Here's Wit Boys in plenty, tho' Money is scanty,
And *Highway-men* now have forsook the Highway:
Here's *Bubbles* of all sorts to bubble the Nation,
And he is a Blockhead that nothing can do;
Here's *Rumpers* and *Mumpers*, and vile *Cushion-Thumpers*,
Would bubble the *Kingdom*, pox take the whole *Crew*.

Our *Churches* are building, but when they'll be ended
There's none in the *Nation*, I believe, can well tell;
But never, I think, while the *Whigs* are befriended,
Who'd make their vile *Houses* of *Pantiles* excel:
Our *Bells* and our *Steeples* they'd fain bring to ruin,
Our Bishops and Clergy they all would turn out,
And *Mischief* for ever, my Friends, they're pursuing,
To bring in nonsensical *Canters* a *Rout*.

Here's *Foreigners*, who, on *Religious Pretences*,
Come here for to live on the *Fat* of the *Land*;
They bubble the Weavers quite out of their Senses,
And make them distracted we well understand.
Here's *Knaves* of all sizes are got to *Change-Alley*,
And *Fools* they are buying they cannot tell what;
While others are going on *Score* and on *Tally*,
And curse their sad *Fate*, Sir, for what they have got.

Here's *Lotteries* plenty to bite you of *Gilt*, Sir,
And *Lawyers* enough to make you run mad:
Here's wise *Politicians*, all Sorts and Conditions,
To learn you but Wit, Sir, if Wit's to be had:
Here's going to *H----d*, likewise unto *D---r*,
While *P*——*nt Ch*.....*es* with Splendor abound;
Here's *C*.....*s* and *Ch*.....*ns* do daily come over,
And ——ps do flourish in true *British* Ground.

Some say that young *Reynard* is on the *Waves* tossing,
And others do tell us he's gone back again:
Here's pressing for *Sailors* to go to the *Baltick*,
And bloody *Sea-battles*, but ne'er a Man slain.
Here's *Maidenheads* cheap, Sir, but *Two-pence* a Dozen,
And a quartern of *Gin* will buy two Dozen more;
Here's *Knaves* for to trick, Sir, and *Ladies* to cozen,
To strip you quite naked, most wretched and poor.

Here's pious *Informers* departing this Life, Sir,
In hopes for to gain, Boys, a better or worse;
Here's sh---ing upon 'em, as some say, for lying,
For which they are taken, the more is their Curse:
Lo! *T--ds* are made *Treason*, and *Fiddling* a *Riot*,
And *P----ers* and *Devils* are all in a Train;
Sure they might have let honest *W---ly* been quiet,
Who ne'er would *betray* poor young MATTHEWS again.

Here's *Knights of the Post* against Innocents swearing,
And *Justices*, who will accept of their *Oaths*:
The *W----s* are most mighty, enough for to fright ye,
The more is the pity, the Lord above knows:
Here's pious *false Brethren* are selling the Church, Sir,
As common as *Bubbles* are sold at the *Change*;
For powerful *Gold* they leave it in the *Lurch*, Sir,
And sincere as the *Times* are, pray don't think it strange.

Here's *Cheating* and *Lying*, without all denying,
And none one would his *Neighbour betray*:
Here's *Plotting* and *Sotting*, and *Ranting* and *Canting*,
And none that can lead you the true and right way.
Here's *Presbyter Jack*, Sir, to lead up the *Pack*, Sir,
He tells you old *Shem's son's* gone to Heaven;
He *thumps* on his *Cushion*, and *swears* by his *Skin*, Sir,
You'll all go to Hell, Sir, *without your forgiven*.

Here's *Quakers* a preaching, and *Nonsense* a teaching,
And *Poets* a writing without Wit or Sense:
Here's *Bubblers drg bubbled*, *the Devil take the hindmost*,
And he has most Wit, Sir, that can get most Pence:
Here's *Sparks*, gay and pretty, come into the City,
Who strive to invegle the *Citizens Wives*;
For *Cuckold's* in Fashion, all over the Nation,
And *Horns* do become both the Great and the Wise.

Thus *Tricking* and *Biting*, most People delight in,
From *sanctify'd* Madam to *Drury Lane* Saint:
Our *Trading* is dead, Sir, we cannot get Bread, Sir,
And *Money's* the Cry, and the only Complaint:
But when the *King* comes, Sir, the *Times* they will *flourish*,
Or else I do think we are soully mista'en:
So Churchmen that's Loyal, come buy my new Ballad,
And pray for our King, Boys, safe over the Main.

London: Printed by *F. Clifton* in the *Old Bailey*.

A new Song sung by a Spaniard before the C--r St. George, his Lady, and the late D. of O--d. Tune Belinda.

With Crowns and Orbs beneath your Feet,
Your R-lty all here do greet.
Thro streams of blood we'd fr.ely wade
Sceptres to gain, sceptres to gain
Sceptres to gain for whom they're made.

Was Fate as kind as we are true,
What Heroes cou'd your Deeds out-do?
The horrys of grim Death we'd slight
To honour you, to honour you,
To honour you, the Globe we'd fight.

But valiant Souls! know that Success,
Does not the Brave at all times bless;
Whence you submit to Destiny,
And slight her frowns, and slight her frowns,
her frowns which every Majesty.

You have the bliss you can desire,
On Earth no greater can require,
You revel in each other's Arms,
Each her love, each other love,
Each other love for matchless Charms.

All Diadems ye may resign,
All Glories which round Monarchs shine,
Since in each others Hearts ye reign,
And may despise, and may despise,
Despise what Sceptres can contain.

By birth ye have a Right to a T--
Which ye may always claim your own,
And Trophies thither Hymen did bring
Most worthy of, most worthy of,
most worthy of the pair we sing.

To Al--n bid e'er adieu,
And to ingrateful I--e too;
base Lands which every Year do crave
new L-ds and K-s, new, &c.
new Lords and K--s, may G-ds to have.

But now bright P--s, hear my prayer,
May ye be always heavens Care;
And when your flaming Swords you draw
in a just Cause, in a just Cause,
Just Cause, may they your Rivals gaw.

Like that the Cherubims once drew,
Which you'd have slain all Rebels, who
Invaded blessed Eden's Ground,
Let yours like them, let yours like them,
Like them both sacrifice and wound.

But why talk we of Conquest, when
Mars fights against the best of Men,
Bellona is not on your side,
So Victory, to Victory,
Visits are to great souls deny'd.

S

A True

COPY

OF THE

PAPER

Deliver'd by Mr. *DAVIS*, to a Friend at the Place of Execution, shewing the severe Prosecution he met with from the *Sword-Blade Company*, for which he suffer'd at *Tyburn*, on *Monday June* the 27th 1720.

IT being a Thing usual for Men of a liberal Education, who come to this untimely and ignominious Death, to speak or leave behind them in Writing something which may satisfy the World of their Affairs, and the Nature of their Transgression; knowing therefore that the Populace will expect something of the like Nature from me, I shall do it to oblige them as much as to retrieve my dying Reputation, which I think too severely prosecuted by the Company.

I am descended of a good Family, and have for many Years behaved my self very well, just, true, and honest to every Body, by which Means I acquir'd too much Credit and Esteem, which has been my Ruin; for, taking upon me more Business than I was able to discharge, I found my Acompts every day to grow more and more deficient, insomuch that at last it became impossible to rectify them; especially in relation to Accompts of the *Sword-Blade Company*, to which itself, notwithstanding their vigorous Prosecution, I am not so far short as to merit this Severity at their Hands, neither could I have believ'd it to be in the Nature of any in a Christian Country to be so rigid against one who had serv'd them as I intended with sincerity; for 'twas their seeming uneasiness made me endeavour an Escape with the last Four Hundred Pounds, for which Sum none could have induc'd me to believe, but that the Honour and Generosity of my Masters would have excused me, nay, tho it had been Ten Times as much; and 'twas rather the fear of a Reprimand, than any thing else, that occasion'd my Flight, for I was no ways apprehensive that my Life would be in danger: However, since I can't now avoid the impending Storm, I shall only ask that Pardon from every one I have offended, which I freely grant to all those who have injur'd me, and beseech the universal Rewarder of all Things to have Mercy on my departing Soul. *Amen. Sweet Jesus! Amen.*

London: Printed by *F. Cobb*, near *Fleet-Ditch*.

UPON INFORMATION.

To the Tune of, **Conventiclers are grown so Brisk.**

I.

INforming of late 's a Notable Trade;
For he that his Neighbor intends to invade,
May pack *him* to *Tyburn* (no more's to be said)
Such Power hath *Information:*
Be Good, & be Just, & Fight for your *King*,
Or stand for your Country's Honour;
You'r sure, by precise *Information*, to swing;
Such Spells she hath got upon Her.

II.

To *Six Hundred and Sixty*, from *Forty One*,
She left not a Bishop, nor Clergy-Man;
But compell'd both Church and State to run,
By the Strength of the *Non-Conformist:*
The *Dean* and *Chapter*, *Scepter* and *Crown*,
(The *Lords* and *Commons* snarling)
By blest *Information*, came tumbling down;
Fair Fruits of an over-long Parling.

III.

'Twas This that summon'd the Bodkins all,
The Thimbles, and Spoons, to the *City-Hall*;
When St. *Hugh* to the *Babes of Grace* did call,
To prop up the Cause that was sinking:
This made the *Cobler* take the Sword,
The *Pedlar*, and the *Weaver*,
By the Power of the *Spirit*, and not by the *Word*,
Made the *Tinker* wear Cloak and Beaver.

IV.

'Tis *Information* from *Valle-do-Leed*,
Makes *Jesuits*, *Fryars*, and *Monks* to Bleed,
Decapitates *Lords*, and what not indeed,
Doth such Damnable *Information*.
It Cities Burns, and sticks not to boast,
Without any Mincing or Scruple;
Of Forty Thousand Black Bills by the Post,
Brought in with the *Devil's* Pupil.

V.

This Imp with her Jealousies and Fears,
Puts all Men together by the Ears,
Strikes at Religion, and Kingdoms tears,
By Voting against the **Brother.**
This makes *Abhorrers*, makes *Lords* Protest,
They know not why, nor wherefore:
This strikes at **Succession**, but aims at the Rest;
Pray look about you therefore.

VI.

This raiseth Armies in the Air,
Imagining more than you need have to fear;
Keeps Horse under Ground, and Arms to tear
The Cities and Towns in sunder.
'Tis this made the *Knight* to *Newark* run,
With his *Fidus Acates* behind him;
Who brought for the Father, one more like the Son,
The *Devil* and *Zeal* did so blind him.

VII.

It Whips, it Strips, it Hangs, and Draws,
It Pillories also without any Cause,
By Falsly *Informing* the Judges and Laws,
With a Trick from *Salamanca:*
This Hurly-Burly's all the Town,
Makes *Smith* and *Harris* prattle;
Who spare neither Cassock, Cloak, nor Gown,
In their Paltry Tittle Tattle.

VIII.

'Tis *Information* Affrights us all;
By *Information*, we Rise and Fall;
Without *Information*, there's no **Plot** at all:
And all is but *Information*.
That *Pickering* stood in the *Park* with a Gun,
And *Godfrey*, by *Berry*, was Strangled;
'Twas from *Information* such Stories begun,
Which the Nation so much have Entangled.

FINIS.

LONDON, Printed for *M. R.* in the YEAR, 1681.

Herbert

O DAY most calm, most bright,
The fruit of this, the next world's bud,
The indorsement of supreme delight,
Writ by a Friend, and with his blood;
The couch of time; care's balm and bay;
The week were dark, but for thy light:
Thy torch doth show the way.

The other days and thou
Make up one man; whose face thou art,
Knocking at heaven with thy brow:
The working days are the back part;
The burden of the week lies there,
Making the whole to stoop and bow,
Till thy release appear.

Man had straight forward gone
To endless death: but thou dost pull
And turn us round to look on One,
Whom, if we were not very dull,
We could not choose but look on still;
Since there is no place so alone
The which he doth not fill.

Sundays the pillars are,
On which heaven's palace arched lies:
The other days fill up the spare
And hollow room with vanities.
They are the fruitful beds and borders
In God's rich garden: that is bare
Which parts their ranks and orders.

The Sundays of man's life,
Threaded together on time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal glorious King.
On Sunday Heaven's gate stands ope;
Blessings are plentiful and rife,
More plentiful than hope.

This day my Saviour rose,
And did enclose this light for his:
That, as each beast his manger knows,
Man might not of his fodder miss.
Christ hath took in this piece of ground,
And made a garden there for those
Who want herbs for their wound.

The rest of our creation
Our great Redeemer did remove
With the same shake, which at his passion
Did th' earth and all things with it move.
As Samson bore the doors away,
Christ's hands, though nail'd, wrought our salvation,
And did unhinge that day.

The brightness of that day
We sullied by our foul offence:
Wherefore that robe we cast away,
Having a new at His expense,
Whose drops of blood paid the full price,
That was required to make us gay,
And fit for Paradise.

Thou art a day of mirth:
And where the week-days trail on ground,
Thy flight is higher, as thy birth:
Oh let me take thee at the bound,
Leaping with thee from seven to seven,
Till that we both, being toss'd from earth,
Fly hand in hand to heaven!

4 No 56

GEORGE HERBERT

LONDON: RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY, 56, PATERNOSTER ROW; 164, PICCADILLY.

TAPIOCA ET DUCROQUET

SAYNÈTE BOUFFE

Représentée, en mai 1862, à l'Alcazar de Marseille.

Paroles de A. BRUNET. | Musique de M. A. DE VILLEBICHOT.

PERSONNAGES.

TAPIOCA, épicier. . . . . MM. TONY COSTE.
DUCROQUET, pâtissier. . . . . A. BRUNET.

NOTA. — Costumes d'enfants, *pantalon à corsage*, boutonnés par derrière jusqu'en haut, petite bavette. — Tapioca a un bourrelet. — Ducroquet, un énorme berret de pâtissier, en calicot.

La scène représente une place publique. — A droite, une boucherie. — Nuit complète. — Deux bornes sont de chaque côté de la scène. — Tapioca entre avec une très petite lanterne à la main, un parapluie sous le bras; il regarde de tous côtés si l'on ne le suit pas.

SCÈNE PREMIÈRE.

TAPIOCA.

N° 1.

Marchons en silence,
Allons, pas de bruit;
Prenons patience,
Il n'est pas minuit.
Bientôt auprès d'elle,
Son cœur sur mon cœur, (*Bis*)
Charmante donzelle
Fera mon bonheur.
Tra la la la la,
Pour moi quel bonheur,
Qué é é é el bonheur.

(Parlé.) Eh! oui, moi Tapioca, épicier en gros et en détail, fournisseur de parfait-amour pour la France et de denrées coloniales pour l'Angleterre, et capable encore de pincer la fine contredanse, et même plusieurs polkas; ah! bon! voilà que je bavarde (il tire sa montre), et minuit a sonné. (Il se dirige vers la porte de la maison.) Diable! diable! je ne me rappelle plus le mot qui doit me servir de signal... Ah! je le tiens! voilà! elle m'a dit de dire *pic*..., et elle doit répondre *pac*... C'est bien ça.

(Il s'avance vers la porte. Au moment où il va pour frapper, on entend, dans les coulisses, crier Perrette! Perrette! Tapioca, effrayé, se cache à l'avant-scène de droite, contre le manteau d'Arlequin. Il monte sur une borne, qui doit être préparée; il ouvre son parapluie et reste sans bouger.)

SCÈNE II.

DUCROQUET.

(Même musique, pour entrée, qu'à la première scène. — Il porte une énorme lanterne en papier blanc; il est très effrayé et entre en tournant sur lui-même.)

J'écoute en silence;
Je n' fais pas de bruit.
La garde s'avance,
Elle me poursuit.
Mais non... du courage.
Allons, Ducroquet, (*Bis*)
L'amour te ménage
Rendez-vous coquet.
Tra la la la la
Rendez-vous coquet,
Vous coquet,
Vou ou ou ou ous coquet.

(Parlé.) Allons, me voilà débarrassé de la patrouille... (Montrant la boucherie) et dire qu'elle est là!... et moi si près d'elle... (Soupirant.) Elle m'attend...

N° 2.

Je suis à toi, cher objet que j'adore.
Ne pleure pas, j'irai bientôt te voir;
Car ce matin, à peine était l'aurore,
En négligé je t'ai vu sans te voir.

Paris, maison Schonenberger; Wild, successeur, boulevard Poissonnière, 28. — Le libretto, seul, 25 c.

Et, dans la boutique de ton père,
Dans une main tu tenais un gigot,
De l'autre main tu tenais l'aloyau
Pour l' pot-au-feu de la fruitière,
De la fruitière.

(Pendant qu'il chante, Tapioca, perché sur sa borne, fait ses réflexions : au mot *adore*, il dit : *c'est un aveugle ; — te voir*, il dit : *si je lui jettais un sou, il s'en irait peut-être ; — gigot*, il dit : *j'en mangerais bien une tranche*. Après le couplet, du bruit se fait entendre ; Ducroquet a peur et va se cacher sur la borne opposée et faisant face à Tapioca. Puis, tous deux restent perchés et disent, en forme de réflexions à parte) :

TAPIOCA. — Je me fais l'effet d'un homme qui regarde partir un ballon un jour de pluie.

DUCROQUET. — Ah ! mon Dieu ! je donnerais vingt-deux centimes et demi pour qu'un omnibus me prête son toit hospitalier.

TAPIOCA. — O Amour ! envoye-moi donc un coursier, une biche, fût-elle même arabe, un hippopotame !...

DUCROQUET. — Ma foi ! je n'entends plus de bruit, je vais tâcher de m'esquiver...

TAPIOCA. — Aucun son étranger ne frappe mon ouïe... je vais filer.

(Ils descendent de leurs bornes et marchent à tâton, de manière à se rencontrer dos à dos au milieu de la scène. — Ils se heurtent et, de frayeur, tombent à genoux en faisant volte-face et se trouvent nez à nez. — Ils parlent ensemble pour s'excuser de leur maladresse. — Le jour est venu ; ils se reconnaissent.)

TAPIOCA, stupéfait. — Ducroquet !

DUCROQUET, même jeu. — Tapiosca !

TAPIOCA. — Tapioca ! s'il vous plaît, môssieu !... Que le diable vous emporte ! vous m'avez fait une peur...

DUCROQUET. — Que l'arc-en-ciel vous coiffe ! vous m'avez presqu'effrayé... Voulez-vous avoir la bonté de me dire ce que vous faites ici à pareille heure ?...

TAPIOCA. — C'est précisément ce que j'allais vous demander, môssieu...

DUCROQUET. — Peu vous importe, je prenais l'air...

TAPIOCA. — Ah ! tu prenais l'air... eh bien ! tâche de l'aller prendre plus loin.

DUCROQUET. — Moi !.pourquoi m'en aller d'ici ? D'ici, j'y suis bien, et j'y reste... Quant à vous, vous pourriez me gêner ; allez donc vendre votre chicorée... sauvage !

TAPIOCA. — Ma chicorée !... moi sauvage !... Môssieu Ducroquet, vous n'êtes qu'un paltoquet.

DUCROQUET. — Moi pale ! et toqué !... c'en est trop, mauvais marchand de veau, que tu vends pour du thon... ton ton ton taine, ton ton.

TAPIOCA, chantant.

Il chante en son ivresse,
Ses plaisirs, sa maîtresse !...

(Changeant de ton.) Tu chantes, misérable ! tu te moques de moi !... Mais ce n'est pas tout ça : voulez-vous me dire ce que vous faites ici, môssieu Ducroquet ?

DUCROQUET. — Eh bien ! oui, je vais vous le dire, hibou ! je suis venu pour un rendez-vous d'amour !

TAPIOCA. — D'amour !... avec une tête comme ça ?

DUCROQUET, en voix flûtée. — Oui, d'amour !... Apprenez donc que l'Amour, ce petit dieu malin, a percé mon tendre petit cœur d'une de ses charmantes petites flèches. Je brûle du petit encens aux pieds des petits autels de Vénus... (Changeant de ton.) Ou plutôt, comme vous ne me comprendriez pas, épicier que vous êtes ! je vais me servir d'un langage plus vulgaire : j'aime, j'idolâtre la jeune bouchère, dont voici la maison, et je viens apporter mes écus sur l'étal de son père...

TAPIOCA. — Tu l'aimes... la belle bouchère !... Eh bien ! moi aussi je l'aime !

DUO.

TAPIOCA.

Tu vas renoncer à la bouchère,
Ou ventre-bleu ! je t'étends là.

DUCROQUET.

Qui ? moi ! renoncer à la bouchère...
Ah ! sapristi ! nous verrons ça.

TAPIOCA.

Eh bien ! alors, suivant l'usage,
Comme un garde national...

DUCROQUET.

Ah ! mon Dieu !

TAPIOPA.

Moi, je t'engage
A choisir briquet ou bancal.

DUCROQUET, se tournant vers la maison.

Dieu de Dieu ! ne plus la voir...
Du destin quel coup terrible !

TAPIOCA.

Réponds !

DUCROQUET.

Marchons !...
(A part).
O désespoir !

TAPIOCA.

Tu tremblottes ?

DUCROQUET.

C'est pas possible !

(L'orchestre joue l'air : *Tu n'auras pas ma rose !* — Tapioca s'avance vers la boucherie et fait une pose la jambe en l'air, et envoie des baisers. — Ducroquet l'a suivi, et, au moment où Tapioca lève la jambe en l'air, Ducroquet reçoit le coup de talon dans le nez ; il se frotte.)

TAPIOCA, reprenant le duo.

C'est elle ! c'est Perrette ! elle a dû nous entendre ;
Allons, Ducroquet, il faut se rendre
Dans la grange à Mathieu, qu'habitent des fantômes,
Près le Moulin-du-Diable ! en fac' le vieux chemin ;
Tu prendras deux témoins, deux pâtissiers, deux mômes.
Mais tâch' de n' pas manquer (*ter*), m'entends-tu, vil (crétin ?

DUCROQUET.

Adieu donc pour toujours, ma charmante Perrette !
Tu ne me verras plus, ni moi, ni mes gâteaux ;
Tu ne mangeras plus mes choux et ma galette...
En Espagn', je le vois, j'avais fait des châteaux.

TAPIOCA.

Je ne veux pas aller plus loin ;
Attends-moi là !

DUCROQUET.

Quoi ! sans témoin.

Sans témoins, il faut se battre, ô douleur ! ô désespoir !

(Musique à l'orchestre. — Tapioca sort et revient avec de grands sabres en bois.)

TAPIOCA. — Me voilà !

(Il jette un des sabres aux pieds de Ducroquet, qui le ramasse et tremble très fort.)

DUCROQUET. — Le voilà !...

TAPIOCA ; ils se mettent en garde.

ENSEMBLE.

Défends-toi donc... Ce poltron tremble !
Allons, voyons ! par' cett' bott' là.
Mon bras nerveux, va, ce me semble, } *Bis.*
T'apprendre c' que vaut Tapioca. }

DUCROQUET, toujours tremblant.

Je me défends ; bien que je tremble,
Je saurai bien parer cell'-là.
Ton bras nerveux va, ce me semble, } *Bis.*
Ne peut m'atteindre, vieux Tapioca. }

(Musique à l'orchestre. — Ils combattent et finissent en se passant mutuellement l'épée sous le bras ; chacun croit l'avoir plongée dans la poitrine de son adversaire. — Tous deux tombent de frayeur à terre, sur le dos, et lâchent l'épée qui reste sous leur bras. — L'orchestre joue : *Nonnes qui reposez.* Au passage : *relevez-vous*, Tapioca se relève assis et regarde Ducroquet toujours étendu ; il fait le geste qu'il l'a tué, en paraît satisfait, et se remet sur le dos. — L'orchestre recommence : *Nonnes qui reposez*, et, au même passage : *relevez-vous*, Ducroquet se lève assis, regarde aussi Tapioca étendu, et fait les mêmes jeux de scène et de mimes. — Ils se relèvent ensemble en se tournant le dos ; ils s'avancent chacun d'un côté de la scène sur le devant ; ils se voient tout effrayés, croient voir chacun le spectre de l'autre, et tombent à genoux en se donnant des coups de poings dans la poitrine et faisant des simagrées. — Enfin, ils se lèvent, se rapprochent, reconnaissent qu'ils sont bien vivants. — Ils se jettent dans les bras l'un de l'autre, s'embrassent et dansent.)

TAPIOCA. — Le pauvre Ducroquet ! moi qui croyais...

(Il fait le geste de donner un coup d'épée.)

DUCROQUET fait signe que non. — Et moi, qui croyais t'avoir percé de *parc en parc*.

TAPIOCA. — De parc en parc ! est-il bête, mon Dieu ! est-il bête !... Écoute, Ducroquet, tu aimes Perrette ? Oui. Eh bien ! moi aussi ; mais il ne faut plus nous battre.

DUCROQUET. — Je ne ne demande pas mieux !...

TAPIOCA. — Nous irons trouver Perrette ; elle se prononcera et choisira entre nous deux... est-ce dit ?

DUCROQUET. — C'est dit : tope là. (Ils se donnent une poignée de main.)

N° 3.

FINAL.

ENSEMBLE.

Eh quoi ! nous vivons encore...
Pas mort ! pas mort ! ah ! quelle chance !

DUCROQUET.

Faisons serment dès cette aurore
De vivre en bonne intelligence.

TAPIOCA.

Ducroquet, je crois qu'un ami,
Entre nous, vaut bien une femme !

DUCROQUET.

Tapioca, je crois qu'un ami,
Entre nous, vaut bien une femme !
Je jure ici
D' mettre un étouffoir sur ma flamme ;
Et, si le sort me trahit,
Je m' rattrap'rai sur la bouteille.

TAPIOCA.

Mon ami, cela fait merveille,
Surtout si l'on nous applaudit.

DUCROQUET.

Et si l' guignon me poursuit,
Je m' rattrap'rai sur la bouteille.
Viv' le jus de la treille,
Lorsque le sort vous a trahi !...

TAPIOCA.

Et si le sort me trahit,
Je m' rattrap'rai sur la bouteille :
Cela fera merveille,
Surtout si l'on nous applaudit !...

FIN.

Paris, imp. de Dubuisson et Ce, rue Coq-Héron, 5.

LA BELLE BOUCHÈRE

OPÉRETTE

Créée à l'Alcazar Lyrique de Paris, par Émile MATHIEU.

Paroles de A. BRUNET. | Musique de M. A. DE VILLEBICHOT.

PERSONNAGES :

MONFIGNARD . . . . . MM. DEPARVILLERS.
BOURNIQUET . . . . . MATHIEU.

SCÈNE PREMIÈRE.

MONTFIGNARD.

(Il arrive sur une musique d'orchestre ; il est inquiet. — Il fait nuit.)

N° 1.

Marchons en silence,
Allons, pas de bruit ;
Prenons patience,
Il n'est pas minuit.
Bientôt auprès d'elle,
Son cœur sur mon cœur,
En amant fidèle,
J'aurai ce bonheur.
Tra la la la la !
Pour moi quel bonheur,
Que éééé el bonheur.

(Il s'avance sur le devant de la scène.) Il faut avouer que je suis un franc petit polisson, moi, Montfignard, fabricant de pâtes d'Italie, macaroni et autres vermicelles ; ayant toute la pesanteur d'un lustre sur la tête, j'ose me soupirer du soupir de l'amour, et je viens nuitamment. (Il chante :)

Dans l'ombre de la nuit implorer en silence

Ce petit scélérat de Cupidon, pour qu'il m'accorde le cœur de la belle bouchère que j'aime ! oh ! oui que j'aime ! oh ! que oui ! Pourquoi vous le laisserais-je ignorer ? N'en est-il point temps encore ? Eh bien ! j'aime et je brûle... Saperlotte, j'ai les pieds gelés. J'aime et je brûle (Au public, en lui montrant le dessous de ses souliers.) Tenez, voyez-vous, c'est là que çà me..... (On entend sonner minuit ; pendant ce temps il arpente le théâtre et dit :) Minuit, l'heure du crime et des amours. (Au dernier coup de minuit il éternue et dit :) Merci ! Allons ! bon ! voilà que je m'enrhume à présent. Elle va venir, donnons le signal. Je dois dire *cot*, et elle me répondra *codec*. Hum ! hum ! (Il entend du bruit et se cache.)

SCÈNE II.

BOURNIQUET. Il arrive à reculons et regarde derrière lui avec inquiétude.

N° 2.

J'écoute en silence,
Je n'fais pas de bruit ;
La patrouill' s'avance,
Elle me poursuit.
Mais non, du courage,
Allons, Bourniquet,
L'amour te ménage
Rendez-vous coquet.
Tra la la la la
Rendez-vous coquet,
Co co co co co co co co quet.

(Avec mystère.) Qui eût dit, il y a 60 ans, qu'un Bourniquet, fabricant de godiveau et autres boulettes, viendrait, dans la nuit du 31 mars 1863, roucouler une

Paris, maison Schonenberger ; WILD, successeur, boulevard Poissonnière, 28. — Le libretto, seul, 25 c.

plaintive romance. (Il chante sous la fenêtre d'une bouchère comme un gai troubadour. — Bruit à l'orchestre. — Montfignard traverse la scène vivement. — Aux musiciens, après avoir regardé de tous côtés :) Qu'c'est bête de faire des peurs comme çà ; vous me voyez là, bien tranquille : eh bien ! laissez-moi faire ma petite affaire paisiblement.

N° 3.

Je suis à toi, cher objet que j'adore,
Ne pleure pas, je vais bientôt te voir ;
Car ce matin, à peine était l'aurore,
En négligé je t'ai vue sans te voir,
Car dans la bou...tique de ton père,
Où dans ta main tu tenais un gigot;
De l'autre main tu tenais l'aloyau
Pou l'pot au feu de la fruitière. (*Bis*)

Oui, belle bouchère, je t'aime et je viens au rendez-vous. Bigre !.. je ne me rappelle plus le mot du signal : an ! je le tiens ! Elle doit dire *cot* et je lui répondrai *codec* ; allons-y. (Il cherche de tous côtés et remonte la scène, puis redescend sur la gauche de l'acteur.)

SCÈNE III.

MONTFIGNARD. Il sort de sa cachette et vient au premier plan. —Depuis une heure que j'fais l'pied de grue comme un dindon, il est temps que l'oiseau sorte de son nid ; je dois imiter le chant du coq pour attirer ma poule, et ne barbottons pas comme un canard, ça ne serait pas bon signe. (Il fait le tour de la scène, et lorsqu'il est à droite, il fait :) Cot, cot, cot.

BOURNIQUET, à gauche. — Codec. (Il passe à droite. — Montfignard passe à gauche.) C'est de l'autre côté.

MONTFIGNARD. — Cot, cot, cot. C'est au mitan...

BOURNIQUET. — Codec. (Ils arrivent au milieu, puis se rencontrent dos à dos.)

ENSEMBLE — Cot, cot, codec; cot, cot, cot, codec. (Ils se prennent mutuellement la main, sont étonnés et se retournent vivement, et se reconnaissent pour voisin. — La lumière est venue.)

MONTFIGNARD. — Bourniquet !

BOURNIQUET. — Montfignard !

MONTFIGNARD. — Qu'est-ce que vous faites donc là, voisin ?

BOURNIQUET. — Mais... j'étudie les astres... Et vous ?

MONTFIGNARD. — Mais... je regarde passer la revue... ramplan plan.

BOURNIQUET, à part. — Ah ! tu regardes passer la revue.

MONTFIGNARD, à part. — Ah ! tu étudies les astres. (Ils parlent ensemble.). — Monsieur, vous mentez ! Eh bien ! oui je mens, et après ?... après ! après !... j'aime la belle bouchère, et je viens au rendez-vous qu'elle m'a donné... tu aimes la belle bouchère ?... (à part.) Il aime la belle bouchère. (Haut.) Eh bien ! moi aussi, je l'aime. Tu l'aimes aussi ! oh !... (Ritournelle du Chalet.)

MONTFIGNARD.

Tu vas r'noncer à la bouchère,
Ou ventre bleu, je t'étends là, cric crac.

BOURNIQUET, frissonnant.

Qui, moi ? r'noncer à la bouchère !
Ah ! saperlotte, nous verrons çà, cric crac.

MONTFIGNARD.

Eh bien ! alors, selon l'usage,
Comme un bon garde national, cric crac.

BOURNIQUET.

Qu'é qu'tu veux ?

MONTFIGNARD.

Moi je t'engage
A choisir briquet ou bancal, cric crac.

BOURNIQUET, l'interrompant et lui prenant le poignet.

Assez... Demain !

MONTFIGNARD.

Demain ?

BOURNIQUET.

Au point !

MONTFIGNARD.

Au point ?

BOURNIQUET.

Du jour !

MONTFIGNARD.

Du jour ?

BOURNIQUET.

Chez l'marchand d'vin !

MONTFIGNARD.

Chez l'marchand d'vin ?

BOURNIQUET.

Au coin !

MONTFIGNARD.

Au coin ?

BOURNIQUET.

D'la rue !

MONTFIGNARD.

D'la rue ?

BOURNIQUET.

Du Four !

MONTFIGNARD.

Du Four ?

BOURNIQUET.

Vous y serez ?

MONTFIGNARD.

J'y serai. Vous y serez ?

BOURNIQUET.

J'y serai.

(Ils se quittent et gagnent les côtés de la scène.)

Je crois qu'il a rougi.

MONTFIGNARD.

Si je ne me trompe, il a pâli.

ENSEMBLE. — Je n'en suis pas bien sûr, mais...

MONTFIGNARD, le regardant. — Le drôle paraît joliment sûr de lui !

BOURNIQUET. — On dirait qu'il est certain de ne pas me manquer.

MONTFIGNARD. — Est-ce qu'il aurait l'intention de me... cric. (Faisant le geste d'avoir le cou coupé.)

BOURNIQUET. — S'il allait me porter le coup de pointe, autrement dit le *gâte-chair*... crac.

(Le basson et le trombonne jouent l'air *Tu n'auras pas ma rose*. — Montfignard et Bourniquet, pendant ce temps, arpentent la scène.— A la fin de l'air on entend des rires dans les coulisses.)

MONTFIGNARD. — Quel est le mot de cettte énigme?

BOURNIQUET. — Qui m'expliquera ce logogriphe?

MONTFIGNARD. — Cela veut dire que la belle bouchère s'est moqué de vous. (Il rit.) Ah! ah! ah!

BOURNIQUET. — Après vous, mon voisin. (Il rit.) Ah! ah! ah! ah!

MONTFIGNARD, sérieusement. — Le coupe-choux arrangera tout çà.

BOURNIQUET frissonne. (Se ravisant.) — Comment donc! j'espère qu'il tranchera... les difficultés.

MONTFIGNARD, patelin. — Est-ce que vous tenez beaucoup à me... cric...

BOURNIQUET. — Est-ce que vous ne seriez pas fâché de me... crac... (Ils font signe que non.)

ENSEMBLE, se prenant la main. — Ce bon voisin!...

DUO FINAL.

MONTFIGNARD.

Voisin, voulez-vous m'en croire?
Nous sommes joués aux cornichons.

BOURNIQUET.

Voisin, voulez-vous l'savoir?
C'est nous qui sommes les dindons.
La bouchère est une coquette
Qui fait tourner toutes les têt's
Dans le quartier des innocents.

MONTFIGNARD.

Pour elle il n'est point d'excuse,
Car de nous deux elle s'amuse;
Aussi, je lui garde une dent.

ENSEMBLE.

Que la paix, la paix, règne entre nous,
Et puis rentrons chacun chez nous.
Mon voisin, voisin, embrassons-nous,
Faisons fi de notre courroux.

(Au public.)

Nous avons bon caractère,
Messieurs, arrangez l'affaire;
Un bravo bien accordé
Va nous rendre la gaîté,
Et tout nous faire oublier!...

FIN.

Paris. — Imprimerie Dubuisson et C°, rue Coq-Héron, 5.

The Save-Alls.

WHile Faction with its baleful Breath proclaims
The loud Applause of undeserving Names,
And crys up Tenets that Rebellion teach,
From *Hoadly*'s Writings, and from *S——m*'s Speech,
The Muse obedient to her Prince should rise,
To bear transcendent Merit to the Skies;
And Truth's Defenders piously deduce,
From Time to Time, for future Ages use.
O *ANNA!* couldst thou but a while regard
Some Patriots Vows, and let their Pray'rs be heard!
Couldst thou but once a gracious Freedom deign
To Doctrines that support thy glorious Reign,
Prelates would not the sacred Lawn disgrace,
By preaching up Resistance to thy Face;
Nor in thy Courts Republicans be seen,
To wrong their Country, and deceive their Queen;
But *R——er*, restor'd from his Disgrace,
Would be thy Delegate, in *Wh——n*'s Place;
And fam'd *Sacheverell* unsuspended be,
Possess'd of *T——n*'s Archbishops See.
Yet tho', for some Offences yet unknown,
Heav'n suffers such as these to Guard the Throne;
Tho' Loyalty, for some time, must give place
To faithless Anarchy's triumphant Race,
And Bishops, to the scandal of their Coat,
Against the Apostle's Exhortation Vote;
As most of them, altho' the Cause is Heav'ns,
Have left the Church at *SIXES* and at *SEVENS*.
Justice forbids that we should Virtue wrong,
Or rob Religion's Champions of their Song,
Who for their own and Monarch's Rights have stood,
Lavishly Bold, and desperately Good,
And, fearful of Prerogative's Invasion,
Are justly styl'd *The SAVE-ALLS of the Nation.*
Such is the dauntless *TORK*, whose silver Hairs
Are crown'd with Learning equal to his Years.
Of Post exalted, yet of humble Mind,
Studious of good, beneficent, and kind;
As meek as *Moses*, and as *Joshua* brave,
When call'd to suffer, or when call'd to save.
Fix'd on himself, immoveable, and true,
He treads the Steps he bids us to pursue.
As undebauch'd by Courtiers Smiles or Frowns,
He stands by God's Prerogative and the Crown's.
The same his Precepts which of old he taught,
From Reason and from Revelation brought.
His Language copious, and his Meaning strong,
His Heart not inconsistent with his Tongue.
For Alms, for Arts, for Probity rever'd,
And *Guiltless* as the Preacher he'd have *clear'd*.
Such *LONDON* is, whose high descended Veins
Admit no Tincture of seditious Stains;
Loyal and Just, as was his Sire, who fell
A Sacrifice to Treason and to Hell:

When

When Rebels their Allegiance durst disown,
And sought against their King to guard his Throne.
Oh! had not one of this Illustrious Blood,
Lately departed from the Paths he trod,
And mingled with a base, Malignant Herd,
To be to Offices of Trust preferr'd,
What Family could more conspicuous shine,
In every Branch of its untainted Line?

Such *DURHAM*, whose inimitable Zeal,
For Church, and Queen, and for his Country's Weal;
Whose early Labours, and continued Care,
Add lustre to the Coronet and Chair;
And might more noble *Sentiments* infuse
Than what are now receiv'd amongst the *CREWS*.

Such *ROCHESTER*, in whose unshaken Breast,
Peace, Knowledge, Loyalty, divinely rest,
For unsuspected Honesty renown'd,
With Age, with Honour, and with Judgment crown'd;
His Thoughts surprising, as their Sense is sound,
The Pride and Advocate of *Britains* Isle,
As well as the Refiner of its Stile;
Whether in Verse of * *Athens Plagues* he writes,
Or Treatises in nervous Prose endites,
Solemn when he Harangues, and sprightly when he bites.
As happy Periods his Descriptions close,
And Satyr mixt with Panegyrick flows.
Whether he points at heavy * *Sorbier's* Flegm,
Or makes a ‖ *King's Society* his Theme.

Such *BATH* and *WELLS* the rapturd Muse inspires
With ardent Wishes, and with holy Fires,
With Vows which are incessantly preferr'd,
That such a Life as his may long be spar'd;
May still adorn the Mitre which he wears,
And teach his Brethren how to fill their Chairs.
The best of Prelates, and the best of Men,
A worthy Successor to Bishop *Ken*.
Like him, by no Consideration sway'd,
To see his Flocks missled, or Church betray'd;
Like him, when Storms impending threatned, bold,
So were the Pastors of God's Church of old,
Till *Moderation* made Devotion cold.
A Game trump'd up by *Sectaries* of late,
To veil their Malice, and disguise their Hate.

Such *CHESTER* is, from whose unerring Quill
Eternal Truths, like heav'nly Dews, distil;
As soft Persuasion dwells upon his Voice,
And plain Instructive Doctrines are his choice,
Atheists from his Discouses Christians turn,
And Proselites their vitious Actions mourn;
Unable their old Tenets to pursue,
When he lays every *Sinner's* Crimes in view;
Horror and Dread within their Breasts instils,
And even saves their *Souls* against their wills.
To tread him truly, is to read his Life,
All of a Piece, and never known to *Strife*;
But when false Tenets would take place of true,
And old Opinions are laid by for New,
Then Zealous on a Rock God's Church to fix,
The Youngest, not the Meanest of the Six.

* *A Poem written by him.*

* *His Answer to a Journy to England.*

‖ *Hist. Royal Society*

LES PONES D'AMOUR DA HERVAI

MESSEGI D'MONT'GNAIE,

CHANSONNETTE COMIQUE

Par NICOLAS DECHARNEUX,

Chantée aux Salles BONNAUD et WÉRY, à Liége.

Lîg', à mon GOTHIER. row Vinâve- d'Ile, 42.
1867.

LES PONES D'AMOUR DA HERVAI

Messegî d'Mont'gnaie,

Chansonnette comique par N. DECHARNEUX,

Chantée aux Salles BONNAUD et WERY à Liége.

Prumî Couplet. — *Air dell pipe di Toûbac.*

Des messegîs je l'pou bî dire,
Ji sus l'mèieu et l'pus ânchais ;
On m'chege â mak' l'annaie étire,
So chomps, so voïes, di tots les tais !
Tott' marchandeïe ess'-t-'assuraie ;
Reign' n'est pierdou, reign' n'est cassé :
Ji beu bî l'gott' sais ess' sôlaie,
Jamaïe, so m-i-âm' ji n'a toumé. (bis)

Parlé.

I-n'y-a nou messeigî dis-t-on sî bon qu'lu même,
Cess-t-on vî spot qu'est'bon, qwand on hont' et qu'on aime.
On deut ess fwér prudont d'vais les affair's d'amour,
Et n'jamaïe rait ses cont's qu'inn aut' ni v'jove n'tour,
Avou mi i-niâ reign' â craite,
Dinez m'vos lett' et vo paquets,

Oh ! ja si bî l'tour di mî praite !
Ji m'mel' di tot j'sé bî po qwet !
Divai tott' affair' di feumereie,
Seïy tronquil' ji n'sus nî sot.
Seuie â viége, ou bî ell' veie,
Ji fret bî voss-t-ovrég' por vos,

Jo n'allons nî pu long :
C'ess-t-inn' fwer mâl manire ;
On m'pâïe mes commichons,
C'n'est neign' po l'aller dire.
Ji n'jâs qu'avou mi âgn', ji v'zel' jeure,
Cess-t-inn' biess', qui j'ell' lomme aissi ;
Ji n'vi mait neign', vos m'polez creure ;
Bi, ell' comprait tot çou qui j'dis
Har, hott' ou recoulez,
Vos trovez çola drole.
Por leie c'ess-t a bé cé
Inn li mâqu' qui l'parole.
Vos riez pasqui c'ess-t-inn âgne ?
Bî si nos n'avî reign' apri,
Qui serîgn ? qua çola m'kimagne,
Ji n'ell' trouv' nî pus biess' qui mi,
J'y â songî mi à çola,
Noûveur-t-ell' nî po gangnî s'veie ?
Ell' beut ell' magne et cétera,
Ell' fait l'amour, qua fât q'-ji-reie !
Qwand l'veut l'âgn da tonton,
I-v-fâreut l'oï braire,
C'ait feies îhon îhon :
Aipossibl' d'ell îé taire !
Fât qui j'lî donn' des côps d'bordons ;
Cont' mi cour vos compraidez beign' ?
Ji m'mett' sovait ess' pôsichons,
Volà des ponn's d'amour surmeigne ;
C'est mi qu'est n'na des pon's d'amour,
Ji n'sé qu'mai qu'ji n'piett' nî l'tiesse,
On ma jowé on vilai tour !
Ossi ji sow tot comme inn' cresse !
Av' bî knohou Bietmé li vî touweu d'pourçais !
Cest s'ièfont qu' j'aimèv'ton, inn' bâcell, rî d'pus bai,
Nî grand', mais lâg, di spal', c'nest nî comm ses damzelles,
Ell' pwett' pus pesant qu' l'agn' ses mais, c'est des truvelles.
Ell' â les pîds â l'advinan ;
C'est bôn po roter so les terres,
Ji sé qu'ell n'a noll' aistrucchon,
Mais ell' a oû boû caractère !
Ji n'volév'-nî qu'ell' fouh si biesse :
Ji lî appraida à fer s'non,
Sell' fév' inn' creux, mettév' es m'plesse :
Bî çola n'vi sonn'reu nî bon,
J-i-hinn', hinn' Jehinn' Du Fwai.
Po nos marier c'esteut l'affaire,
Li pér' et l'mér' esti coûtais
Ji sé çou qui fât fer po plaire.

Deuzaime Couplet.

Tott' nutt' ji n'cligna neign' inn' ouïe ;
J'ell' veiév' tott' blonque dlvon mi !
Qwet qui j'tronnah' tot comme inn' fouïe,
J'âreû si bî volou l'bâhî !
Lâ matai j'veu qu'cess'-t-inn chimîhe,
Paidowe â l'qwett' po fer souwer ;
Seuïe avou l'vait ou avou l'bîhe,
Ell' si k'tapév' comm' po donser. (bis)

Parlé.

On à raison d'dire qwand on aime,
Qu'on ess-t-aveul' dinn bell' façon !
Praite inn' chimîh po j'henn' toll'même,
Leie qua on visèg' si roslon :
Qwand l'va stâ bal ell est si gaïe ;
Avou s' bouniquet plai d'fouie d'ôr,
Po n'leïi nou rivâl es païe,
Ji m'rimoussa comm' on sait geôr,
Evôïe à meneu d'inn' plaitt' pèce,
Sont bî malais les viwaris !
On m' fît aitrer d'vais n'grand' neur' plèce,
Et v'la qu'oû m'châs oû baî habit.
On tap' tot l'mêm' bî crâ evôïe :
I n'aveut nî n'akceur â toût.
Ou bai fai drap, tot comm' inn' sôïe.
On veut à costeûr qu'est tot nôu,
Et on fât col, ni on tot p'tit loëgne ;
Long, lâg adon ! ji n' louk a reign' çola :
Et où chapai, tot çou qui n'y a d'pus feigne,
A long poech', jo on vraie âgola !
Ja n'grand' gross' mont' qui n'est ni mâle,
Et oû cachet qu' peus' treux qwâtrons,
On dit qu' c'ess-t-inn pîr aifernale,
Et puis qui j'sus oû bai garcon :

Ji monn' jihenne à bal, vola qu'tot l'mond'nos louk.
Garçon, dis-je, inn rond' tât, avou brammai des souk,
Qwat' boteies di veign' allons, fat qui j'mé donne.
La d'sus les musichais kimaicet l'braibançonne,
Jim' mett' à chanter d'vant tot l'monde,
Rions, chontons, donsons, buvons :
On s'moqua d'mi a l'fait de compte :
Ji n'pola ni fini m'chanson.
So s'tai la j'henn' saveut sâvé,
Sais mi l'lesteut évaûie à l'donse.
Si ji meuh' mâie avou mâvlé,
Leuhî pai les consèquonces.
C'ess-t-on vilai affront por mi !
Ell' sé portont qui j'donse si beigne :
Jé fou malad' j'âreu flâwi ;
Falla qu' jé n'alah est jardeigne !
Ell' si vait s'jeter d'vais mes bresse,
Tot d'hont qu' jelle vout abondonner,
Qu'ell' trahison v'la qu'ell' m'abresse,
Adon ell' si mett' a plorer !
Les jeais qu' non maie inn bonne ideie,
V'la qui kmaiçait à m'kibouter,
Ji creux qu' ji areu pierdou l'veie,
Mais j' pocha l'hâie, fa bi s'sâver.
C'nesteu qu'on d'meie ma tot çola !
Mais c'es q'ji r'touma d'vai n'pucenne,
Avou n'mouçeur, po où jama !
Q'on ria d'mi tot t'nant s'narenne.

Jè n'nallév' tot ploront, vochal li gar-champette,
Qui m'dit qui m'apougn'reut si l'aveut inn' picette,
Qui ji sus trop mâssi po m'praite avou ses mais,
Mais qui j'na râi pierdou, qui j'rataise jusqu'à d'mai.
Ji cours à mon l'maieûr,
Ji volév' m'aller plaite,
I-m'trait' di sais honneûr,
Sais voleûr reign' étaite !
Ji touma d'pâmoison,
Qwand j'appraida l'novelle ;
Qu'elle areut inn' èfant ;
Et cess-t-inn' brave bâcelle,
Qui si jamaie ji l'abondonne ;
Ji d'vreu li d'né n'ponchon si v'plait,
C'est l'maieûr lu même qui l'ordonne,
Qu'on akliv' l'èfont à mes frais.
C'est portont todi mâlheureux !
Si fat creur tot çou qu'on raconte,
On m'dit qui j'sus on mâhonteus !
Ji pleureus l'âm' di sônc di honte !
On grâce dinem' on p'tit conseie.
Fa-t-i l'marier ou l'plonter là ?
Ji na pus n'gotte d'amour por leie,
Ji la st'es l'âm' po tot çola !
Ji sé qu'l'éfont n'mappartait neigne,
Et q'magré mi m'loumreû papa ;
Di n'aut' costé l'maieûr mi teigne,
Jugiz on pô di m'iaibaras !

Treuzaime Couplet.

Si ji montév' so m'i-âgne' bi vite,
Et qu'ji m'-sâvreû à dial pus long ;
C'est l'meïeu d'tot po mè fer qwitte,
Ni-v-sônn ti neign qui ja raison,
Ni tournez neign à toû po l'dire ?
Si v'sônn qui ji sus ennoçait,
Ni m'huflez, neign' mettez-v-à rire,
Breiez vivâ ! claquez des mais ! (bis)

Liége, chez J. GOTHIER, rue Vinâve-d'Ile.

Ji monn' jihenne à bal, vola qu'tot l'mond'nos louk.
Garçon, dis-je, inn rond' tât, avou brammai des souk,
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C'nesteu qu'on d'meie ma tot çola !
Mais c'es q'ji r'touma d'vai n'pucenne,
Avou n'mouçeur, po ou jama !
Q'on ria d'mi tot t'nant s'narenne.

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Qui si jamaie ji l'abondonne ;
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C'est l'maieûr lu même qui l'ordonne,
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Ni tournez neign à toû po l'dire ?
Si v'sônn qui ji sus ennoçait,
Ni m'huflez, neign' mettez-v-à rire,
Breiez vivâ ! claquez des mais ! (bis)

Liége, chez J. GOTHIER, rue Vinâve-d'Ile.

GEDEPONEERD. PROEVE VAN EEN PUBLICERENDER TEVENS DUBBEL.

WATERLOO

Zondag 18 Junij 1865.

WATERLOO,

aan mijn Kinderen verteld.

Frankrijk onder Lodewijk XVIII.

Lodewijk XVI, kinderen, was dood, zijn broer (hij heet [illegible]
Kloek [illegible] Napoleon vertrok, op den [illegible]
Hij leefde er lekker op los, at alle dagen taart,
En zat kool te verkoopen.
Van zulk een regering was weinig te hopen.
Want hij liet Gods watertje over Frankrijks akkertje loopen.

Napoleon op Elba.

Intusschen zat Napoleon in asch en in zak
Op Elba te pruilen, lang niet op zijn gemak,
Want Campbell, de Engelschman, bewaakte hem goed
En 't lag den gevangene zwaar op 't gemoed,
Dat men hem verder van Frankrijk verwijderen zou;
Daarom hield hij zijn plan en zijn knepen in den mouw,
Deed als of hij content was...
Totdat zijn bewaker, die een goedige vent was,
Om familiezaken een paar dagen absent was.

Landing.

Napoleon mompelde binnensmonds: „Adieu!"
Hij speelde dien avond een omber à deux.
Op eens gooit hij driftig de kaarten neêr,
Kijkt naar buiten en roept: „Wat is 't mooi weêr!
't Moet nu wel mooi zijn voor 'n toertje op zee;
Jongens van de garde! kom stap op, ga maar meê.
Wees niet bang voor een stranding."
En naauwelijks was 't scheepje buiten de branding,
Of in Frankrijk vernam men Napoleons landing.

Intogt.

De XVIIIde Lodewijk, die heel lekker en bedaard,
Naast zijn flesch portwijn zat en de rest van een taart,
Heeft den indringer toen wel vogelvrij verklaard,
Maar geen franschman hoorde 't, en den 20. Maart
Trok Louis met zijn taartepan over Rijssel naar Gent
En maakte daar voorloopig zijn testament.
Hij had tijd tot bezinnen,
Men raadde hem om een groote restauratie te beginnen,
En haalde te Parijs juichend Napoleon binnen.

Weener Congres.

Te Weenen zaten, al een maand of zes,
De groote heeren van Europa, bijgenaamd 't Weener congres,
[illegible]

Aanstalten.

De Engelschen, Belgen en Hollanders, onder Wellington,
Beschermden ons land [illegible]
De Pruissen zouden [illegible]
Wel wat ver uit elkander [illegible]
Ten minste Napoleon [illegible]
En vernietig die legertjes [illegible]
En [illegible]
Dan kan ik gaan [illegible]
Alleen Europa hard op [illegible]
[illegible]
Bij Charleroy [illegible]
Maar moest hoor papa [illegible]
De Pruissen schoten [illegible]
[illegible]
En Ney schreef terug: „'t zal gebeuren, hoor papa!"
Hij trok met 45,000 door de Pruissen heen naar Quatre-bras,
Een gehucht zonder huizen.
Maar jawel, een dooje kat is een schrik voor de muizen:
Daar stond Saxen-Weimar en die wou niet verhuizen.

Wankelmoedigheid van Ney.

Bij 't gedonder van 't geschut en 't gezigt van 4000 man,
Dacht Ney: „'t heeft den tijd wel, 'k heb'er de weerga van."
De man keek dubbeld of door een beslagen brillenglas,
Ten minste hij dacht, dat 't het gansche engelsche leger was.
Saxen-Weimar lachte in zijn vuistje op zijn gevaarlijken post,
Die hem, als Ney maar gedurfd had, het hachje had gekost.
En toen 't eenmaal te laat was,
Zegt men dat Ney om zijn eigen dommeligheid disperaat was,
En Napoleon geen „amice" meer schreef, omdat hij zoo kwaad was.

Blücher en Wellington.

Al had de Franschman daardoor niet geheel zijn zin,
Hij stond toch tusschen Wellington en Blücher in.
Laatstgenoemde, een driftkop, dacht: „*Donnerwetter, lass'mal sehen?*"
Hij verzamelt zijn 80,000 soldaten om zich heen. —
En, te Brussel zat de dappere maar flegmatieke Wellington
Aan 't soupé bij mevrouw Richmond, of 't hem niet schelen kon.
Toen er tweemaal gebeld was,
En de meid vertelde hoe 't met Napoleon gesteld was,
Legde hij zijn vork neer en toonde dat hij ook bij een soupé een held was. —

De Prins van Oranje.

Onze prins van Oranje, later koning Willem II,
Was 't gelukkig eens met generaal Perponcher,
Dat men (tegen den zin van Wellington,
Die zeker nog te veel dacht aan 't soupé van mevr. Richmond),
Te Quatre-bras moest palstaan; zij volhardden daarbij,
En dat de prins het ernstig meende, dat toonde hij.
Toen 't op dapperheid aankwam,
En 't later met de Franschen op een schieten en slaan kwam,
[illegible]

Bezuiden.

Op een [illegible] stond Napoleon,
[illegible]
[illegible]
Maar [illegible] de Pruissen [illegible] kracht [illegible]
[illegible]
Hij [illegible] den [illegible] „[illegible]?"
Ooh, die [illegible] schotten!
Ze [illegible] en [illegible] [illegible] en [illegible].
En [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

Blücher overwonnen.

Daar lag de dappere Blücher, zoo hoog bejaard,
Op zijn 73e jaar [illegible] en gekwetst onder zijn paard,
Dat in zijn buik een schot van een dragonder [illegible]
En, als in de verkeerde wereld, bovenop en zijn [illegible] onder zat.
Men trok den grijsaard, met zijn [illegible] gevecht,
Onder 't dooje beest vandaan op [illegible]
Toen hij later weer bijkwam,
En toen hem zijn arts en zijn vrouw op zij [illegible],
Zag men dat Blücher met een schrapschotje [illegible] kwam.

Zijn moed.

De Pruissen weken, en op raad van den grooten Gneisenau,
Trokken ze, — niet naar Namen, waar Napoleon naar wou —
Maar naar Wavre, al vechtend, [illegible] vlugtend [illegible]
„Gansche [illegible] [illegible] zien: „*bis* [illegible]!"
[illegible]

17. Junij.

Den 17. werd Napoleon vroeg wakker, maar Wellington óók!
Ze waren beide nog doiderig, en schor van den rook;
Maar eerstgenoemde had pas zijn ontbijt naar binnen gestopt,
Of hij sprak: „gisteren heb ik de Pruissen geklopt,
Van daag krijgen de Engelschen van de taart."
Zoo gezegd zoo gedaan; maar 't was rekenen buiten den waard,
Zooals later zal blijken.
Wellington wist nog niet dat de Pruissen moesten wijken,
Stond als „zuster Anna", vergeefs naar hun komst te kijken.

Grouchy.

De keizer zond met 30,000 man, Grouchy
Om de komst der Pruissen te verhinderen, maar zie,
't Zij uit nalatigheid of uit simpel malheur,
Deze maarschalk stelde zijn patroon te leur;
Terwijl Napoleon dacht: kwaad is er aan dien kant niet bij,
Vereenigde hij de rest van zijn troep met Ney.
Maar van die exercitie
Nam de verstandige Wellington wel deugdelijk notitie,
En koos nu wat digter bij Brussel positie.

Wellington trekt naar Waterloo.

Maar dat was zoo gemakkelijk niet als 't scheen:
Hij moest dwars door de vijandelijke troepen heen.
En welhaast was het gevecht algemeen,
En menigeen liet er een arm of een been,
Of werd er gevangen door 't vijandlijk heer,
Of zag er den dag aan den hemel niet weer.
En daar viel zóóveel regen,
Dat menig officier 's nachts natte voeten heeft gekregen:
Napoleon had nog al tegen dien *Water*loo zegen.

De laatste nacht.

Toch ging hij zonder paraplu, met Bertrand en Gudin
In 't donker informeren of de Engelschen er nog zijn.
En jawel, in de wachtvuren aan den horizont
Zag hij dat het leger van zijn vijand daar nog stond.
En toen hij dit wist, is de heerschzuchtige Corsikaan
In de volle overtuiging van zijn magt een poos slapen gegaan.
[illegible]
[illegible]
Maar hij [illegible]

18. Junij.

De [illegible] overmoedige [illegible]
De storm en de regen [illegible]
Wij [illegible] St. Jean,
Verder [illegible] en 't [illegible]
De krijgers [illegible]
Het [illegible]
[illegible]
Van [illegible] en [illegible]
Neemt [illegible] plaats [illegible]
Voor [illegible]
Het [illegible]
[illegible]
Sloeg [illegible]
Onder [illegible]
En zie [illegible]
Die dronken en [illegible]
[illegible]
Die den [illegible]
Prijst den [illegible]
[illegible]
Ty[illegible]
[illegible]

1865

QUATER-BAS

Onder een regen van kogels, uit strijk en uit weg,
Trok een ander heir Franschen op de Hoogvlakte aan.
Zelfs de heftigste aanval bragt dat volk niet tot staan;
Maar aan den rand van den heuvel en verborgen in 't graan,
Daar zat Picton met de Bergschotten en zijn »Mannen, valt aan!"

Deed de vijanden beven.
En honderden dappere Franschen deed hij sneven,
Maar zonder satisfactie voor zich, want hij liet er 't leven.

De grijze Schotten.

Te midden van deze worsteling, man tegen man,
Sprak lord Uxbridge: komaan »'k wil zien wat ik kan,"
En riep generaal Ponsonby 's Schotsche ruiterij
Ter hulpe van 't Engelsche voetvolk daar bij:
Zij vielen den Franschman als leeuwen op 't lijf. —
Napoleon zag van verre dit bedrijf,
Zond zijn kavaleristen....
Die de Schotten omsingelden eer zij het wisten
En... later van de 1200 wel 600 misten! —

Ney tegen Wellington.

De Franschen kwamen echter nog weinig vooruit. —
Ney die la Haie Sainte nam, nam nu ook 't besluit,
Op het toppunt van moed door den voorspoed gebragt,
Om zijn laatsten slag te slaan; heel mooi bedacht
Maar slecht uitgevallen, — want Wellingtons ijzeren wil
En de moed van Oranje en Alten en Hill
En hun zestig kanonnen,
Deden hem welhaast zuchten »wat ben ik begonnen!
Wij vechten als duivels en hebben nog niets gewonnen".

Wellington's nood.

Tienduizend man paardenvolk, het beste van Ney,
Streed verwoed maar vergeefs tegen Wellingtons ruiterij;
Tot elfmalen toe, telkens met meerder geweld
Werd die eik door den storm geschud, — niet geveld.
»Als Blücher niet komt," sprak in 't einde de held,
»Dan is 't treurig met ons en onze toekomst gesteld,
»Dan is alles me om 't even." —
»Wat moet ik," vroeg Hill hem, »als gij komt te sneven?"
»Vechten tot Blücher komt, 'k heb geen beter raad te geven."

De Pruis opgewacht.

[illegible]

Maard vroeg hard.

[illegible] de goedertieren vergeving, de jeugdige held,
[illegible] van Oranje, is te Brussel spoedig hersteld. —
[illegible] zich nu aan 't hoofd van zijn grijze grenadiers,
[illegible] deed aan het vuur van de Engelsche kanonniers,
[illegible] wijten, maar halsstarrig, te midden van 't vreeselijke vuur
[illegible] als een wandelende muur.
Daar komt hun halverwegen
[illegible] Maitlands garde tegen,
[illegible] den berg weer schoon te vegen.

Wonderlijk.

[illegible] hersteldden zich van weer,
[illegible]

En hij hield van doórzetten als hij eens wat in 't hoofd had.

La belle Alliance.

En zoo kwam het, dat men bij 't schijnsel van de maan
Twee deftige mannen bij la Belle Alliance kon zien staan:
't Waren de driftige Blücher en de flegmatieke Wellington.
Lang duurde het eer een van beide van aandoening spreken kon.
Eindelijk zei Wellington: „Dat heb jij gedaan, *thank you* mijn vriend!"
Maar Blücher zei dat de lord de eer van den dag had verdiend.
Beide wilden 't niet weten;
Ze pakken mekaar ferm, en besluiten onder 't eten,
Dat die slag, »de veldslag van Waterloo" zal heeten.

De vervolging.

»Daar wij," zei Blücher, »'t minste deel hadden aan dien slag,
Wou 'k vragen of mijn volk 't werk nu eindigen mag?"
't Werd goedgekeurd en de Pruis joeg de Franschen achterna
Alsof hij nog dacht aan de oude schuld van Jena.
Menig fransche vlugteling deed hij bijten in 't zand,
Die met de kous op zijn kop den weg zocht naar zijn land.
En slechts weinigen vonden
De rivier, waar zij kortgeleden stonden,
Met 't *veive l'empereur*!" ... dat ze nu niet meer roepen konden.

Napoleon.

Toen Napoleon in 't midden van de rest zijner garde reed,
Terwijl niemand van de vrienden iets vrolijks te vertellen weet,
En de keizer er ook op den duur het zwijgen toe deed,
Als iemand die erg aan inwendige verveling leed,
Mompelde hij: »'t stuk is uit, ik leg mijn lepel neer,
Want de kans die zoo mooi stond, is verkeken en komt nooit weer." —
Zoo kwam hij na acht dagen
Te Parijs terug; niemand kwam naar zijn gezondheid vragen,
En hij besloot de regering aan zijn zoontje over te dragen.

Sint Helena.

Maar men zou hem zien komen, men lachte er om,
En sommigen zeiden: wees wijzer, kom — kom!
Verlang niet, terwijl jij ons zoo lang hebt verveeld,
Dat je zoon in je plaats nog wat keizertje speelt.
En de Pruis [illegible] drieste [illegible] drieste [illegible] drieste [illegible]
Hij kwam te Parijs en [illegible] je niet, mijnheer!

Lodewijk XVIII kwam weer als koning
Met [illegible] kanonnen
En gal Napoleon op Sint Helena zkoot en vrijwonting.

Besluit.

Zoo is, lieve kinderen, ongeveer de geschiedenis gewoon
Die ons aanleiding geeft tot het Waterloo-feest.
Dankt God voor den afloop! en onthoudt het toch goed
Dat 't mede Oranje is en zijn vaderlandsliefde en moed,
Die met luttele krachten, ten koste van zijn bloed,
Ons land voor nieuwe dwinglandij heeft behoed;
Als 't feestlied uit uw mond klinkt,
Als heel 't volk: »*Bescherm o God, bewaar den grond!*" zingt,
Dat dan ook 't *Oranje boven!* daverend in 't rond klinkt!

J. VAN GARMOND.

Proeve van kritiek.

Ik begrijp volstrekt niet waarom de tijdschriften en kranten alleen *boeken* recenseren; alsof deze alleen beschouwd moeten worden als teekenen des tijds, als uitvloeisels van het volksleven, als producten van de wetenschap.

In elk van die opzigten acht ik een kort overzigt van enkele onzer meest bekende *volksspelen* in deze dagen veel [illegible] ter dan [illegible] ffelen in boeken

voor gevoellooze toeschouwers, 't is geen eerlijk spel. De ervarenste matroos kan 't niet tegen dien met zeep lomp en vet ingesmeerden mast tot aan den top brengen. Dat weten de heeren die de feestelijkheid besturen en er met een sigaar in den mond, kalm bijstaan om op de volgorde te doen acht geven, en dat weten de moedige klimmers óók; de eerste pogingen dienen alleen om de frissche krachten af te matten, en dat vind ik valsch. De klimveteranen hebben hun zak vol zaagsel en bij elken togt naar boven mindert de kracht der zeepmassa, maar niet de gladheid van den paal. Ten laatsten, veel te laat doorgaans, wordt van hooger hand de mast zoogenaamd schoongemaakt; de geëmploijeerde doet dit werk per ladder want, geen kristenmensch kan 't anders doen. En dan mogen de uitgeputte stumpers, meestal vaders van huisgezinnen, wien 't alleen om de hammen te doen is, hun laatste pogingen doen. Ik heb in November 1863 een man naar boven zien gaan, op wiens bleek gezigt te lezen stond dat hij misschien nooit ham geproefd en zijn talrijk gezin zoo graag eens zou vergasten. Hij klom en steeg, en al wie het aanzag bonsde het het hart; hij klom steeds... tot aan dat boveneinde waar geen zaagsel en wel zeep was. Doodstil volgt men hem met ingehouden adem, hij grijpt, maar op een palm afstand van den ham begeeft hem de kracht en hij-zonder-ham glijdt niet, maar vàlt naar beneden, en er was er niet één zoo dronken of ruw dat hij juichte; met mij stonden er velen met een traan in 't oog. Een jong matroos die intusschen een oorlam genomen had, haalde de ham.

En den 18. komt er geen huilen immers te pas?

De eenige goede eigenschap van dit spel is dat elke arme, zij het dan geen ham of pijpevroeter,

[illegible]

Naar wat mij tegenen doet uit volle borst, zoo dat mijn lever denkt, „wat schegit de kaas?" en mijn vrouw bezorgd vraagt: „hoe is 't met je?" zulke spelen heb ik lief, en onder velen prijs ik hoog het *rijden op de ton*, als het zwart en wit geen vieders voor goed bederve; het *zandloopen* en *zeeloopen*. Deze spelen hebben behalve een goede lichamelijke strekking, een zedelijk nut: ze vorderen behendigheid en balanceerkunst, maar doen een onverschrokken rijder en loper, die [illegible] zijn taak aanvaart met een gezigt of hij zeggen wil: „O, is 't anders niet?" de beteekenis kennen van een aantal verstandige Vaderlandsche mensken als:

Een aanhouder wint. Die niet [illegible] wint.
Je best doen [illegible]
en krijgen is [illegible]
wal. Die niet [illegible]
man, half [illegible]
Praaties [illegible]

WATERLOO

Heb ik gedacht, terwijl ik een sluntje nam:
Heilig de oude wereld. — Europa — Amsterdam. —
En nu, nu 't weer vrede bij u is, dat wil zeggen,
Nu de Zuidelijken, *bongré malgré*, de wapens neer moeten leggen,
Maak daar nu, Johnson! geen misbruik van!
Men hield u eerst voor een zuipert en een ruwen man;
Toen waart gij *vice-*, maar nu gij president zijt,
Zegt men dat gij een nuchteren knappe vent zijt;
Dat is bij ons ook zoo: die 't hoogst verheven wordt
Is de beste en slimste, al maakt hij 't nog zoo van gort.
Toon gij intusschen dat gij die ferme vent inderdaad zijt,
Vraag Davis op een borrel en zeg hem dat gij niet kwaad zijt.
Kijk president, mijn knijpbril beslaat er van
Als ik in de oude amsterdammer lees hoe die arme man
Niet eten wil, omdat gij hem in ketens hebt geslagen.
Dat 's bar! Op uw geweten af moet ik u vragen,
Of van 't geen Davis, als daartoe geroepen, deed,
Gij, die óók geroepen zijt, zooveel te zeggen weet?
Niet eten, hè! Kom den 27 Junij eens te Leijden,
Daar kun je wat zien dat je ons vrij moogt benijden.
Praat je van eten? Achttienhonderd man, arm en rijk,
Met prins Frederik aan één tafel, allen gelijk,
Aan dezelfde biefstuk, van den professor der kokken,
Ja mij dunkt, ik zie die veteranen al schrokken.
Namelijk die soort, voor wie zoo'n aanzienlijke disch
Even zeldzaam als een hamburger ossenrib is.
Bereid gij, Johnson! uw vorigen vijand, dien Davis,
Die nu zoo magtloos, als gij wilt uw *slaaf* is,
Een dito maaltijd, een vredefeest-maal,
En wijdt aan verzoening en vrede een bokaal;
Dan juicht heel de wereld, dan jubelt Europe,
Elk Amsterdammer zal zijn Amerikanen verkoopen.

[illegible]

dichter van de groote mogendheden in het slot van No. VIII, als hij wenscht dat de driekleur van klein Nederland alom *ontzag* zal wekken! mij dunkt met *achting* konden wij 't best stellen .... maar dat rijm! Ja die rijmnood doet hem zingen in No IX., 3de couplet, dat Oranje een „*mikpunt bleef*" *houden* aan „*Napoleon*"; dat hij, en nu lijkt hij vreemde talen te gaan spreken, dien „*adelaar heeft gevropt*" en „*gestopt*". In Noord-Holland en de eilanden is roppen een term voor *schrokken*, en dan moet de Prins Napoleon hebben opgegeten; moet er misschien *gerobt* staan, dan is 't een robbenjagers term, anders vatten wij 't niet, en een vogel *stoppen* kan men eerst als hij dood is, met tabak en kamfer etc. maar dat is met Napoleon eerst in 1821 gebeurd. En ten slotte, nadat de auteur aan het einde van die jolige liedjes den veteranen een oranjebittertje presenteert (oranje*wijn* bestaat niet) keeren wij het blaadje om, waar de dichter ons uitlokt om nog met het bittertje in de hand, een aklig somber vers te zingen van: „slagveld, doodbaar, gebeente, riffen, lijkgesteente, graven, lijkstoet, rouwbeklag, tranen en vlijmend staal en schedels," en dat niet op de lustige wijs die aan 't einde van een feestbundel voegt, maar op de melodie van een aandoenlijk kerkgezang, dat wèl den door rouw bedrukte, in de huiskamer en bij de godsdienstoefening tranen kan ontlokken, maar geen opgewonden school-jongens, geen half aangeschoten feestvierende boeren en burgers, — tenzij *jenever*tranen! En zonder het den heer Albada te wijten dat de sterke drank van deze aarde nog niet geweken en bij feesten niet verboden is, geloof ik toch dat hij geen gelukkige greep gedaan heeft in zijn voorraad feestgedachten, toen hij aldus

[illegible]

man.

[illegible]

hij [illegible] ond. [illegible] jong, [illegible] mogen [illegible] doen opmerken, dat men voor alle dingen plaats en tijd en gelegenheid dient te berekenen.

Op grond van dergelijke bezwaren en gevaren heb ik besloten het aantal volksliederen niet meer een te vermeerderen, en liever mijn feestgenooten aan te bevelen: ons *Wien Neerlandsch bloed*, *Wij leven vrij* en *Wilhelmus*, die zoo schit schoon klinken, *als ze niet op psalmwijs gezongen worden*.

W. Holland.

(*) Slotregels van het schoon gedicht van *Nicolaas Beets*, in de *Hollandsche Illustratie* no. 23, heden bij Gebr. Diepen verschenen.

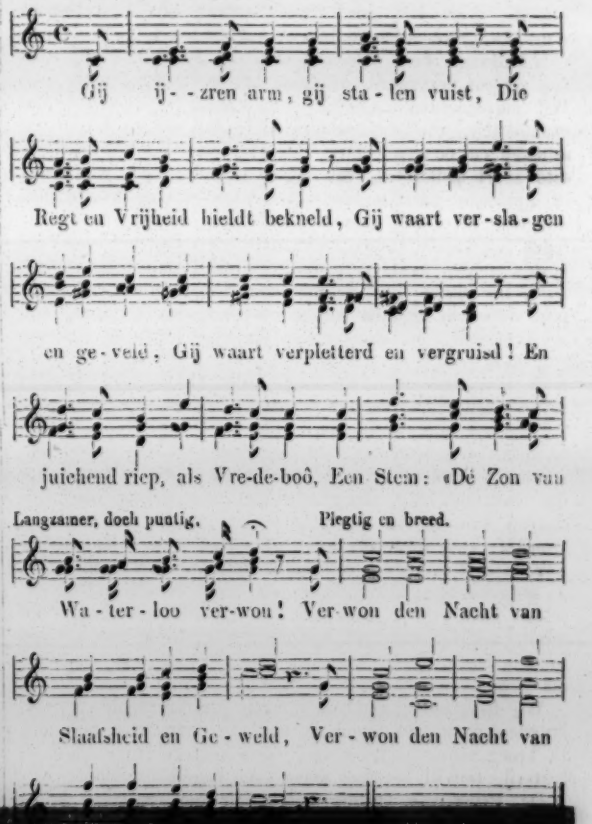
Fragment Waterloo-berigten.

Waar het te Amsterdam heen moet weet ik niet. De gemoederen van klein en groot worden warm bij 't naderen van het feest, of liever ze zijn 't al lang geweest. Hoe kan het anders! Als ons gemeentebe[illegible] welke reden dan ook, geen

[illegible]

Zegepralend.

In Marschbeweging ♩ = 112.



[illegible]

1865

QUATREBRAS

als van zon.

Den 17den 's morgens bragt een courier berigt dat de vijand van positie veranderde, meer naar de zijde van Waterloo; wij deden dit ook en herstelden ons in lijn van bataille, doch het goede weêr scheen ons te verlaten; want zware regenbuijen bleven aanhouden tot den 18den.

's Middags vier ure van den 17 Junij, zijn wij weêr van positie veranderd, ofschoon het weêr niet gunstig was. Wij marcheerden anderhalf uur, alwaar wij onzen vijand ontmoetten, die ons verwelkomde met zes en twaalf, en achttien en vier-en-twintig ponders, waarvoor wij hem met dito soort bedankten, tot dat de avond inviel, wij weder in lijn van bataille hersteld werden en ons bivouac opsloegen; maar wij konden niet liggen of zitten van wege regen en koude, honger en dorst, en stonden al over de kuiten in den modder, alwaar wij onze voorposten uitzetten. De regen bleef aanhouden. Ik stond op een voorpost tusschen dooden en gekwetsten die de vijand had achtergelaten, en nam eenige geweren, zette ze aan een rot, hing daarover een kapotjas van een dooden franschman heen, en zette een chakot daar boven op, — daar sta je goed dacht ik.

Naar de kimmen ziende, ontdekte ik eene fransche patrouille in 't verschiet. Ik legde mij op den grond tusschen de dooden, maar een halfdoode fransche dragonder, die daar ook lag, sloeg nog met zijn pallast naar mij, daarop was ik in het geheel niet gesteld, want de patrouille was niet ver meer af. Het was 's nachts een uur en zeer donker — qui vive! geen antwoord, paf en.... de *geweren* tuimelden omver met kapot en chacot, zij ratelden heel wat. Ik bedankte de patrouille met een geweerschot, anderen volgden mij en dit gaf dien nacht alarm in ons leger, doch bedaarde spoedig, toen men wist wat dit geweest was.

Wij bragten dien nacht door in groote ellende en verlangden naar den dageraad, toen de voorposten inrukten. Ik kreeg mijne plaats weer bij den regtervleugel naast de batterij, terwijl het nog maar even begon te dagen.

De Prins van Oranje komt daar ook, met een kijker

natt[illegible]eid afgemat [illegible]aren. Ons [illegible]esch moest [illegible]ken. Ik [illegible] om een [illegible]kebosch of [illegible]at om het [illegible] en zag de Prins even als wij zich [illegible]helpen. H[illegible] den kalen [illegible]d wat te gebruiken, hij had [illegible]nger als wij [illegible] hapte er goed in. O! wat doet het [illegible] daat goed, [illegible] hij ziet dat zijn overste gelijk op [illegible]eelt.

Als [illegible] vleesch nu bijkans gaar was, scheen N[illegible]oleon niet al te wel te spreken. Zeker omdat door onze regtervleugel hem een stuk of wat zespoudige kogeltij[illegible] toegezonden waren. Hij kwam regt toe regt aan [illegible] ons aanrennen met zijn volk. Wij gooiden onze [illegible]ketels omver, lieten ons vleesch in den steek en [illegible] wapens aan. Het vuur was hevig, doch de vij[illegible] ons niet verdrijven.

Nu drong hij met drie gesloten kanonnes op [illegible] centrum aan, doch met het gewen[illegible] oog. Onze Prins rond[illegible] ons voorbij en overal weergalmde het van gejuich der krijgslieden: »Lang leve de koning van Holland! Oranje boven!" Waaronder de [illegible] een gejuich maakten [illegible] "vivat l'empereur Napoleon", en [illegible] gevecht ging dat [illegible] franschen [illegible] "[illegible] hebben wij al [illegible] ons [illegible] de Hollanders zullen ook wel krijgen", [illegible] waarop de Prins van Oranje [illegible] werd, [illegible] moed [illegible] de vijand [illegible] onder het gejuich van »vivat l'empereur" en [illegible] »[illegible] krijgsgevangen, [illegible] ons [illegible] kanon [illegible] voor [illegible]

[illegible] moe[illegible] want het [illegible] bleef [illegible] wa[illegible] in lij[illegible] van bataille[illegible]d We[illegible] zeide: [illegible] op de [illegible]*rde* maar [illegible] *paarden* [illegible] reden de ga[illegible] *[illegible]eharn*[illegible] zijn. hier[illegible] verloor [illegible]jand [illegible]tzett[illegible] volk [illegible] omdat er zo[illegible]el paard[illegible]elen, [illegible] in de [illegible]ar. [illegible]aar n[illegible]erd de P[illegible]an O[illegible] dat [illegible]de ons heel[illegible], want w[illegible]den ve[illegible] dadelijk waren de [illegible]rgijn Majo[illegible] den [illegible] gevec[illegible] duurde vo[illegible] maar niet [illegible]er onz[illegible] was ma[illegible] ook [illegible]oeden, waaro[illegible] de [illegible]reerde [illegible] gat het stilst[illegible]an, omdat wij hem [illegible] kon op de [illegible] waren. Wij vervolgden hem nacht [illegible]n dag, dat [illegible] wel zoo, tot in Frankrijk, en zijn doorgemarcheerd [illegible] wij de Parijs halt hielden [illegible] ons bivouac opsloe[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] waarmeê de vijand de spijze, die wij nog vonden, gekruid had, maar *wij* hielden niet van die kruijen en mogen veel honger verduren. Doch, zoodra wij voor Parijs halt hielden kwamen er heel wat koeijen aan, het schenen alle wel roode te zijn, ze waren niet vet, maar heel welkom. Binnen drie uren was die heele armee koeijen aangekomen, geslagt, gekookt en gegeten en dat verkwikte heel wat.

Onze kolonel Singendonck deelde ons mede, dat van ons bataillon sterk duizend man, slechts vier honderd drie en zestig overgebleven waren.

En de fourier zeide, hoeveel onze armee verloren had:

Gesneuvelden	11227
Zwaar geblesseerden	20357
Ligt heblesseerden	14062
Vermisten	1497
Paarden in het geheel dood	24000

waarvan misschien $\frac{1}{3}$ van onze zijde.

Dit is de slag, die is voorgevallen tot Quatre-bras en Waterloo, den 15, 16, 17 en 18 Junij 1815.

Pironne 16 Augustus 1815. Leve de koning van Holland! Leven de prinsen van Oranje! Oranje boven! altijd Oranje boven!

JAN REM.

Jan Rem zendt ons onder 't afdrukken een briefje waarvan wij door gebrek aan ruimte, alleen het volgende kunnen overnemen.

»Ik zou u nog menige bijzonderheid kunnen mededeelen doch dan zou dit schrijven te lang worden. Mijns oordeels zijn op 15 en 16 Junij de grondslagen gelegd voor de overwinningen van den 18den, want daardoor moest Napoleon zijn doel missen om de legers der verbonden mogendheden van elkander te houden, en elk afzonderlijk aan te vallen. Ik kan u echter niet zeggen hoezeer het gedrag van den Prins van Oranje ons aanmoedigde. Altijd vooraan, altijd op het *gevaarlijkste* punt, vlug als een ridder en toch ook nog slechts 22 jaren oud! hij was een wonder in ons oog, de ziel van ons Hollandsche jongens vooral. Duizenden kogels op hem afgeschoten raakten hem niet, hoewel hij ze niet ontweek

[illegible]

Zahte vi[illegible] Kapitein [illegible]d mede [illegible] door In[illegible]ge[illegible] deze wer[illegible]gen do[illegible] een 2d[illegible]ant, een [illegible] ken als of wij [illegible] die ik [illegible] naam [illegible]de. H[illegible]mmandeerd [illegible] uitmaakten, ge[illegible] doch hem[illegible] op 't [illegible]de oog[illegible]ik door ee[illegible] kogel be[illegible]n weg[illegible]choten [illegible] boven [illegible] gertie[illegible] hij zakte [illegible] vie[illegible]erstor[illegible] omver. [illegible] dezelfde [illegible] getroffen a[illegible]een, doc[illegible] met zulk ee[illegible] [illegible] alles [illegible]

*) Dat [illegible]nd werkel[illegible] die meen[illegible]keerde, k[illegible]n ik da[illegible] [illegible]orden uit[illegible] Proklamatie [illegible]en die [illegible] PROKL[illegible]TIE *aan* [illegible]*elgiers* [illegible] *de* [illegible] *bewone*[illegible]*n den li*[illegible] *Rijn-oev*[illegible] [illegible]keft, da[illegible] [illegible] voorde[illegible] mijne[illegible]den hebb[illegible]oor [illegible]er de [illegible] *Oranje* [illegible] een oogenbl[illegible] mijn rijk ge[illegible]en. In mijne ba[illegible]

1815

The Pleasures of the Bath:

With the First and Second Part of the *Tipling Philosophers.*

THE *Spring's* a coming,
And *Nature's* a blooming;
Each amorous Lover
does Vigour recover:
The Birds are singing,
And Flowers are springing;
Here's Toys to be raffl'd for,
who makes one?
Best, past *Comparisons*,
At Mr. *Harrison's*;
Dice are rattling,
Beaus are prattling,
Ladies walking,
And wittily talking;
Madam the *Medly's* just begun.
Here's half a Guinea
To hear *Nicolini*;
Pray give me a Ticket;
Mains seven, I nickt it:
I'm going to *Lindsey's*;
Spadilla wins ye;
I'm bassl'd by *Jerrico*, quite undone.
Bells are jangling,
Chairmen rangling,
Cudgelling, Thumping,
Bathing and Pumping;
The way of the Morning
Is Dressing, Adorning;
And then to the Green
where the Lasses run.
Pray Madam bespeak,
Or the Playhouse must break,
We've had a bad Season,
and hope for that Reason,
You wont see three,
For a whole Company
that will act you to sleep,
tho' you had the Gout.
We'll strut you *Cato*,
Or Speeches of *Plato*;
Farce, Comedy, Pastoral,
we can master all;
Like Sr. *Martin*
We'll chatter each part in,
And never stop
'till the Speech is out.
Pray let's weedle ye;
Damn the Medly,
Wou'd some-body poison him,
we'll raise lies on him;
Pit, Box, Gallery,
It's better than railery,
Where pretty Gentlemen
hisses about.
Thus they tease you,
And never please you,
With shams improper,
so truff it in Loper;
These Sons of the Garret,
That chatter like Parrot.
And flatter their Calumny
all about.
Here's Punch shews at five,
And here's Craw-fish a-live,
Some Eastward and Northward,
stalk backward and forward,
While others so stingy,
Penny-pot it at *Bengy's*,
And hey for the Race
on *Clarton*-Down;
Or *Lansdown* airing,
The Footmen swearing,
Ingeniously waiting
to see Badger bearing,
Damning, Jangling,
Running, Angling,
Back as the Maggot
takes his Crown.
Some are Bowling,
Or Enuchs howling;
Some Subscriptions,
or *Bristol*-Milk bibbing;
We've had many a Fit
Of my Son's Benefit;
Please to put in for an *Indian* gown.
Who'll play at Billiards,
Fair as Stillyards;
Here's a couple of Calves Sir,
i'll go your halves Sir,
Then they hole them,
And put in and pole them;
And these are the ways
of *Bathing* Town.
All sorts of Conditions,
City-Lawyers, Physicians,
Both good ones and bad ones,
the sober and mad ones;
Some to meet their old Friends,
And for various Ends,
Are galloping hither twice a Year.
Here's King *Edgar* and *Cocle*,
And Puppet-shew *Powell*,
Three Persons so Great,
but now out of Date:
Mind the changes of Things,
From Puppets to Kings,
And what may be one Day then!
Sir, up to the Ball,
And there you may call,
A Dance with Authority,
Parson upon Dorithy,
Richmond Wells,
Or Irish Bells,
And foot it about with the Ladies.
Then to the Three-Tuns,
Queen's-Head or the Rummer;
Adieu, ye fair ones
'Till Tunbridge at Summer;
Come hasten away,
For the Coach cannot stay;
You're welcome Gentlemen
at the bear.

The Tipling Philosophers.

DIogenes *sly and proud*,
who snarl'd at the Macedon *youth*,
Delighted in Wine that was good,
Because in good Wine there is Truth;
but growing as poor as was Job,
Unable to purchase a Flask,
He chose for his Mansion a Tub,
And liv'd by the Scent of the Ca-----sk
And liv'd by the Scent of the Cask.
Heraclitus *ne'er would deny:*
To tipple and cherrish his Heart,
And when he was Mand'lin he'd cry,
because he had empty'd his Quart:
tho some are so foolish to think,
He wept as men's folly and Vice,
twas only his fashion to drink,
till the Liquor flow'd out of his Eyes.
Democritus *alway was glad*,
Of a bumper to chear up his Soul,
And whou'd laugh like a Man that was mad
When ever a good flowing bowl,
As long as his Cellar was stor'd,
the Liquor he'd merrily quaff,
And when he was drunk as a Lord,
As those that were sober he'd laugh.
Copernicus *too*, *like the rest*,
Believed there was Wisdom in Wine,
And thought that a Cup of the best,
Made reason the better to shine,
With Wine he'd replenish his Veins,
And make his Philosophy reel,
Then fancy'd the World like his Brains,
Turn'd round like a Chariot-Wheel.
Aristotle *that Master of Arts*,
Had been but a Dunce without Wine,
And what we ascribe to his Parts,
Is due to the Justice of the Vine,
His Belly most Writers agree,
Was as big as a Watering-trough,
He therefore leap'd into the Sea,
Because he'd have Liquor enough.
Old Plato *that learned Divine.*
He fondly to Wisdon was prone,
But had it not been for good Wine,
His Merits had never been known:
By Wine we are generous made,
It furnishes Fancy with Wings,
Without it we ne'er shou'd have had
Philosophers, Poets or Kings.

The Second Part of the Tipling Philosophers.

WISE Solon *who carefully gave*,
Good Laws unto Athens *of Old*,
And thought the rich Crœsus *a Slave*
(tho a King) to his Coffers of Gold:
He gloried in Plentiful Bowls,
But Drinking much talk won'd decline,
Because 'twas the Custom of Fools,
To prattle much over their wine.
Old Socrates *ne'er was content*,
Till a Bottle had lightned his Joys,
Who in's Cups to the Oracle went,
Or he ne'er had been counted so wise;
Late hours he certainly lov'd,
Made Wine the delight of his Life,
Or Zantippe *ne'er wou'd have prov'd*,
Such a damnable Scold of a Wife.
Bold Zenophon *study'd awhile*,
Till he found the true way to be wise,
Was all night at the Bottle to toil,
Till the Sparkles flew out of his Eyes;
So nobly inspir'd was his Soul,
That he took up the Sword & the Shield,
So quitted his Book for the Bowl,
And became a brave man in the field.
Old Seneca, *fam'd for his parts*,
Who tutor'd the Bully of Rome,
Grew wise o'er his Books and his Quarts,
Which he drank like a miser at home,
To shew he lov'd Wine that was good;
To the last, we may truly aver it,
For he tinctur'd his Bath with his Blood,
So fancy'd he dy'd in his Claret.
Theophrastus, *that eloquent Sage*,
By Athens *so greatly ador'd*,
With the Bottle would boldly engage.
When mellow as brisk as a Bird,
Won'd chat, tell a Story and Jest,
Most pleasantly over a Glass,
And thought a dumb Guest at a feast,
But a dull Philosophical Ass.
Our Sages, *whose Books are their Wives*,
May hunt the Philosophers Stone,
And be proud of their continent Lives,
As if that themselves had none;
But if they would come at the prize,
They ought to be jolly and drink,
For the true modern way to be wise,
Is neither to Read or to Think.

Bristol: Printed by *S. Farley*, 1721.

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K. Cambro-Britton

THE

Cambro britton

ROBB'D OF HIS

BAUBLE:

With bob and Harry,

A New SONG

To which is Added The

ADDRESS

& New BALLAD. Tune of, Ye Commons and Peers.

London Printed for A Moore near St. Pauls. {Price 1d.}

GAMBRO BRITON
Robb'd Of His

BAUBLE.

WITH

bob and Harry,

A NEW
Occasional SONG.

I

HEAR, all ye Friends to Knightthood
A Tale will make you wonder,
How a Catiff vile,
By basest Wile,
A hardy Knight did plunder.

II.

How from this British Worthy
This Knave (a Pox light on her)
He did purloyn
The only Sign,
And Badge, her had of honour,

III

had you seen our hero,
Knight could e'er look bigger,
Unless her Size,
My Song belies,
Than M--n of T--r.

IV

A Rippan graced her shonlder
A Star shone on her breast Sir
With smart Tnpee,
Fort Bien Poudre.
And Cockade on his Crest, Sir.

V

This Rippan held a Bauble,
Which her kind Stars decreed her,
With which her'd play,
Both Night and Day,
'Twould do you good to' e see'd her,

VI

Tho' I a Bauble call it,
It must not be so slighted;
'Twas one of the boys
Bob gave his Boys,
When first the Chits were K--d,

VII

Her was the Flower of Welshmen,
You ne're saw such a gay thing;
But English Rogue,
Confound the Dog,
Was Rob her of her Play-thing.

VIII.

Rouse up ye true Knights-Errant,
Na'er give this Catiff Qnarter;
Ye Knights of the Toast,
Or Knigghts of the Post,
Or T——, B——, or G——r.

IX.

Learn heuce, ye courtly Lordlings,
Who hoer this fatal Story,
On how slight Sarings
Depend those Things.
On whith you place your Glory.

bob & Harry,

A NEW
Occsional SONG

I.

AS Scriblers poor, who write to eat,
Ye Wage give over Jeering,
Since gall'd by Harry, Bob the Great,
Has sleep'd to Phampbleteering.

II.

Would no one Champion on his Side,
For Love or Money venture?
Must Knighthood's Mirrour, Spite of Pride,
So mean a Combat enter?

III.

To take the Field, this Weakness shews,
(Tho' well he could maintain it)
Since Hal no Honour has to lose,
Pray how can Rob'n gain it?

IV.

Worthy each other are the Twn;
Halloo' Boys- fairly start ye,
May the be hated worse than ye,
That ever strive to part ye

London Printed by A Moore near St. Paul.

THE

ADDRESS

A New ballad

Tune of, Ye Commons and Peers, &c.

I

BELIEVE us, dread Sir,
We come Whip and Spur
To bring a flaming Addreſs
With fiery hotneſs
Your Forough of Totneſs
Their Zeal for your Honour expreſs

First then we beg Leave,
And earneſtly crave,
To ſhew you how much we deteſt
The Project ſo vain
Of Philip of Spain,
To diſturb Your good Majeſty's Reſt

This Philip it ſeems,
Is forming of Schemes,
Which all the round World will ſurprize,
With Views to oppreſs,
And ſorely diſtreſs
The beſt of his Quondam Allies

But alas! 'tis in vain
For Armad's of Spain
To think they can frighten us Brittons:
For what we can dread,
When your'e at the head
And Bob at the Tail of the Great ones

Your proteſtant Zeal
For our Commonweal,
In ſuch, that you ſtick at no pains
Your M--ſt--y too,
They all are true Blue,
Such Bleſſings are not in all Reigns.

Our County, we ween,
Gave Birth to Two Men,
Great Churchill! and renowned Drake.
Whoſe Names ſtill, we truſt,
Tho' the're laid in the Duſt,
Make Spain and the Empire to quake.

What tho' they are dead
Three men we have bred
Who equal theſe Heroes in Fame
Their Courage ſo great
Your Foes will defeat
And all your proud Enemies tame

Still Hoſier we have
And Woger the brave
At Sea tho Jack Spaniards will Jurk
Whilſt Wills on dry Land
Your Troops ſhall Command
And your Faith breaking Enemies

Four Shillings per Pound
We'll pay for our Ground
If any we have to be ſeen
If that's not a enough
We'll ſtrip into Buff
And give you the other Sixteen

Should Pretender come in
We'll die like brave men,
And each in Piece-meal will be tore,
No one he ſhall find
Alive left behind
To exerciſe Tyranny o'er

Full late may you go;
From your crown here below.
To Heaven forever to were,
A Diadem bright,
As Stars in the Night
And larger then any by far.

May we never want one
Like you or your ſon
To ſit on the throne of this realm
Thrice happy they'll be
To live for to ſee
Such Princely Folks govern the ſame

FINIS.

The Lord and no Lord, and Squire SQUAT

An Exrellent new Ballad to an Old Tune.

I Sing an old Proverb that's very well known,
By all in the Country, as well as in Town,
Whose House is of Glass, he shou'd never throw Stone.
Which no Body can deny.

But now 'tis the Wit to talk of Men's Wives,
To censure their Friends, and rip up their whole Lives
Tho' as open themselves, as the High-way one drives,
Which, &c.

If the Merit of Ministers now must be try'd,
By the Blood and high Rank of a pedigreed Bride,
Who's fittest for business, let *A*——*s* decide,
Which, &c.

'Mongst those who have now the care of Affairs,
If any complain of the Load that he bears,
There are Persons desirous of easing their Cares.
Which, &c.

Imprimis a 'Squire, who had he but tarried,
Perhaps his deep Schemes might not have miscarri'd
But forsooth he has acted as wisely -- as Married,
Which, &c.

Tho' beauty intoxicates like a full Flaggon,
Persuades tender Hearts *Hymen*'s Fetters to dragon,
Yet a Glass-Seller's Daughter's no great Catch to brag
Which, &c.

What, tho' better *polish'd* perhaps she may be,
Herself with all others in this will agree,
That who's the best stitch, the best bargain has he,
Which, &c.

Our 'Squire, for the Publick, can cast up a Sum,
Write Libels, make Speeches, astonish old *Gum*,
But regarded no more, than he is by his *Bum*,
Which, &c.

To *Vienna* he wrote a wonderful Letter,
That he'd undertake to make things go better;
For which Favour, no doubt, we are greatly his
Which, &c. (Debtor.

On *Spain* he might have bestow'd the same favour,
And given 'em a Touch of his Courtly behaviour,
But *Wharton* went thither, and sav'd him the Labour,
Which, &c.

The next worthy Man of so publick a Spirit,
Which few in these Days of Corruption inherit
Has met with all Fortunes in Life -- but his Merit,
Which, &c.

Of honour and Conscience he ne'er made a Joak,
his Allegiance in every Action was spoke,
And stretch'd such a Length, -- indeed it once broke,
Which, &c.

Away to young *Perkin* he hy'd on a Season,
Without an *Intent* to be guilty of Treason,
But merely, kind Soul, to bring him to Reason,
Which, &c.

Of his hearty attachment what Prince can complain,
He serv'd all by turns forsook all again
And would change as often as *Bow-Steeple* Fane,
Which, &c.

Thus who on all sides (for Pelf) has been hearty,
(Tho' changing of Principles somewhat may stagge
To be sure must have been --- of the very best party
Which, &c.

'This Man has a wife a *French* Lady of Fame,
VVhose sportless Repute not Envy can blame,
Having led such a *Life* —— she never knew shame
Which, &c.

And for an Attonement of all former Vice,
And to shew Foreign Parts had not renderd nice,
To make sure of her once, — he marry'd her twice
Which, &c.

Quoth the Lord and no Lord to his Friend *Billy Squat*
VVe'll make the next Door Morbiue go to Pot,
tho' my Neck he Preserve i'd see him in a Knot,
Which, &c.

Agreed quoth the Squire, (if they'll trust us so far
VVe'll soon put an End to the dread of a war
VVe'll give *S*--n what they ask,-- tho' it be *G*--*ter*
which, &c.

And if it be urg'd for so dangerous a Job (the Mob,
that we've touch'd a few pence we'll bamboozle
VVe can throw all the blame on their Fav'rit *Bob*
which, &c.

whats that my dear *Billy* it is bravely said
By my Soul thou hast hit the Nail on the Head
Just so we gave *D*——*k* or would i were dead,
which, &c.

If thou dost not go back from what you do say,
My head for yours we shall carry the Day,
And shew them a trick of the old *Hurley Play*,
which, &c.

then down with the Knight his Glory shall end
He's a dangerous *Foe*, and too steady a *Friend*,
And besides he knows more then I comprehend
which, &c.

Here's a Brace of good whigs that would give you
And remedy all the Faults they surmise, (Advice
Sering things as they are with tears in their Eyes,
which, &c.

London: Printed by *A. Moore*, near St. *Pauls*.

Counsellor Layer's Last Farewell To the World who was executed for High-Treason, on Friday the 17th of May 1723.

To the Tune of Johnson's Farewell.

THis Day i am ordain'd to die,
my Blood is to be shed,
But i submit most willingly
To be amongst the Dead.
But of good Christians i this day
This Satisfaction crave,
That they for my poor Soul will pray,
Before i reach my grave.

Good Lord! when i am Dead and gone,
Take pity on my wife,
And Children, tho' i am undone,
And lose my precious life.
Your mercy's good to Innocence,
For they no Harm did know;
For them I make a sole defence,
Who brought upon 'em Woe,

But now my last Farewel i take,
Of Children and my wife,
Which makes my very Heart to ake,
Not losing mortal Life.
For was it not my Family
That doth disturb my Rest,
To die i shou'd contented be,
Provided I am blest:

Sometime i've been confin'd in Chains,
Contentedly them bore,
Yet now i hope my fate disdains,
your pity I implore.
For I declare, this fatal Day
My Foes i do forgive;
For them sincerely do i pray,
and wish 'em long to live:

I do of all my Sins repent,
as quickly i must die;
Most heartily of them relent,
and do for mercy cry.
But as my breath i must resign,
go there from whence I came,
Good Lord, when i'm reduc'd to Dust,
Find with my Soul no Blame.

For treason i was lately try'd,
and for the same must die;
But in the Sledge i hope to ride
to Bliss eternally,
So to my friends i bid adieu;
adieu i bid again,
And hope as i my Life renew,
in endless Bliss to reign.

Nay, hopes of Life i've often had,
when i had thrice Reprieves,
Which mercy made my heart full glad,
But hope i see deceives.
The hopes i longer had to live,
Repentance made me miss,
But god, I hope, will me forgive,
and take me into bliss.

Of all my Sins i do repent,
and most sincerely grieve,
My heart and Soul for them relent,
Good God! my Soul receive,
My Soul begs for thy heav'nly grace,
now overwhelm'd with grief,
On earth i've ran a fatal Race
In Heav'n shall have Relief.

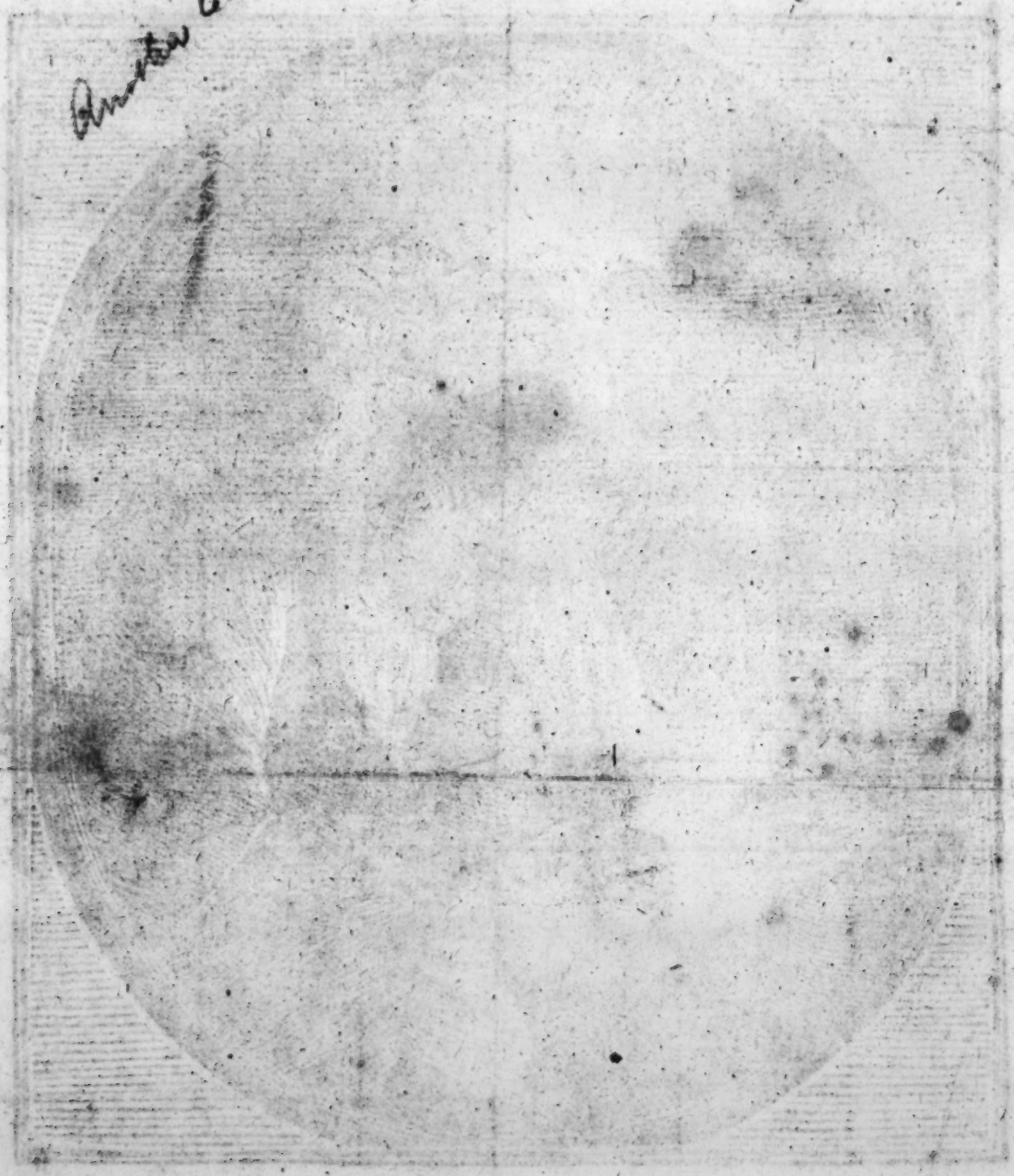
A New State Picture. 167xxx

Do not me Wrong, but take me Ri_ht,
P-t-y at length, will *R b n* bite.

Ha, ha, ha! poor Caleb!

B*ritons*, behold! Your petty Tyrant here,
Observe his honest Face, Observe his sneer,
Observe that *Hand*, which do's the *Patriot* hold,
That Hand by which we've oft' Bought and Sold:
Sold Once to oft', as sure the Traitor'll find,
When e'er *Vienna* Treaties come in Mind.
Now Breaks the Threat'ning Storm, which o'er this State,
Has long impending Hung, and big with Fate,
Dawns each ill-fortun'd Day, whilst o'er each Face,
The Fear of Conquest, Shews a dire Disgrace!
And are we then afraid? Are we defy'd?
Whilst o'er the Sea, our Fleets Triumphant ride?
Fleets that e'er while, to *India's* utmost Shore,
Were us'd to dread, our Thund'ring Canons Roar.
And do they dread no more? Whence comes this fear?
What saucy *Gaul* dares near our Coasts appear?
Is *Russel*, or Sir *Cloudesly* then forgot?
May not *la Hogue* be once again their Lot?
Are we to *Spithead* Expeditions bound?
Such bless'd Exploits, which to our Fame rebound!
No; Thanks to Heav'n, those Happy Days draw near,
When Honest Men shall at the Throne have Ear.
Then Thou shalt be unmask'd, and *Britain* Reign,
Spight of the *French*, and *Spaniards* o'er the Main.
Curs'd be Thou plunderer of the *B-t-sh* Isle,
Whilst all Men Weep, must Thou alone go Smile;
Yes, so Thou shalt, but when Thou dost go swing,
Dearly thou'lt buy thy purchased *Blew String*.

London: Printed for A. Moore, near St. Paul's.



A New State Picture.

Do not me Wrong, but take me Right,
P-t-y at length, will R-b-n bite.

Ha ha ha! poor Caleb!

BRITONS behold! your petty Tyrant here,
Observe his honest Face, Observe his sneer,
Observe that *Hand*, which d-'s the *Patriot* hold,
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Then Thou Shalt be unmask'd and Britain Reign,
'Spight of the *French*, and *Spaniards* o're the Main.
Curs'd be Thou plunderer of this B-t-sh Isle,
Whilst all Men weep must thou alone go smile?
Yes, so thou shalt, but when thou dost go Swing,
Dearly tho.. 'lt buy thy purchased *Blue String*.

London Printed for A. More near St. Paul's.

117 H Caroline Wilhelmina Q. C. of George II. 2

A HYMN
To the Birth-Day.

1.

COME all you Loyal Welchmen
For ever faim'd in Story
Commemorate this Glorious Day
To Treat Caroline's Glory, *fa. la. la.*

2.

On the first of March it is known
Her Royal Majesty
Was Born to Grace this Royal Crown
Fill'd with Humility, *fa. la. la.*

3.

Phenicks most Divine
Our Sex we all may see
She is the Pattern of all Ages
And may this Day most Glorious be, *fa. la.*

4.

16 Because she is a Lady full of Virtue
She ought our Guide to be
Let Rich and Poor follow her Steps
We all shall happy be, *fa. la. la.*

5.

O blest the Royal Pair
For Heaven first designed
To set upon Great Britains Throne
Glorious George and Caroline, *fa. la. la.*

6.

How like Great Anne Deceas'd
Which God kept with Royal Care
Her Virtues are all now repeated
In this happy Pair, *fa. la. la.*

7.

Know wanton Harlots bold
Did are Corrupt her pace
And I hope we ever shall behold
There Issue to Increase, *fa. la. la.*

8.

So for our great Queen's sake
Pray let this Day be crowned
So let each Jovial Welchman
Toss off her Health most brishly round

Le H----p at *Hanover*. A New SONG.

1

WHEN *Robin* rul'd the British Land,
With Gold and Silver bright,
To put his Kindred all in place,
He ever took Delight.

2

Forth from the *Venal Land* he call'd,
Ho----ce and *If----c* came.
He bid 'em go to foreign Courts,
And raise immortal Fame.

3

Two Taylors Daughters rich and fair,
Exactly match each Brother,
Ho----ce made Snit, and gain'd the one,
And *If----c Stitch'd* the other,

4

Alike they were in Shape and Size,
Alike in Parts and Breeding,
One to the Court of France was sent
One to the Court of *Sweden*.

5

Ho----ce in France did Treaties make,
Which ne'er can be repeated,
And you shall hear how *If----c* too.
Our *Heir Apparent* treated.

6

At *Herenhausen* he arriv'd,
And knocked at the King
And told them that in Haste he'd brought,
A Message from the King.

7

They took him for a Post-Boy first,
And so they let him wait,
It being an Hour at least before,
They open'd him the Gate.

8

Incens'd at this, he rav'd and storm'd,
And made a mighty Pother,
And swore by *G---d* he'd teach them all
To know Sir *R---t's* Brother.

9

Our P---ce came out, and heard him swear,
Mistook him first for *S---ton*,
But after ask'd him civilly
To eat a Piece of Mutton.

10

But then at Supper as they sat
Drinking and gaily sporting,
Le H----p with many a smutty Joke
His Neighbour fell a courting.

11

And down her Stays his Hand he squeez'd;
Then talked wond'rous Pais,
Quoth he, Mon Prince Apparement,
* * * * * * * *

12

The Prince was shock'd, yet smiling said,
These Jokes are of the oddest,
Good Squire *Le H----p*; for you must know
Our Ladies are All Modest.

13

Modest! reply'd *Le* H----p, and sneer'd,
Before I go to Stockholm,
As Modest as they are, Good Sir,
In faith I mean to k---ck 'em.

14

The Men got up, and laugh'd aloud,
The Damsels did retire;
Then to return their low Contempt,
Thus spoke the angry Squire;

15

Come kiss mine A---se, your P---ce and all,
D-----n ye, d'ye think I care:
Has e'er a German Prince like me,
Five Thousand Pounds a Year?

16

Provoked at this Language foul,
The call'd him *Handsome*, *Sheldrake*,
And threaten'd they would use him worse
Than e'er the King did *P---ham*.

17

The P---ce (God bless him) now stept in,
Who kept his Temper still;
And said, This Man my Father sent,
And shall we use him ill?

18

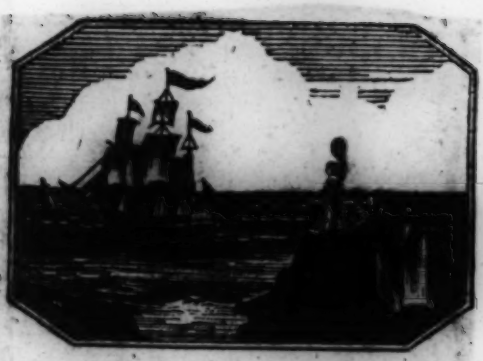
No! I to England with this News
A Letter will indite:
The King and Queen shall know it all,
And they will do me right.

19

My Father will revenge th' Affront,
And turn out all his Kin,
From him that does for *T----th* serve,
To him that serves for *L---n*.

20

Now God bless both our K---g and Q---n,
And may they quickly do it,
Or shortly else (full well I ween)
They will have Cause to rue it.

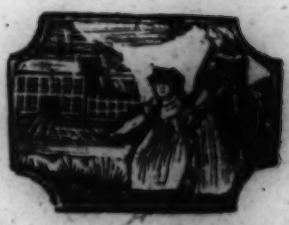


MY BOUNDING BARK.

My bounding bark I fly to thee,
I'm wearied of the shore,
I long to hail the swelling sea,
And wander free once more;
A sailor's life of reckless glee!
That only is the life for me.

I was not born for fashion's slave,
Or the dull city's strife,
Be mine this spirit stirring wave,
And roving sailor's life;
A life of freedom on the sea,
That only is the life for me.

I was not born for lighted halls,
Or the grey revels round,
My music is where ocean calls,
And echoing rocks resound!
The wandering sailor's life of glee,
That only is the life for me.



Watts, Printer, 14, Snow Hill, Birmingham.

LORD upon KNIGHT;

AND

KNIGHT upon SQUIRE.

A Lord, and no Lord, once did Dwell,
Near to a famous Court;
Where Fools and Knaves did then excell,
And Sycophants resort.
This was in Antient Days I ween,
When Fraud was yet unknown;
When Treason and Traytor (I do mean,)
Against the Church and Gown,
Were hardly to be met withall,
In good Queen Bess's Days,
When Peasant Stept into the Hall,
And Spoke his Prince's Praise.
'Twas in those Days, a Graceless Lord,
Did shew his Face I say,
And by the Drawing of his Sword,
Took's Sovereign's Life away:
This Lord he was so wicked come,
(As I to you declare;)
He wrote a Letter on the *Bum*,
Of Virt'ous *Gum* so fair:
For telling which he to be beat,
Deserved well 'tis plain,
He who fares well and crys Roast-Meat,
Has very little Brain:
Or he who do's once *Kiss and Tell*,
Is held for a blab Tongue;
And shou'd be beaten very well,
Or thro' the Body run.
Such was this Lord, who Scandall Proof,
Did things both Vile and base;
And to do them thought not enough,
But publisht the Disgrace.
About that time a Noble Knight,
Was highly in esteem,
Tob-Politick was his Name right,
Or I mistake my Theme:
This Lord and Knight had oftimes Jarr'd,
And Lampoon'd One each other;
But both as bad as e'er was *Marr'd*,
And like as e'er was Brother.
The Lord, the Knight he oft did blame,
The Knight the Lord cry'd down,
The Lord he aim'd to raise his Fame,
The Knight he call'd him Clown:
The Lord he held it a Disgrace,
The Knight shou'd him affront;
And call'd him C - k - d to his Face,
And pointed at his Front:
A Haughty Squire likewise was there,
Who rid in C - k - d's Row,
He at the Knight cou'd not forbear,
But he a stone must throw:
The Knight did then beginn to rave,
And let the 'Squire know,
As he'd Struck first, he he was a knave,
And that he'd prove him so,
He there upon, did ope' the Cause,
And told him in good Truth,
His Lord, and he, against the Laws,
Had acted, as a Youth:
At this both being much provok'd,
Apace did swear and rattle;
And all the Gods were then invok'd,
That they wou'd give him Battle:
At which the Knight he smileing said,
Were I as young as you;
I shou'd not be the least afraid,
But wou'd engage you *Two*:
And as it is I'll play my Part,
My Head my Breast shall clear:
For tho' your H - rns aim at my Heart,
My own won't let them near.
The Lord who was a mighty Witt,
Tho' full of Passion smil'd;
And laught till he was near b- shit
To think how he was foil'd.
The 'Squire's Blood did warmer flow,
VVou'd Satisfaction Boast;
Said, *to Constitution Hill pray go,*
Or I you soon will Post.
The Knight he merrily reply'd,
O let me keep my Post;
The Hill to you shan't be deny'd,
VVhere to your Health I'll toast.
The Lord, finding that all was Vain,
And that the Knight was wise;
Cry'd Faith he do's us both disdain,
And sees with *Argus* Eyes:
VVhat he has done, were we in play;
And perhaps ten times worse;
VVe might have done another way,
To have fill'd our own Purse.
That's true, and I can't it disown,
The Squire then did say;
And tho' we cannot now be known,
VVe may another Day.
Ay, Says the Lord, without all doubt,
VVe may one Day or other,
See this D - d Knight quite turned out,
So Here's to that my Brother.
Thus ended then their deadly Fray,
I wish them all well bang'd;
VVho did our Money take away,
Nay, wou'd they all were hang'd.
God Bless our King and Gracious Queen,
And send them long to Reign;
May they in Splendour still be seen,
And Enemies disdain.

London Printed for *A. More near* St. Paul's.

THE JOURNAL

Of a Modern Lady

In a LETTER to a Person of Quality.

SIR,

IT was a most unfriendly Part
In you who ought to know my Heart,
Are well acquainted with my Zeal
For all the Females Common weal.
How could it come into your Mind
To pitch on me of all Mankind,
Against the Sex to write a Satyr,
And brand me for a Woman Hater?
On me, who thinks them all so fair,
They rival *Venus* to a Hair.
Their Virtues never ceas'd to sing
Since first I learn'd to tune a String,
Methinks I hear the Ladies cry,
Will he is Character bely?
Must never our Misfortunes end?
And have we lost our only Friend?
Ah, lovely Nymph, remove your Fears,
No more let fall those precious Tears,
Sooner shall, *&c.*
(Here several Verses are omitted)
The Hound be hunted by the Hare,
Than I turn Rebel to the Fair.
'Twas you engaged me first to write,
Then gave the Subject out of Spite,
The *Journal*, of a modern Dame,
I by my Promise what you claim;
My Word is past, I must submit,
And yet perhaps you may be bit,
I but transcribe, for not a Line,
Of all the Satyr shall be mine
Compell'd by you to tag in Rhimes,
The common Slaunders of the Times,
On modern Times, the Guilt is yours,
And me my Innocence secures.
Unwilling Muse begin thy Lay,
The Annals of a Female Day.
By Nature turn'd to play the Rake wel
As we shall shew you in the Sequel;
The modern Dame is wak'd by Noon,
Some Authors say not quite so soon;
Because though sore against her will,
She sit all Night up at *Quadrill*.
She stretches, gapes, unglues her Eyes,
And asks if it be time to rise:
Of Head-ach, and the Spleen complains:
And then to cool her heated Brains,
Her Night-gown and her Slippers brought
Takes a large Dram of Citron Water [her,
Then to her Glass; and *Betty*, pray
Don't I look frightfully to Day?
But, was it not confounded hard?
Well, if I ever touch a Card,
Four *Mattadores*, and lose *Codill*;
Depend upon't, I never will:
But run to *Tom*, and bid him fix
The Ladies here to Night by six.
Madam, the Goldsmith waits below,
He says his Business is to know
If you'll redeem the Silver Cup,
You pawn'd him; shew him up.
Your Dressing plate, he'll be content
To take for Interest *Cent per Cent*.
And, Madam, there's my Lady *Spade*
Hath sent this Letter by her Maid,
Well, I remember what she won;
And hath she sent to soon to dun?
Here, carry down those ten Pistoles,
My husband left to pay for Coales
I thank my Stars, they are all light,
And I have Revenge to Night.
Now, loitering o'er the Tea and Cream
She enters on her usual Theme,
Her last Nights ill Success repeats;
Calls Lady *Spade* a hundred Cheats;
She slips Spadillo in her Breast,
Then thought to turn it to a Jest.
There's Mrs. *Cut*, and she combine,
And to each other give the Sign,
Through ev'ry Game pursues her side,
Like Hunters o'er their Evening Ale.
Now to another Scene give Place,
Enter the Folks with Silks and Lace;
Fresh matters for a World of Chat,
Right *Indian* this, right *Mecklin* that,
Observe this Pattern, there's a Stuff,
I can have Customers enough.
Dear Madam, you are grown so hard,
This Lace is wort hear Pounds a Yard!
Madam if there be truth in Man,
I never sold so cheap a Fan.
This Business of *Importance* o'er,
And Madam, almost dress'd by four;
The Footman in his usual Phrase
Comes up; with madam, Dinner stay's
She answes in her usual Style,
The Cook must keep it back a while.
I never can have time to Dress,
No woman breathing takes up less,
I'm hurtl so, it makes me sick,
I wish the Dinner at *Old Nick*.
At Table now she acts her Part,
Has all the Dinner Cant by heart.
I thought we were to dine alone,
My Dear, for sure if I had known
This Company would come to day,
But really 'tis my Spouse's Way.
He's so unkind he never sends
To tell, when he invites his Friends:
I wish we may but have enough;
And while with all this Paultry Stuff.
Sits tormenting every Guest,
Nor gives her Tongue one moments rest,
In Phrases batter'd Stale and tire,
Which modern Ladies call polite;
You see the Booby Husband sit,
In Admiration at her Wit.
But let me now a while survey,
Our Madam o'er her Evening-Tea;
Surrounded with her Noisy Clans
Of Prudes, Coquets, and Harridans;
When frighted, with the clamorous crew,
Away the God of *Silence* flew,
And fair Discretion left the Place,
And Modesty with blushing Face;
Now wenters over-weeping Pride,
And Scandal ever gaping wide,
Hypocrisy with Frown severe,
Scurrility with gabing Air;
Rude Laughter seeming like to burst,
And Malice always jogging nurst;
And Vanity with Pocket Glass,
And Impudence with Robat of Brass,
And studied Affection came,
Each Limb, and Feature out of Frame;
While Ignorance with Brain of Lead,
Flew hovering o'er each Female Head.
Why should I ask of them my Muse
An hundred Tongues, as Poets use,
When, to give ev'ry Dame her due,
An hundred thousand were too few,
Or how should I, alas, relate
The Sum of all their Senseless Prate,
Their Insuendo's, Hints and Slanders,
Their Meanings lewd & double-handed
Now comes the general Scandal charge;
What some invent the rest enlarge;
And, Madam, if it be a Lye,
You have the Tale as cheap as I
I must conceal my Author's Name,
But now 'tis known to common Fame.
Say, foolish Females, Old and Blind,
Say, by what Arts Turn of Mind
Are you be Vices most severe,
Wherein your selves have greatest share?
Thus every Fool her self deludes,
The Prudes condemn the absent Prudes
Mopsa who stinks her Spouse to Death,
Accuses *Chloe*'s tainted Breath,
Hircina rank with Sweat presumes
To censure *Phillis* for Perfumes:
While crooked *Cynthia* swearing says,
That *Florimel* wears Iron Stays.
Chloe's of ev'ry Cox-comb jealous,
Admires how Girls can talk with Fellows,
And full of Indignation frets
That Women should be such Coquets,
Iris, for Scandal most notorious,
Cries, Lord, the World is so censorious;
And *Rufa* with her Combs of Lead,
Whispers that *Sappho*'s Hair is Red.
Aura, whose Tongue you hear a Milebence
Talks half the Day in Praise of Silence;
And *Silvia* full of inward Guilt,
Calls *Amores* an arrant Jilt.
Now Voices over Voices rise;
While each to be the loudest vies
They contradict, affirm, dispute,
No single Tongue one Moment mute;
All mad to speak, and none to hearken,
They set the very Lap Dog Barking;
Their Chattering makes a louder Din
Than Fishwives o'er a Cup of Gin
Not School boys at a Barring out,
Rais'd ever such incessant Shout:
The Shumbling Particles of matter
In Chaos make not such a Clatter;
Far less the Rabble roar and rail,
When Drunk with sour Election Ale.
Nor, do they trust their Tongues alone
To speak a Language of their own.
Can read a Nod, a Shrug, a Look,
Far better than a Printed Book;

Convey a Libel in a Frown,
And wink a Reputation down;
Or by the tossing of a Fan,
Describe the Lady and the Man,
But, see the Female Club disbands,
Each, twenty Visits on her Hands.
Now all alone poor Madam sits,
In Vapours and Histerick Fits:
And was not *Tom* this Morning sent,
I'd lay my Life he never went
Past Six and not a living Soul?
I might by this have won a Vole.
A dreadful Interval of Spleen!
How shall we pass the Time between
Here Betty, let me take my Drops,
And feel my Pulse, I know it stops:
This Head of mine Lord how it Swims!
And such a Pain in all my Limbs
Dear Madam, try to take a Nap,
But now they hear a Footman's Rap,
Go run and light the Ladies up:
It must be one before we Sup.
The Table, Cards, and Counters set,
And all the Gamester Ladies met.
Her Spleen and Fits recover'd quite,
Our Madam can sit up all Night;
Who ever comes I'm not within,
Quadrill the word and so begin.
How can the Muse her Aid impart
Unskill'd in all the Term of Art?
Or in harmonious Numbers put
The Deal, the Shuffle and the Cut?
The superfluous Whims relate,
That fill a Female Gamester's Pate:

What Agony of Soul she feels
To see a Knave's invented Heels!
She draws up Card by Card, to find
Good Fortune peeping from behind.
With panting Heart, and earnest Eyes,
In hope to see *Spadille* rise:
In vain, alas! her Hope is fed,
She draws an Ace, and sees it Red.
In ready Counters never pays,
But pawns her Snuff box, Rings and Keys.
Ever with some new Fancy struck,
Tries twenty Charms to mend her Luck
This Morning when the Parson came,
I said I should not win a Game.
This odious Chair how came I stuck in't?
I think I never had good Luck in't.
I'm so uneasy in my Stays;
Your Fan, a Moment, if you please.
Stand further Girl, or get you gone,
I always lose when you look on.
Lord, Madam, you have lost Codill;
I never saw you play so ill.
Nay, Madam, give me leave to say
'Twas you that threw the Game away,
When Lady *Trickly* play'd a Four
You took it with a Matadore;
I saw you touch your Wedding Ring
Before my Lady call'd a King,
You spoke a Word begun with H,
And I know who you mean to teach,
Because you held the King of Hearts;
Fye, Madam, leave these little Arts.
That's not so bad as one that rubs
Her Chair to call the King of Clubs,

And makes her Partner understand
A Matadore is in her Hand.
Madam you have no Cause to flounce,
I swear I saw you thrice renounce.
And truly Madam I know when
Instead of five you scor'd me ten.
Spadillo here has got a Mark,
A Child may know it in the Dark:
I Guess the Hand it seldom fails,
I wish some Folks would pair their Nails.
While thus they rail, and scold & storm
It passes but for common Form,
Are conscious that they all speak true,
And give each other but their due,
It never interrupts the Game,
Or makes 'em sensible of Shame.
The Time too precious now to waste,
The Supper gobbled up in haste:
Again a fresh to Cards they run,
As if they had but just begun:
Yet I shall not again repeat
How oft they Squabble, Snarl and Cheat;
At last they hear the Watchman's Knock,
A frosty Morn — past four a Clock.
The Chair-men are not to be found,
Come, let us play the t'other round.
Now, all in haste they huddle on
Their Hoods, their Cloaks, and get them gone:
But first, the Winner must invite
The Company to morrow Night.
Unlucky Madam left in Tears,
Who now again *Quadrill* forswears,
With empty Purse and aching Head,
Steals to her sleeping Spouse to Bed.

London Printed by George Worden.

FINIS

A New SONG made on the Right Honourable *Humphrey Parsons*, Esq; now our great and good Lord Mayor

75.

170

YOU Citizens of *London*,
Now the Day it is come,
October the Twenty ninth;
When we with joy and pleasure,
We'll spare no cost or treasure,
To make great *Parsons*'s Glory shine,
Our new elected Mayor,
Our joys we can't forbear,
For he is a Citizeman firm and stout,
Who never yet gave out,
Nor the W---s cou'd never rout,
He values not the cursed Crew:
So merrily boys lets bowl it away,
For this is *Parsons*'s Lord Mayors day,
His memory never will decay,
Nor we forget to sing;
His Conduct we will still admire,
What tho' he's *Humphry Parsons* 'Squire
He may be as just as a King.
The Citizens adore him,
Like the Father that was before him,
A Man of spirit frank and free,
Who chose the poor to nourish
May he for ever flourish,
All our daily Prayers be,
For justice he will do,
No villany persue,
But the Widows cause he will decide,
Like his companion mild,
The brave Alderman *Child*,
Who is to be our next ensuing Mayor,
So merrily, *&c.*

VVhat tho' he is but a brewer,
There ne'er was yet a truer,
To maintain his Countries Rights
In the Parliament he sits sir,
VVhich makes the VV--s to fret sir
but he values them not a dite
For he there will speak his mind,
No bribes can make him blind,
Nor does he value all their frowns,
For PARSONS still will be
Of temper brisk and free,
In his Face good Nature may be seen;
So merrily, *&c.*
Each honest loyal Tory,
Record his Name in story,
Humphrey Parsons it is I meam,
He that loveth not the Name,
We will hollow him in distain;
For a brave Soul was never seen
To fit the City Chair,
Then *Parsons* our Lord Mayor,
Which fills our Hearts with joy;
So drink and let us sing,
VVhilst the *City Bells* does ring
All melancholy to annoy;
So merrily boys let's bowl it away,
For this is Parsons *Lord Mayor's Day,*
His memory never will decay,
Nor we forget to sing.
his conduct we will still admire
What tho' he's Humphry Parsons *Squire*
He may be as just as a King.

ROBIN-HOOD

AND THE

Duke of Lancaster.

A

BALLAD.

To the Tune of, The Abbot of *Canterbury.*

LONDON:

Printed by *T. White,* in *Chancery-Lane.*

[Price 4d.]

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ROBIN-HOOD

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BALLAD.

To the Tune of, The Abbot of *Canterbury.*

COME listen, my Friends, to a Story so new
In the Days of King *John*, in twelve hundred and two,
How the bold little Duke, of the fair *Lancashire*,
Came to speak to the King like a brave Cavalier.
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

In a trice he was got to the Good King's Abode,
The Horse in a Froth, on which the Duke rode;
Tho' the Steed had gallop'd full three Miles from Home,
Not so much at the Mouth as the Rider did foam.
Derry down, &c.

The Gate it did shake when he knock'd at the Door,
As his Hands they did tremble with Anger full sore,
And a Message of haste his Words did bespeak,
Till the Paint, red before, waxed blue on his Cheek.
Derry down, &c,

Quoth the Porter, who is it that dares be so bold,
As to stun the fair Gate of our Leige's Freehold?
Quoth the Duke, *I am come some Truth to report.*
O ho! quoth the Porter —— *You're just come to Court.*
Derry down, &c.

He toss'd up his Chin, and a Roll did advance
Of Parchment, I ween, instead of an Lance:
Lo here is the Statute we made such a strife for.
Said the Porter, Lord Sir, —— *It seemeth all Gypher.*
Derry down, &c.

Then up the high Steps the short Duke he did stride;
His Stride so gigantick, his Stature bely'd
Quoth he, *as a Peer, I will free my good Liege*
From the Vermin and Earwigs his Grace that besiege.
Derry down, &c.

The Yeoman cry'd Stand —— Quoth the Duke *I'm a Peer,*
And I bring a good Statute of Parliament here;
Be the King where he can, I may visit him still.
This was pass'd in the last of the Conqueror Will.
Derry down, &c.

He

He found his good Grace just a trimming his Beard,
By the Hands of a Dwarf whom he lately had rear'd:
The Duke was beginning his Speech in great Wrath;
Says the King to the Dwarf, *This is nothing but Froth.*
Derry down, &c.

My good Liege, quoth the Duke, *You are grossly abused*
By Knaves far and near, by your Grace kindly used;
There's your Keeper so crafty, call'd Bold Robin Hood,
Keeps us all but himself, my good Liege, in a Wood.
Derry down, &c.

He riseth, e'er Day-break, to kill your Fat Deer,
And never calls me to partake of the Cheer.
For Shoulders, and Umbles, and other good Fees,
He says, for your Use, he locks up with his Keys.
Derry down, &c.

As I'm learnt in the Law, This is Robbing direct,
As appeers by the 1st *of* KING WILL vii. Sect.
Beside what is yours, Sir, is ours —— *and then*
He's a Felon, *d'ye see, by the* 2d *of* HEN.
Derry down, &c.

What is worse, he will make HARRY GAMBOL *a Keeper,*
And the Plot ev'ry Day is laid deeper and deeper,
Shou'd he bring him once in, your Court wou'd grow thinner,
For instead of a St. —— *he wou'd bring in a Sinner.*
Derry down, &c.

I intreat you, dear Liege, have a Care what you do;
To Man, Woman nor Child he was never yet true;
Shou'd you trust him, he'd serve you as ill, on my Life,
As he did his first Friends, as he did his first Wife.
Derry down, &c.

Quoth our Liege, Wou'd you have *Robin* out —— is that all?
I wou'd have, quoth the Duke, Sir, *No Robbing at all.*
Why Man! quoth the King, on my troth you'll bereave
All my Court of its People, except 'tis my SHERIFF.
Derry down, &c.

Besides, who'll succeed him, because without Doubt,
You'd have some one put in sure, as well as put out?
Then a Smile so obliging the Duke did display,
And made a low Obeysance, as if —— Who shou'd say,
Derry down, &c.

Said our Liege, I respect your great Depth, on my Word;
But to cast up vile Sums is beneath such a Lord.
As to that, quoth the Duke, *I learnt it at School,*
And can tell more than twenty —— *You know I'm no Fool.*
Derry down, &c.

Quoth our Liege with a Snear, tho' with Face right serene,
I believe, I by this time guess all that you mean.
Wou'd you have me hang *Robin*, and count my own Pelf?
Oh no, quoth the Duke, —— *I'd be* Robbing *my self.*
Derry down, &c.

F I N I S.

WATERLOO!

BATTLE SONG,

DEDICATED, BY PERMISSION,

To the Most Noble
Henry William,
MARQUIS OF ANGLESEA,

G. C. B.

&c. &c. &c.

THE WORDS BY THE REV. J. DAVIES, A.M.
THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY MR. SAMUEL WESLEY.
AND SUNG WITH THE GREATEST APPLAUSE, BY MR. HORN, AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, LYCEUM.

RECITATIVE.

AS on fam'd Waterloo, the lab'ring swain,
Shall pass the plough, o'er mighty warriors slain;
Oft shall he turn up helmets, bones, and spears,
The proud memorials of departed years:
While Hist'ry, faithful to the Soldier's claim,
Shall blend with WELLINGTON, a PAGET's name.

SONG.

Come, view the field where thousands bled,
  Where Havoc march'd with giant pace;
For never yet did heaps of dead,
  Lay pil'd within such narrow space.

'Twas here the Storm of Battle roar'd,
  In pealing torrents of alarms;
Here death rain'd blood from spear and sword,
  Horse roll'd on horse; arms clash'd with arms.

The piercing din; the dying pang;
  The Soldier's farewell look on life;
His Spirit hov'ring 'midst the clang,
  Still seem'd to share the doubtful strife.

O'er the chok'd plain, what perils brav'd!!!
  Charge follow'd charge, 'till wrapt in night.
The rebel host with panic rav'd!!!
  Th' Imperial columns lost in flight!!!

Sound high the Hero's trophied name,
  Who bade the rage of conflict cease;
Borne on the wings of lofty fame,
  HE gave the hostile nations PEACE!!!

The Music to be had of Clementi and Co.

TO THE

GENTLEMEN OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE;

LINES ON THE POYAIS BONDS

August 12, 1823.

BEING HIS MAJESTY'S NATAL DAY.

By MARY ANNE LLOYD,
13, *THOMAS STREET*,
LETT'S NEW TOWN, LAMBETH,
NEAR STAMFORD STREET.

Ye Gentlemen raise
The Stock called Poyais,
I hear that a vessel
Is to fetch a Turtle;
For Cooks and the Scullion
To Dress for Sir William:
Prince Gregor M'Gregor
He's the Grand Seignior
Who carves out a dinner
For many a sinner. 10

In framing these Bonds
With Sixty Cupons,
Th' interest I'm sure,
Will the Turtle endure,
But good eating I think,
Requires some drink,
From mountains he came,
M'Gregor by name,
He a palace disdains
Though at fortune he aims. 20

And with fluctuations
May get exaltations,
For in cliffs he now dwells
While Bonds Jobbers' sells:
He returns to the Glen
With his booty—but when
He meets an antagonist,
His courage is uppermost.
Brave and gallant Rob Roy
Will his enemies destroy. 30

He's energetic and wise,
As a Hart so he flies,
With his wife, sons, and men,
Down the dark glen,
Not afraid of a crocodile,
Who lives continental,
Sends all tears away
When in view of the Bey,
And as for Mosehetto
Why think of Mocatta! 40

Poyais Arrive to Fifty-three!
Then ill luck and I should be free:
To get 3 hundred pounds in part,
This idea elates my heart.
I have lost much in Spanish,
Ever since have look'd most apish.
In Lottery Scrip lost twenty-two,
Lord have mercy what shall I do!
Ere fortune again will smile,
I must get wisdom for my stile. 50

When I get over will look back
At those who never had no lack
Of this pecuniary gem,
That buys knowledge now and then.
Altho' misplac'd and do you see
The little that is left to me:
What I have am loth to lose,
Probity's the path I choose.
So for trifles I'll not barter,
Tho' M'Gregor has no garter 60

That surrounds St George and Dragon.
But he has flags and unicorns
To support the arms of state,
And 2 blackies appear to wait:
While the eagle soaring high,
The crown of Rubies also try:
If your head the same will suit,
But usurpers have no root.
Your counsel here I need
See the feathers and the beads. 70

That adorns the Blackies neck,
Vanity alone does them bedeck,
Oh! wisdom's precious' tis indeed
It sends me Gold when I need,
And sets forth the Golden Rule
Be wise as a Serpent tho' a fool;
And while the Sceptres cross the tree,
The Bonds of Poyais maintain me.
Thanks accept all ye my Friends.
While ye patronise Heaven fore-fends; 80

And keeps me from care and want,
So to ill Luck I say—Avaunt:
Be always cheerful always gay,
On the twelfth of August as in May:
No vain jesting ever boast
God bless us be the toast,
And when the Turtle's on the table,
Eat Drink be merry as ye are able,
But consider of the morrow,
It may bring a feast of sorrow. 90

Discretion ever guide the mind,
Then Health and Friends ye always find.
Pearls and the garter encircle thee,
A most precious one the Bottonee;
This medal's rich, so is the stock,
'Tis taken from the chrystal rock,
Which vivifies to see early dew
Ascend as the sun appears in view:
Providence hail! oh think of me,
My whole life's devoted to thee. 100

I see thy wisdom, adore thy plan,
To renovate every distant land,
And makes human creatures say,
'Tis Omnipotence who bears the sway,
Invincible is the power whose arm
Preserves the shore and Marion
Expands in stars his will to flourish
Each shining globe, and to nourish:
With his plenty God will support
The useful and devised thought. 110

Not a leaf which by nature falls,
But by commanding voice he calls;
And sets it forth from the marsh,
To live in wonder, so be not harsh,
For the mine where gold came on,
Is the droppings from the sun
As he passed the dark caveat
He left his beams to enlighten it.
Here is wisdom count the sum,
It is every thing *summum bonum*. 120

The metre is not correct. They do
Who take my lines and will not pay?
But those who have I much esteem,
Respectful duty be e'er my theme,
Good behaviour all, do owe
To each person where'er they go,
And to those who forget it,
Their complaisance does forfeit,
Ladies and Gents. fare you well,
These Lines I hope to sell, 130

To buy me another Rose
While my verse ye do Pose.

LINES ON A NEGLECTED ROSE TREE.

This fair exotic wither'd and decay'd,
The mind was hurried and the Hand forgot,
To give the water on which the stem was staid,
Then died its blossom and was left to rot. 4

Is root and Branch for ever gone?
Its tender sap buried in the earth,
The moss down cover'd as soon as born,
The scented rose in yonder turf. 8

But it will rise again and look,
From the dead stem the branches quicken,
And the tree will thrive by the brook
Though early blast has the rose nippen. 12

The first rose Parnassus taken
The graces bosom to adorn,
Where it will grow in lovely Eden,
Pure undefiled without a thorn. 16

Where many trees though extant
And some worm eaten from the tomb,
By exhaling life will again implant
The tree with roses in as fair a bloom. 20

Anti-Orangeism,

OR,

THE ISLANDERS ON THE WATCH.

A PATRIOTIC POEM.

By J. B. WILMOT. K

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE LORD K——.

GREAT bustle's being made by high and low,
But of his merits, I don't rightly know;
An Orangeman, it is that's now my task,
And here, his real principles I shall ask:
How ranks he better than another man,
Most noble Lord, please tell me, if you can?
Will he more steady fight his country's cause,
Maintain her liberty, defend the laws;
Against the foe be foremost in the field,
The first to conquer, or the last to yield;
Above others protect his king and crown,
Or those he sends to govern as his own?
And the last question I shall put to you,
Pray, great grand-master, what good does he do?
Protestant with Catholic, hand in hand,
Support your king, and guard your native land;
At Trafalgar, St. Vincent's, and the Nile,
Did not victory on your joint courage smile?
As one, you at the bugle's charge were led,
When Moore, lamented, for his country bled.
Man unto man should be as a brother,
Not 'bout religion quarrel with each other;
In societies that strife engender,
As a Christian I'd not be a member.
The Welch and Scotch no Orange Clubs require,
Their patriotism glows by its own fire.
English and Irish my advice pursue,
Take not the Orange, but stick to the Blue;
The color's worn well, 'tis your country's pride,
The Briton suits on ev'ry plain, in ev'ry tide.

No foreign force or civil broils you'll rue,
While to themselves, the Sister Isles prove true:
Fixt let our glorious Magna Charta be,
England always was—is—and will be free;
And should the white flag, hostile fly in air,
The Gallic trumpets sound—the war declare;
Then vet'rans march, the royal sail unbend,
And Spain in Albion find a trusty friend.
We have our Wellington and Graham still,
Paget and Cotton, with th' intrepid Hill;
Beresford, who trained Portugal's brave band,
And Loftus, Lumley, Cole,—conspicuous stand;
To our bay'nets the French were forced to yield,
At Waterloo, and on famed Blenheim's field;
Th' invincibles in Egypt lifeless lay,
And Maida's hero* bore the palm away.
Pellew, Northesk, Smith—champions of the main,
And dauntless Strahan fresh laurels would attain;
With Captains t' emulate a Howe in fame,
Nelson's, Collingwood's, or a Duncan's name.
To our gallant tars be but good and kind;
With lion hearts in action you will find:
The battle won, no malice do they bear,
For with the conquer'd foe their grog they'll share.
Let not false signals union hearts divide,
Prepared for peace or war, firm on every side,
A gen'rous freedom mark the British name,
And Greece and Spain be modelled from the same:
Our constitution sound, his subjects sing,
Long live the sovereign, George the Fourth, their king.

* Sir John Stuart.

THE SPANISH PATRIOT,

AN ACROSTIC.

M arch, brave warriors! spur on the prancing steed,
I n Liberty's great cause I'll boldly lead:
N o foreign kings obey, while I have breath,
A nd be our watch-word—Victory or death!

LONDON:

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NICCOLÒ PERSICHETTI
MARQUIS OF SANTA MUSTIOLA
DIED AT ROME
29 JANUARY 1915

MAY HE REST IN PEACE

SCOTTISH SONG.

Lord THOMAS *and* Fair ANNET.

LORD THOMAS and fair ANNET
Sat a' day on a hill;
Whan nicht was cum, and ſun was ſett,
They had not talkt their fill.

Lord THOMAS ſaid a word in jeſt,
Fair ANNET took it ill;
A'! I wull nevir wed a wife
Againſt my ain friends wull.

Gif ye wull nevir wed a wife,
A wife wull neir wed yee.
Sae he is hame to tell his mither,
And knelt upon his knee.

O rede, O rede, mither he ſays,
A gude rede gie to me:
O ſall I tak the nut-browne bride,
And let fair ANNET bee?

The nut-browne bride has gowd and gear,
Fair ANNET ſhe 'as gat nane;
And the little bewtie fair ANNET haes,
O it wull ſoon be gane!

And he has till his brither gane:
Now, brither, rede ye mee;
A'! ſall I marrie the nut-browne bride,
And let fair ANNET bee?

The nut-browne bride has oxen, brother,
The nut-browne bride has kye;
I wad hae ye marrie the nut-browne bride,
And caſt fair ANNET bye.

Her oxen may dye i' the houſe, Billie,
And her kye into the byre;
And I ſall hae naething to myſell
Bot a fat fadge by the fyre.

And he has till his ſiſter gane:
Now ſiſter, rede ye me;
O ſall I marrie the nut-browne-bride,
And ſet fair ANNET free?

Iſe rede ye tak fair ANNET, THOMAS,
And let the browne bride alane;
Leſt ye ſould ſigh, and ſay Alace!
What is this we brought hame?

No, I wull tak my mither's counſel,
And marrie me owt o' hand;
And I wull tak the nut-browne bride;
Fair ANNET may leive the land.

Up then roſe fair ANNET's father
Twa hours or it wer day,
And he is gane into the bower
Wherein fair ANNET lay.

Riſe up, riſe up, fair ANNET, he ſays,
Put on your ſilken ſheene;
Let us gae to St. Maries kirke,
And ſee that rich wedden.

My maides, gae to my dreſſing-roome,
And dreſs to me my hair;
Whair-eir yee laid a plait before,
See yee lay ten times mair.

My maides gae to my dreſſing-roome,
And dreſs to me my ſmock;
The one half is o' the holland fine,
The other o' neidle-work.

The horſe fair ANNET rode upon,
He amblit like the wind,
Wi' ſiller he was ſhod before,
Wi' burning gowd behind.

Four and twenty ſiller bells
Wer a' tied till his mane,
Wi' yae tiſt o' the norland wind,
They tinkled ane by ane.

Four and twenty gay gude knichts
Rade by fair ANNET's ſide,
And four and twenty fair ladies,
As gin ſhe had bin a bride.

And whan ſhe cam to Maries kirke,
She ſat on Maries ſtean;
The cleading that fair ANNET had on
It ſkinkled in their ean.

And whan ſhe cam unto the kirke,
She ſkimmer'd like the ſun;
The belt that was aboute her waiſt
Was a' wi' pearles bedone.

She ſat her by the nut-browne bride,
And hir een they wer ſae clear,
Lord THOMAS he clean forgat the bride,
When fair ANNET drew near.

He had a roſe into his hand,
He gae it kiſſes three,
And reaching by the nut-browne bride,
Laid it on fair ANNET's knee.

Up then ſpak the nut-browne bride,
She ſpak with meikle ſpite;
And whair gat ye that roſe-water
That does mak yee ſae white?

O I did get the roſe-water
Whair ye wull neir get nane;
For I did get that very roſe-water
Into my mither's wame.

The bride ſhe drew a long bodkin
Frae out our gay head gear,
And ſtrake fair ANNET unto the heart,
That word ſpak nevir mair.

Lord THOMAS ſaw fair ANNET wex pale,
And marvelit what mote bee;
Bot whan he ſaw her dear hearts blude,
A' wood-wroth wexed hee.

Hee drew his dagger that was ſae ſharp,
That was ſae ſharp and meet,
And drave it into the nut-browne bride,
That fell deid at his feit.

Now ſtay for me, dear ANNET, he ſaid,
Now ſtay my dear, he cryd;
Then ſtrake the dagger untill his heart,
And fell deid by hir ſide.

Lord THOMAS was bury'd without kirk-wa',
Fair ANNET within the quiere;
And o' the tane thair grew a birk,
The other a bonny briere.

And ay they grew, and ay they threw,
As they wad faine be neare;
And by this ye may ken right weil,
They wer twa luvers deare.

[By Howard M. Chapin]

HIGH 'midst the massive crags and mighty peaks,
Whose weird and grotesque shadows nightly fall
Across the vale, as the Sun, tired, seeks
Accustomed rest beyond this lofty wall,
High on a mountain-circled hillock stands,
Perched like an Eagle, hence the name she bears,
Aquila, founded by great Fred'rick's hands,
A fortress-city 'gainst whoever dares
Oppose the warlike Roman Emperor's power.
Built on the site of Sallust's ancient home,
She to her sons gives belles-lettres as a dower,
Ycleped Amiternum by Old Rome.

AMID the din of fast-approaching war,
And ghastly earthquakes terrifying all,
He, like the setting Sun, passed through the door
To peaceful bliss, in answer to Death's call.
A student of the Latin tongue and Law,
In Archaeology a critic apt,
Art, Hospitality, and Science saw
That in their attributes his soul was wrapped.
And Holy Church found in Sir Niccolò,
A loyal Knight who cared for all her needs,
Persichetti di Collebucolo
E Santa Mustiola, known by deeds
Of kindness more than by his Marquis' rank,
Leaving to mourn, with those to him most dear,
Friends near and distant, while Aquila sank
In whole-souled grief, and shed full many a tear.

Mrs E Parks

K.P.E. Ser

Hbo2.f
1751

TEA-TABLE CHAT;

By Mrs. E. P.

SEE round yonder table a party at tea,
They appear quite as friendly as friendly can be;
Some talk about this thing, and some about that;
Now listen awhile, if you please, to their chat.
"Your tea is agreeable, ladies, I hope,"
"Quite perfectly so, my dear Mrs. Cope;
The flavor delicious, pray where was it bought?"
"At Mr. Le Pruen's."—"Ah! who could have thought?
Why, Madam, that man is a terrible cheat,
Few ever can there a good article meet;
And then, to his wife, he's so shockingly near,
Poor woman, she scarcely is fit to appear:
Might tell you much more, yet, always take care,
Traducing the absent is not very fair;
We cannot, indeed, expect to find worth
In persons, whose habits were low from their birth.
Dear Flirt, you sit silent, come, cheer up, be gay;
What think you, my dear, of the last-written play?"
"'Tis pretty well manag'd in parts to be sure,
But Melpomene's muse I could never endure;
And some of our actors are such awkward creatures,
E'n my Thalia they mar in her very first features.
Theatrical manners would shortly amend,
Did on them our people of fashion attend;
But so long as the vulgar are paid such attention,
The actors will ever be dull at invention:
What a shame such low creatures must spoil our enjoyments,
Let them keep but their distance, and mind their employments."
"You'll not be offended," replied Mrs. Cope,
"If we give conversation a general scope;
Mrs. Gad-about call'd at our house t'other day,
And press'd me to step with her over the way
To chapel, where people call'd Baptists meet;
Well, thither we went, and crept into a seat.
The minister solemnly stood in the van,
Attir'd in sables—a very good plan,
For he buried the people alive, I am sure,
Or dipp'd them in water to make them more pure;
But their rising again, I never can paint,
O! dear, I was almost dispos'd for to faint;
They then sung and pray'd, and seem'd so devout,
We left them to finish—and so we came out:
To a Methodist place of devotion we went,
But indeed we both found ample cause to repent:
For unless we will every enjoyment forego,
The preacher consigns us to endless woe;
He exclaimed against all our pursuits, I declare;
I wish my friend Elirt, you had also been there.
He freely transmitted us even to hell,
For reasons I cannot now perfectly tell."
"How could you, dear madam, have patience to stay,
And hear what the violent fellow would say,
I wonder whatever they mean by such rant,
O! how I despise methodistical cant."
"Ah! ah!" said a lady, who silent had sat,
"I cannot help joining you ladies in that;
For all these religions, whate'er they pretend,
Keep self in full view as their ultimate end;
And as for the parsons, they feather their nest,
And leave their poor flock to look after the rest;
Some preach up free grace, and so well they may,
For I'm sure of good works, they have little to pay;
It is said, that they pay the poor people for groaning,
But indeed, the reverse is the cause of their moaning;
E'n their females can look as exact and as prim,
As if easy address or to smile were a sin;
No bows on their bonnets, their cloaks without lace,
For fear they should slip from their station in grace;
Thus only, dear ladies, religion pretend,
And nothing will ever your conscience offend.
Hush! Ladies prepare to receive Mrs. Kay,
A pious good woman, from over the way,
I see she is coming, indeed it is droll,
We must mind how we manage our parts on the whole.
Pray, Madam, walk in," "no, I will not disturb,"
"We're happy to see you, dear Ma'am, on my word,
I beg you'll be seated, the company join,
Mary, hand to the lady the cake and the wine,
You are going to chapel, Mrs. Kay, I presume."
"Yes, only I thought it was rather too soon,
And if quite alone, should have ask'd you to go,
'Tis a good way of spending an hour you know."
"Ah! certainly, Madam, 'tis perfectly right,
I wish we could all have gone with you to-night,
Strange any such excellent rules can object;
Religion must surely obtain our respect."
"You, Madam, possess an amiable spirit,
I wish I had only one half of your merit;
My approbation I always express,
At your modest demeanour, and neatness in dress;
In all your transactions I freely must own,
One flaw in your character never was known."
"You speak far too highly of me, Mrs. Cope,
'Tis not your design for to flatter, I hope;
All merit of mine, I shall ever disclaim,
And aim to approve myself worthy the name:
Yes, a christian indeed, I wish to be found,
Religion consists not in dress or in sound;
Her ways are with pleasure and peace so combin'd,
Who espouse her are sure a sweet solace to find;
But ladies, as none are dispos'd to attend,
My steps to the chapel alone I must bend."
"I'm really quite glad the good lady is gone,
She'd talk of religion from even till morn."
"Indeed, Mrs. Cope, you well manag'd your part,
We wish you success in the trade from our heart;
Yet still she appears so wise and devout,
We fear she will find your hypocrisy out;
If she does, it is easy enough to revoke;
The hypocrite seldom or ever is broke,
Puritanical niceness I always detest,
Yet I grant she is certainly one of the best;
If every professor were like Mrs. Kay,
Religion, indeed, might attractions display,
But flattery you know, is esteem'd such a sweet,
With those who refuse it, we seldom can meet;
Professors in general give us full leave,
For they often you find will each other deceive;
They can cast out a hint to a brother's disgrace,
Yet carry it fair and polite to his face;
If one praise a preacher, another will nod,
As though he belong'd more to Satan than God;
If Christians will not of each other speak well,
Pray, ladies, wherein do you think they excel?
When they wish us to think their religion is true,
Let their conduct the traits of it's excellence shew.

W. Molineux, Printer, 4, Bolt Court, Fleet Street London.

Entered at Stationers' Hall.—(Price 1d.)

GARRICK'S HEAD HOTEL,

DOW STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

BILL OF FARE.

An elegantly-appointed Coffee Room waits on the Public taste and appetite below. May I take the liberty, Sir, of informing you, that the following savoury substantials will be ready at the conclusion of the Lecture.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your very humble and obedient servant,
DIOGENES DRESSWELL,
Coquorum Magister.

Viands the best, and condiments most rare,
Compose the detail of our Bill of Fare.

Soups Quasi-Epicurus.

Of meats the tripple distillation,
To please the palates of the nation.
Boyle.

Fish a la Glaucus.

The scaly denizens of sea, lake, brook,
Fried, boiled, or *stewed*, we for the Public cook.
Spratt.

Poultry a la Tableaux.

Not Leda's swans, or Venus' doves so sweet,
With Garrick Poultry could e'er compete.
Cock-erton of *Hen*-ly.

Haricot Mutton a la Pose Plastique, with Onions a la Hercules.

If once you but taste of their Haricot Mutton,
For no other food will you e'er care a button.
Southdown and Noseworthy.

Pork Chops a la Turque.

Though by his law the Turk's forbidden Pork,
Shew him but these, he'll seize his knife and fork.
Hogg.

Veal Cutlets a la Venus, with Ham a la Mahomet.

Beauteous conjunction! oh, delicious meal!
The juicy Ham, with white and tender Veal.
Cow-ley on *Sty*-lishness.

Stewed Hearts a la Cupidon.

Dear Public, affection its tribute imparts—
On the shrine of thy table we offer our hearts,
Love-more.

Rump Steaks a la Vulcan.

Come, oh! come, and here admire
Rump-steak from the glowing fire;
Come, Epicurean souls,
And have your steak from off the coals.
Stove-in on *Iron*-y.

Joints a la Jupiter.

Boiled Beef, or Beef that's roasted,
Mutton, Pork, may all be boasted.
Oxen-ford of *Eat*-on.

Sausages a la Polonius.

Sausages of choicest meat,
Fit for Emperor to eat.
Saville-hoy on German Customs.

Poached Eggs a la Charles Sloman.

If you'd poach'd eggs eat "*con amore*,"
They're cook'd *a l'Improvisatore*.
Eggs-tract from Shelley.

Welsh Rabbits a la Caractacus.

Here, if you dispense the money,
You can have a *Cambrian Bunny*.
David Leek.

Stewed Cheese a la Melton.

I can tell you one thing, which I'm certain that I know,
You cannot get better for double the *rhino*.
Chedder on the Character of Gloucester.

Vegetables a la Cincinnatus.

When Cincinnatus quitted warlike scenes,
He took a farm, and cultivated Greens.
Oh, Public, hasten, to the Garrick flock,
You'll find their Greens are from the same old stock.
Murphy's Criticism on Donovan's History of *Green*-land.

Pastry a la Tableaux Vivans.

Pancakes and Puddings, Omelettes, Tarts, and Pies,
In rich profusion, strike you with surprise.
Puff-endorff on *Crust*-aceous Productions.

Wines, Spirits, and Malt-Liquors, a la Judge and Jury.

The brightly brilliant Bacchanalian stream
Glows in the glasses, like day's glorious gleam;
Then down the throat in deluge deep descending,
Raise drooping hearts, the sadden'd mind befriending.
Butler's Ode on *Viewing a Drawing of Cork.*

Stout a la Nicholson.

You'll find that his Stout is most excellent tipple;
Like himself, it is not only double, but triple.
Porter on *Hale's* Precedents.

A HYMN to *Alderman Parsons our Lord-mayor*

COME Loyal *Churchmen*,
that loves the *Church* & *King*
Let's drink boys and be merry
since joyfull News I bring,
That brave *Alderman Parsons*
Is chose our *City Mayor*,
And as for all his *Whiggish Foes*
He never need to care:
Then in a brimfull Bumper,
his Health about we'll pass,
And he that does refuse it
is but a *Whiggish Ass*.

In *France* he is respected,
the *French* King does agree,
That he should bring his *Beer*
over there *Duty free*:
Which is a great advantage,
and plainly does appear.
It need must save his *Lordship*
some hundreds in a year;
which made some envyous *Canters*
against him for to rail,
But all their Canting stories
no thing did avail.

Now he is chosen *Mayor*
a Glorious sight it will be,
To see his Lordship *Rideing*
on Horseback splendidly:
Which thing is so uncommon
that thousands now will go,
His Lordship *for to hollow*
and see the Gallant Show;
Each Church-man will be pleased
to see him pass along,
Long live our Mayor brave Parsons
will be the Peoples Song.

His *Barge* is the finest
and finely Gilt with Gold.
Such Carve-work and fine Painting
few ever did behold;
With Streamers and new Colours,
most gallant nice and gay,
To make a fine appearence
upon my Lord-mayors Day;
Likewise as many *Draymen*
of Courrage stout and bold,
To march in their White-Aprons,
as now he is years old.

He is a Loyal Church-man
and for our Rights will stand,
He fears no Presbyterians
that worketh underhand;
No Courtier e'er can bribe him
he always will be just.
He'll take no Bribe nor Pension
for to betray his Trust,
But is in every Action
a Loyal worthy Soul;
When to our Mayor brave Parsons,
toss off a flowing Bowl.

His Father's noble Actions
he strives to imitate
Altho' he's but a *Brewer*
he is both good and great
He fears no treacherous Enemies,
nor loves no fawning Friends;
Nor will he stain his Honour,
for any Private ends,
Long may he live and brew good Beer,
to cheer each houest heart,
And to his Health let each true Soul,
toss off a brimfull Quart.

The Delights of Spring.

Glee,—(Three Voices,)

TO all you ladies now at land
We men at sea indite.
But first would have you understand
How hard it is to write;
The Muses now, and Neptune too,
We must implore to write to you
With a fal lal lal lal, &c

In justice you cannot refuse,
To think of our distress,
When we, for hopes of honour, lose
Our certain happiness,
All these designs are but to prove,
Ourselves more worthy of your love
With a Fal lal &c.

And now we've told you all our loves
And likewise all our fears,
In hopes this declaration moves,
Some pity for our tears
Let's hear of no inconstancy
We have enough of that at sea
With a fal lal &c,

The Englishman's Wife; God bless her,

A Full glass of brandy come fill fill for me,
Give to those who dislike it strong grog,
Whatever the spirit a full glass must be,
So the bottle push round and begin,
And then should the thought of past pleasures appear
The girl that approves if you press her,
Then a bumper of brandy her spirits shall cheer
Here's a health and we'll kindly caress her
Caress her,
Caress her,
Here's a health & we'll kindly caress her

An Englishman's pride is the mercy & wine
Let your drunkards drink it they can
Moderation at the fountain where pleasures arise,
And a wife crown's the blessing of man,
Then fill fill your glasses and rise to my toast,
The girl that approves if you press her,
And a true loving wife is an Englishman's boast,
Here's her health and we'll ever caress her
God bless her,
God bless her,
Here's her health and we'll ever caress her

Parody; "On Love was once a Little Boy.

I LOVE a little lass, oh dear,
Heigho, &c.
But she does not love me, I fear,
Heigh o, &c.
Yet if I meet this lass, again,
And she should treat me with disdain
She never more my heart shall pain
Oh no, oh no,
But if this lass should faithful prove,
Heigho, &c.
I this lass will only love.
Heigho, &c,
But should some other swain pop in,
This little maiden's heart to win,
I'll console myself with a drop of gin
Oh yes. Oh yes.
So now good folks I'll say good bye.
Heigho, &c,
At my misfortunes pray don't cry,
Heigho, &c
The thought on't makes me feel so queer
I really think I could cry he re,
but no—I'll go my spirits cheer.
Heigho, &c

Parody on the Minstrel Boy

THE Fiddler's Boy to the fair has gone
In a rattling boots you'll find him,
With his master's fiddle, (for his own's in pawn,)
In a green bag slung behind him,
'House of Malt, 'says the fuddling bard,
'Though all the world despise thee,
One fiddler is left and will spend his last dump,
If it's only to patronise thee,
The fiddler drank till it got quite late
And the table he fell under,
His fiddle was broke by the fall & weight.
And the cat got tore asunder,
Says he, 'No one shall ever know.
The sounds of jolly bruvery.
So he smack'd across his knee the bow,
And he went to sleep quite savery.

Guy Fawkes,

I Sing a doleful tragedy: Guy Fawkes the prince of sinisters,
Who once blew up the House of Lords, the king, and all his ministers.
That is—he would have blown 'em up & folks will he's forget him,
His will was good to do the deed—that is if they'd have let him,
He straightway came from Lambeth side an wish'd the State was undone,
And crossing over Vauxhall bridge, that way com'd into London,
That is he would have come that way to perpetrate his guilt sire
But a little thing prevented him, the bridge it was not built, sire.
Then searching thro' the dreary vault, with Portable Gas light,
About to touch the powder train, at which late hour of night, sire
That is—I mean, he would have used the Gas but was prevented,
Gas you see in James's time it had not been invented,
And when they caught him in the fact so very near the Crown's end,
They straightway sent to Bow street for that brave old runner, Townshend
That is—they would have sent for him for fear he is so starter at
[illegible] not born till after that,
[illegible] for
[illegible] come a year, to
[illegible] November
That is, I mean his effigy, for truth is strange and strange,
Poor Guy [illegible] kill again, because he is dead already.

Then bless his gracious Majesty and bless his royal son, sirs
And may he never get blown up, that is if he gets one, sirs
And if he does, I'm sure he'll reign so prophecies my song! sirs
And if he don't, why then he won't and so I can't be wrong, sirs,

Hurrah to the Battle

HURRAH to the battle! the Tartars are near,
They tempt and they dare not us fight,
We meet them, we charge them with sabre and spear,
We conquer, we drive them to flight.
We follow...they fly:
We approach...and they die
Cossacks are great in their might

Hark! now from ambush see others advance,
They charge——they are now in our rear
We rally, we turn: there's blood on each lance
They waver, they fly in despair.
On, on, see they run,
Now the blood-work is done,
Hurrah for the conqueror's fare,

Away from the battle field now to our home,
See our littles ones smile at the war,
Our wives and our children rejoice as we come,
So glorious returning from far,
Thus life passes on
With the sons of the Don,
Hurrah for the Children of War.

The Sweets of Love.

LIFE with all its fading joys
Cannot boast so rich a treasure
State and pomp with show and noise,
Yield to love's extatic pleasure:
For woman every heart inspires;
'Tis she each joy of life improves,
Vain are ambitious, lawless fires.
Without the sweets, the sweets of love,

Let others boast of arms alarms,
And gain a name by wealth or learning
Give me a maid with rustic charms,
The only joy that's worth the earning
For womam every heart inspires
Tis she each joy of life improves,
Vain are ambition's lawless fires.
Without the sweets' the Sweets of Love

Sally and Billy, or the Fatal Repulse

YOUNG Billy went a courting.
His person was tall and thin;
Sally Mott did cause much pain,
To her tender Billy Bin.

Says he, I vow my heart's as true
As putty that's fresh made,
So pray dear Sall do not cut me,
Tho' cutting is my trade.

Says Sall, you're like vinder glass,
Or filly I see you through.
You would ruinate poor I,
I tells you it will not do

Poor Bill was at this perplex'd
His senses were much afloat
As his Sally had cut him,
The Billy did cut his throat.

That night, if that the story's true
His ghost did haunt her bed;
His putty knife, took her life,
Poor Sally, alas is dead

The Midnight Serenade,

NOW when half the world is dreaming
I'll think on love,
While the moon is briggly beaming.
I'll think on love.
By its bright light I'll trace the bower,
Where Julia's the brightest flower.
At her feet the homage shower.
Of honest love
When Nightengales warble their song
I'll think on love,
When night lover's days prolong.
I'll think on love,
The rippling waves no longer bound.
With splashing oars or minstrels sound,
sound,
But all are silent still around,
Except true love.
While the Duenna is now sleeping,
I'll think on love,
While night drowsy watch is keeping
I'll think on love,
When sleep does close the watching eye,
Of Julia's guard her heart I'll try
Or talking in my hopes I'll die,
I'll think on love

A Lover's Entreaty

NOW your old dad is dreaming, love,
Or perchance his middle's scheming love,
Then why should not we,
Who in love agree,
Hop off while the lamplight's gleaming, love,

Then trouse thee up and come to me, my love,
Here's nought but cats calls, I hear my love
Don't think me too cruel,
Should I [illegible]
And [illegible] my love.

The Frozen River

WHEN Winter chains from shore to shore
The waves in its icy fetters,
On river and lake when your labor is o'er
Pretty maids you may sport with your betters
At the cold you need not shiver
In Summer at eve
When your labor you leave
Should a swain then advance
And intreat you to dance
Of your steps pray beware
Of your falls pray take care
For there's more to fear from a fall on the grass.
Than a race on a frozen river
There's more, &c

The young Pauline, with a lover, one day
On the ice,—'neath the rose be it spoken,
Her footing slipp'd, and the ice they say
Was alone by the accident broken
'Twas a warning no doubt now to give her
For the very next spring,
Pray don't mention the thing,
While dancing at night
In the grove by moonlight
Alas! poor Pauline——
You may guess what I mean,——
She'd more to fear from a fall on the green
Than a race on a frozen river.
Than a race, &c,

Parody on 'Ifable

Wake, dearest wake, while the gas lamps are glaring
and Charley's a going his round:
Ere Sol's ruddy face from the clouds is staring,
Disturb'd by dust bell's sound
Hear thy plump cheeks red as pulpit cushion
First meet my enraptured view,
You to my arms with ardent rushing
Swore by your wig to be true,
Molly Dodd, Molly Dodd Molly Dodd
One kiss from thy fat lips I'll borrow
I'm in quod I'm in quod, I'm in quod
And I'm going to be white washed to-morrow, ah me.

Dark is my doom and my fate yet harder
That hungry I still must remain,
Yield me but one mutton chop from thy larder,
For sure love 'twould ease the sad pain
Haste Molly, haste, for with hunger I'm dying
No language my anguish can tell,
O put on the pan & with speed begin fryin
Ere I bid thee my last farewell,
Molly Dodd Molly Dodd, Molly Dodd.
One chop tho' I leave thee in sorrow,
I'm in quod. I'm in quod, I'm in quod
To the Bench I am going to-morrow, ah me

And when's lenght in the Bench's sweet bowers,
Lock'd up with my chum I shall be,
To love, dearest maid, will I yield all my hours.
And think sweetest Molly on thee
But my ditty is o'er, & the bailiff's one tired
Nor longer permit me to stay,
I can say (love) no more a hackney is hir'd
From thee they now tear me away
Molly Dodd, Molly Dodd Molly Dodd,
I feel my heart breaking with sorrow,
I'm in quod, I'm in quod, I'm in quod
The Bench it will shield me to-morrow;
ah me,

Very Well I did it at the Price Sir,

When I left my native village to see this jolly town
My mother she did scold a bit my father he did frown
Poor Betty she did pipe her eye, and look ed so very nice sir
d a kissed her lips——and very well I did it at the price sir
St. Paul's I saw or I'd been blind ——'tis true upon my soul
The steeple's like a topsy turvy very large punch bowl
While looking up a knowing thief picked my pocket in a trice
But I bang'd his head and very well I did it for the price,

Bow Church I'm told, is growing old quite crazy is the steeple,
A dragon lives a top of it, to guard it from the people,
Bow Bells they must not ring again, for fear that in a trice,
The stones should fall, & very well they'd do it at the price,

Old London Bridge as folks tell me, is going fast to pot,
But another one, an arch young bridge is growing near the spot
The Custom House has rumbled down—John Bull not overnice,
Will it rebuild, and very well he'll do it for the price.

The Stock Exchange has bulls and bears and lots of speculation,
An Elephant at Exeter Change the largest in the nation,
Disliked his crib, was going to quit—they stopped him in a trice
By shooting him, and very well they did for the price,

Macnamarring's all the go, by some it will be spurn'd
But still he will pursue his path nor leave a stone unturn'd
I'm sure there never was a man whose system's more concise
He'll mend your ways, and very well he'll do it for the price

I then for Drury [illegible]
Fredbrandt played
And there I saw on Xanda, a devil of his trade
They cut the [illegible]
and throw away the [illegible]
They'd fight you all [illegible]
[illegible]
Fine Friends Tom [illegible]
Street, [illegible] Drury

The LOVER'S Magazine.

BLACK EY'D SUSAN.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd
The streamers waving with the wind
When Black Eyed Susan came on board,
O where shall I my true love find,
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true
If my sweet William sails among your crew

William who high upon the yard
Rocked with the billow's too and fro
Soon as her well known voice he heard
He sighed and cast his eyes below,
The cords slide swiftly thro' his glowing hands,
And quick as lightning on the deck he stands

So sweet the Lark high pois'd in air
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
If chance as his mate's shrill he hears,
He drops at once into his nest,
The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy William's lips those kisses so sweet.

O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
Thy vows shall ever true remain,
Let me kiss off that falling tear,
We only part to meet again,
Changes as fast, ye winds my mind shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee

Believe not what the landsmen say
Who tempts with doubt thy constant mind,
They tell thee sailors when away,
In every port a mistress find
Yet, yes believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wherese'er I go,

If to fair India's coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath is Africa's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white,
Thus every beautiful object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charms of p[illegible]ty Sue,

Tho' battle forced me from thy arms,
Let not my charming Susan mourn,
Tho' cannons roar yet free from harm
William shall to his dear return
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye,

The boatswain gave the dreadful word
The sails her swelling bosom spread
No longer must she stay on board
They kiss'd she sigh'd, he hung his head
Her less'ning boat unwilling rows to land
Adieu she cries and waves her lilly hand

Battle of the Nile.

ARISE arise, Britannias sons arise
And join in the shouts of the p[illegible]lotic throng
Arise arise Britannia's sons arise
And let the heavens echo with your song
For the genius of Albion victory proclaiming
Flies thro' the world our rights & deeds maintaing
And the battle of the Nile
Shall be foremost [illegible] trophie
And Nelson gallant Nelson's
applauded shall be

CHORUS

Then huzza huzza huzza huzza boys,
Mars guard for us what freedom did
by chaster gain
Huzza huzza huzza huzza huzza boys
Britannia still Britannia rules the main

The proud sons of France with insulting
haughty scorn
Hill too long oppress'd the neighbouring
indepency.
And vainly did hope their conquest would
be born
In harmony triumphant o'er the sea
But Nelson soon taught them in peals of
British thunder
To the flag of Royal George 'twas their
duty to knock under
And the battle of the Nile
Was decisive of their spoil
and laurels grace the bosom of each loyal British fair.
Then huzza &c.

In council above rose the deity of war
Determined to give true valour due renown
And soon on the brow of each hardy British tar
Was planted a resplendant Royal crown
While the loud trump of Fame o'er earth and ocean sounds
With Howe Jervis Duncan and Nelson's
name resounded,
A[illegible] to the battle
Was be foremast of the fire
And all the angelic choirs sung the glories
of the day
Then huzza &c, sport

Then arouse arouse ye sons of mirthful
And receive your protectors with open
arms returning
And view the spoil they with their blood
have bought
For the glory of this happy happy isle
A British Seaman's name henceforward
shall be penn'd
a terror to his foe an honour to his friend
At the battle of the Nile
Our children shall smile
And ages yet unborn transimt what Nelson has done.

THE HISTORY OF PADDY DENNY'S WIFE, AND HIS PIG

IN Dublin town with great renown,
Lived Mr, Patrick Denny,
By Cupid's shove, he got in love,
With a lady from Kilkenny,
She was an Irishman born and bred
Her name was Judy Rafter,
His love did burst so he married first,
And went a courting after.
'Tis very true what I tell you,
Or else I would not bawl now,
Upon my word and credit faith,
You may believe it all now,
When they did wed in a fine flock bed.
To be sure they laid in clover
And she full soon in the honey moon,
Felt strange and queer all over,
She longed for fat for this and that,
For a le to bake her toast in,
And what was best among the rest,
For a little Pig a roasting.
'Tis very true, &c,

To give her aid, he got a spade
And built her up a pig-stye,
Rail'd like a pound and square all round.
Rowan't a very big stye,
Says he, "don't fret, a pig I'll get
And one for breeding fitten,
No loss I'll gain, 'twill save your pain
For the sow will be with kitten.
'Tis very true, &c,

But as his purse was all the worse
For matrimony's searches,
To gain his ends he got two friends:
To join him in the purchase.
They did agree that both all three
Should go halves in the store pig
But faith, somehow, instead of a sow,
They went and bought a Boar Pig.
'Tis very true, &c,

A pig by fate is obstinate,
And always make a pother,
And if you say I do go one way,
He's sure to run the other,
And paddy could not get him on,
By bending——by blows nor words,
So by the tail he pull'd him back,
And that made him go forward's,
'Tis very true, &c

Next morning he got up to see
If the pig was 'sleep or waking,
And there he found him on the ground
And in a grievious taking
His friend was nigh, says he, 'twill die.
That's sure, says paddy, 'will it,
To stop this strife and save its life
I think we'd better kill it;
'Tis very true, &c

Now in a stew with the hubbubuo
Before the knife did cross flesh,
They call'd the other partner in,
Cause he was a judge of horse flesh,
He rubbed him with some bolsnes,
And drench'd him with some ointment
Told pat not to be disappointed,
At his disappointment,
'Tis very true, &c

But you know all a pig will's quall
Like any other vermin,
And they saw plain 'twas all in vain,
As to die he did determine,
So the knife did stick and made him sick,
And ended all his riot.
At first he bled, but when he was dead
He laid down very quiet,
'Tis very true, &c,

They saw, och hone, the life was gone
And that was nought to boast of,
But that the cost might not be lost,
And the meat to make the most of
They put it in a barrow
And to market then they roll'd it
And as it did not look like pork,
For mutton faith they sold it,
'Tis very true, &c,

Bishmen twelve out of ten,
Are all birds of a feather,
And never on such friendly terms
As when they fight together,
And so it proved for paddy moved,
By whiskey, a great flame to,
He bate them both genteely,
And they served him the same too,
'Tis very true, &c

Now Judy all the while got stout
And after that got stouter,
And then she was decently put to bed,
With her neighbours all about her,
To paddy's joy she brought a boy,
And och! how he was boasting,
For upon one eye it had a stye,
And t'other a pig a roasting,
'Tis very true, &c,

ON BOARD THE CHARMING MOLLY

AT sea I've taken many a trip,
On shore have frisk'd it jolly,
I had a sweetheart and a ship.
And both were christened Molly,
The one I meant to make a wife,
To banish melancholy,
And take a pleasant cruize for life,
On board the charming Molly.
Then pull away yoe heave ho
Singing ri solde riddle, &c.

A woman I've heard some say,
A ship she much resemble,
And this is true I found one day,
Though Poll did much dissemble,
I thought her heart with truth well store
But that was all a folly
My ship took passengers on board,
And so did sweetheart Molly,
Singing ri tol. &c.

So now I've but one Molly left
But she's no fickle woman,
Of comfort there I'm not bereft,
But she will strike to no man
Then jealousy ne'er troubles me,
For every lad's so jolly,
So William's gone a cruize at sea,
On board the charming Molly.

HEART CAN Feel For ANOTHER

JACK Steadfast and I were both messmates at sea,
And plough'd half the world o'er together,
And many hot battles encounter'd have we
In strange climates and all sorts of weather
But seamen you know are insured to hard gales,
Determin'd to stand by each other,
And the boast of a tar wherever he sails
Is the heart that can feel for another.

When often suspended between water and sky,
When death yawn'd on all sides around us,
Jack steadfast and I scorn'd to murmur or sigh,
For danger could never confound us,
smooth seas and rough billows to us were the same,
Contented we must brave one or t'other
And like jolly tars in life's chequer'd gale
Give the heart that can feel for another

Thus smiling at perils at sea or on shore,
We boxed the old compass right cheerly
Toss the cann boys about, a word or too more,
Yes, drink to the girls we love so dearly
For sailors pray mind me, tho' strange kind of fish,
Love'd the girls just as dear as their mother,
And what's more they love what I hope you all wish
Is the heart that can feel for another,

The King!

God Bless Him

A Goblet of Burgundy. fill, fill for me,
Give those who prefer it Champagne
But whatever the Wine it a bumper mumbo
wene'er drink a Bumper again—
A goblet of Burgundy, fill fill, for me, &c;

Now when the cares of the day are thrown by,
And all man's best feelings possess him,
Still the soul lights her beacon of truth in the eye
Here', a health to the King God, bless him
God bless him, God bless him.
Here's a health to the King, &c

The wealthy of Rome at their banquets of old,
When to those whom they honor'd they quaff'd
Threw pearls of great price in their goblets of gold,
More costly to render their draught.
I boast not of gems but my heart's in my glass,
Of its love nought can ever dispossess him
Up standing, Uncovered, round round let it pass
Here's a health to the King! God bless him,
God Bless him, God bless him,
Here's a Health to the King god bless him,
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah Upstanding uncovered
Round, round let it pass
Here's a Health to the King god bless him

WAR ON THE OCEAN.

WHEN in war on the ocean we meet the proud foe,
Though with ardour for conquest our bosoms may glow.
Let us see on their vessels old England's flag wave,
quer to save,
They shall find British sailors only con-
And now their pale ensigns we view from afar,
With three cheers they are welcom'd by each British Tar, advance,
While the genius of Britain still blessings
And our guns hurl in thunder, defiance
But mark our last broadside—She sinks down she goes, ger are foes,:
Quickly man all our boats, they no low
To snatch a brave fellow, from a watery grave, save
he worthy a Briton, who conquers so

WILL WATCH, the SMUGGLER

TWAS one morn when the wind from the northward blew keenly
While sullenly roar'd the big waves of the main, (Sue then seriously
A fam'd smuggler Will Watch kiss'd his
Took helm and to sea boldly steered out again, [well ended,
Will had promised his Sue that this trip if
should coil up his hopes and he'd anchor on shore, (should be mended,
When his pockets were lined why his life
The laws he had broken he'd never break more,

His sea boat was trim made her port took her lading, (offing & cried,
Then Will stood for home, reached her
This night if I've luck fari the coils of my trading, (sides
In dock I can lay, serve a friend too be-
Will lay too till night came on darkness and dreary, (all hands
To crowd every sail when he piped up
But a signal soon spied 'twas a prospect cheerily (the land,
A signal that warn'd him to bear from
The Philistines are out, cries Will we'll take no heed on't, (from his gun
Attack'd who's the man that will flinch
should my head be blown off, I shall me'e the need on't, (boys we'll run,
We'll fight while we can, when we can't
Thro' the haze of the night a bright flash now appearing, (bear down,
O now cries Will Watch the Philistines
Bear a hand my right tars, e'er we think about sheering, (boys or drown
One broadside pour in, should we swim
But should I be popp'd off, you my mates left behind me, (obeyed,
Regard my last words see them kindly
Let no stone mark the spot & friends do you mind me (Watch would be
Near the beach is the grave where a Will
Poor Will's yarn was spun out for a bullet next minute, (spoke more,
Laid him low on the deck and he never
His bold crew fought the ship, while a shot remained in it. (they bore,
Then sheered and Will's hulk, to his susan
In the dead of the night his last wish was complyd with (known his end
Too few known his grave and to few
He was brought to the earth by the crew that he died with, (of his friends,
He'd the prayers of his Susan & the tears
Near his grave dash the billows, the winds loudly bellow (out the cold bed
You ash struck with lightning poise
Where Will Watch the bold smuggler that fam'd lawless fellow, (with the dead
Once fear'd now forgot, sleeps in peace

WE CONQUER, DEAR GIRLS.

COME, sailors, be filling the cann,
The wind is begining to blow,
We've time to drink round to a man,
And then to weigh anchor must go.
What thousands repair to the strand,
To give us a charming adieu,
'Tis plain they believe, on the land,
We conquer dear girls, but for you,
When on the main-top sail yard
The sailor is swung to and tro',
Let the tempest blow ever so hard,
He whistles defiance to woe,
The gale can but last for awhile,
Is always the boast of the crew
And then may reflect with a smile,
We conquer, dear girls, but for you.
Tho' battle tremendous appears,
When blood stains the face of the
Tho' thunder resounds in his ears,
The sailor's a stranger to pain,
The thought with what rapture and pride
Each will her hero review,
'Tis this makes him danger deride,——
We conquer, dear girls, but for you.

Pitts Printer, G. Ouseb st Andrew street, seven dials, Sold also by D. Coodwin, 2nd Whitechurch ln

WORKHOUSE WOOING.

AIR—" There's one luck about THE HOUSE."

Dedicated, without permission, to the Inhabitants of Mary-le-Bone.

Oh! have ye heard the news abroad,
Come tell us what's about,
They say the saucy jade herself
Has let the murder out;
How shall I open this affair,
Since names I dare not mention,
And any thing beyond a joke,
Is far from my intention.

CHORUS.

But it's all blown—the murder's out,
Its talked of high and low,
How Tommy Dip, the tallow man,
Got foul of Sally Snow.

(*Spoken.*)—Well its all about a pair of turtle doves they've been a long time hatching though it was a twelvemonth last Valentine's day they paired.

'Twas in the *Vurkus* Mary'Bone,
This soft amour began.
The belle a bucksome pauper was,
The beau a Vestryman;
My hero then if you would see,
Who did this lady handle,
You'll just step into Crawford Street,
And buy a tallow candle.
Where its all blown, &c.

(*Spoken.*)—Aye, Tom had better stuck to the dripping, but the fat's in the fire now; well 'twas *melting* moments and all in the way of business.

The fair she was the vurkus pink,
'Twas fair he should select her,
For Tom you know moreover was
A Guardian and Director;
The damsel from Saint Lukes had come,
And was the Member's sister,
Ah, Tom, the wily dog knew this,
And that was why he kiss'd her.
But its all blown, &c.

(*Spoken.*)—Oh, yes, here's your parish authorities for you, with the New Poor Law Bill, and its Bastardly Clause. Tom was working the Workhouse on a new system, called the self-supporting.

The courtship was no doubt good fun
Just for the time it lasted,
But by this said illicit love,
Tom's character got blasted;
His brother Guardians twigg'd the joke,
The rumour got about,
They threatened Tom with Coventry,
And turn'd his *woman* out.
And 'twas all blown, &c.

(*Spoken.*)—Well, but what's the harm. A little innocent recreation between a Guardian & Pauper it's all human nature, as old Tom Beazley would say. How some'devr they made madam walk her chalks.

Tom followed her to Bayswater,
And re-commenced the game,
And when they were caught in the act,
She blow'd poor Tommy's name;
When tax'd with her adultrous deeds,
This little jade, od rot her,
She blush'd and cried, upon my soul
'Twas only Mr. ———.
Then 'twas all blown, &c.

(*Spoken.*)—Yes she regulary let the cat out of the bag then, and no mistake Tom's tail dropped between his legs, and he shook like a dog in a wet sack. But the landlady would'nt have it at no price and sings out—

Don't talk to me you saucy jade
Of Mr. Pet or Pan,
Why has not he a wife at home?
Sure he's a nice young man;
Tom promised them all sorts of things,
Did on his knees beseech,
That she'd some little mercy shew,
And would not go and peach,
Then it was all blown, &c.

(*Spoken*)—Sall had some misgivings and see'd which way the wind was blowing, so

No mercy show, exclaimed his pal,
And straight this truth imparted,
Of all the pauper grinding crew,
Tom is the hardest hearted.
Nay blow the truth in pity's cause,
Cut short his reckless sway,
And thus cut short a long account,
'Gainst Tom ón judgement day.
For its all blown, &c.

(*Spoken.*)—Yes, when that day comes the poor will say Tom was too hard upon them, and ax where's their bread, but Sall will swear he was too soft upon *she* and and ax where's her *vartue*.

They vow'd Tom's vows were all moonshine,
He came there for no good,
The base affair to undermine,
They went to Underwood.
Tom straight was tax'd with his misdeeds,
And offer'd no denial,
But bounc'd and swore an action he
Would bring, and go to trial.
But 'twas all blown, &c.

(*Spoken*)—An action you know was all [illegible]ry, 'cause the thing was as clear as the daylight.

Proceedings long were entered on,
Tom mean time loosing leather,
And when the trial should have come off,
Tom sported the white feather.
His spouse has taken him in tow,
And swears no more he'll roam,
For after dusk he shan't be seen,
A hundred yards from home.

(*Spoken.*)—No! No! A joke'a a joke, but there's a tight rein put on him now, and the vurgus gals will be put in the lock-up when he's abroad.

I now must bid this pair adieu,
And leave them to their fates,
Just hoping Tom's propensities
Wont tend to raise the rates.
But Vestrymen they look so blue,
I fear there is some ground
To think they mean to clap it on,
Just four-pence in the pound.
But it's all blown, &c.

(*Spoken.*)—Four-pence, that's heavy! What, Tom have all the fun, and the parish pay the piper! But they say that some one else stopped the defendant's mouth, and Tom (that is the parish) stood the racket of his score only.

Then take a hint ye rate-payers,
Some trumps in office fix,
And thus in future you'll prevent
Such gallivanting tricks.
When next you're call'd on to elect,
Choose steady men and moral,
Your Workhouse should a Workhouse be,
And not a common brothel!

CHORUS.

For it's all blown—the murder's out,
'Twill very soon be found,
Tom cut these capers to the tune
Of four-pence in the pound.

THE BATTLE OF DOLLY'S-BRAE:

OR, MORE PROPERLY,

THE BATTLE OF MAGHERAMAYO.

(*TUNE*, "*LISNEGADE.*")

Come all ye bold true Orangemen, and listen unto me,
Ye children of those heroes bright, whom William once set free;
Come hearken to my narrative, and I shall briefly show,
The malice of our enemies, and their great overthrow.

July the 12th, my boys, in eighteen hundred and forty-nine,
It was a sweet and glorious day, and bright the sun did shine;
As we marched off to Tollymore to pay the honour due,
To Roden's noble earl, that hero of true blue.

Oh when our forces were assembled, it was a glorious sight I say,
It would have warmed the coldest heart, one glance at our array;
The noble lord regaled us all in grand and princly state,
Then homeward went each gallant band, our hearts with joy elate.

A challenge had been sent to us, by a vile Popish crew,
Saying, meet us bloody Orange dogs, and prove your valour true;
But thinking on the good advice, that Roden gave that day,
We wished to injure no man, but peaceful hold our way.

But vain were all our hopes of peace, with such a ruthless foe,
Like tigers they in ambush lay as we did homewards go;
To that dark rendezvous came ribbon-men from far and near,
From downward far as Crossgar Town, and upwards to Dunleer.

In thousands they were marshalled on a hill near Dolly's Brae,
With guns and pikes all armed they thirsted for the fray;
Behind their trenches snug ensconced they thought themselves secure,
The spawn of that old Jezebel, the murdering Scarlett Whore.

In splendid order we came up, our music sounding shrill,
It must have pained their Popish ears, as echoes shook the hill;
With Orange Banners waving fair, we boldly marched along,
It surely cowed their caitiff hearts, to view that gallant throng.

Our noble ranks swept onwards, and had nigh passed the spot,
When from the hill was fired a warning signal shot;
A thundering volley followed, that rent the very sky,
To which our gallant heroes made suitable reply.

The balls did whiz in thousands, amongst our noble band,
But the valour of our Orange hearts, there's nothing could withstand;
Right up the steep we briskly dashed, and boldly faced the foe,
We drove them from their trenches on Magheramayo.

Long live the Benraw lads so bold, and Lagenany boys,
Let Ulster sound their fame so bright, up to the very skies;
For dashing on through steel and brass, they never stopped until
They placed the Orange o'er the Green, to show they won the hill.

And gallant Hill he played his part like Hector of Troy,
While noble Beers a courage showed no danger could annoy;
Of our fierce enemies an hundred victims strewed the ground,
While only four of our brave boys received hurt or wound.

Oh, Father Mooney he had come pretending to make peace,
But when our Orange Boys came up, he quickly left the place;
And when the conflict was all o'er, in a *sheboen* he was found,
Hugging the whiskey bottle *as he lay on the ground.*

The coward foe in hundreds fled, while some for mercy prayed,
Their *pudhreens* in their claws, they cried to saints for aid;
The rascal dogs could whinge and whine since they had lost the day,
But if it had been our lot we'd have got Wexford play.

But He that guided Israel safe through the foaming sea,
Protecting us that day from danger, did us free;
And still He shall protect us, and still shall guide us through,
For if we trust in Him, He'll not desert His chosen few.

They think to stain that glorious day, and bring us into blame,
That we may walk no more my boys, to honour William's fame;
But Gideon's God shall wield his sword to vanquish ev'ry foe,
As He did on that bloody brae at Magheramayo.

Now let us give a toast my lads, with all the honours fair,
To those bold hearts of right true blue, that faced the danger there;
And then to all true Orangemen round Erin's lovely shore,
Our glorious cause shall flourish bright till time shall be no more.

POEM

UPON THE

PRENTICES FEAST

AT

MERCHANT-TAYLORS-Hall.

THe busie Town grew still, and City Fops
Had bid adieu to melancholly Shops,
Had left their lonesome Cells, and did repair
to Drink, to Whore, to Feast or take the air,
I knew not which; but being young I follow'd
The shouting croud, and most devoutly hollow'd.
At length arrived at a place they call
The Cockscombs Court, or Merchant-Taylors-Hall,
Where the starv'd Prentices kept Carnival.
I enter'd; where in most prodigious sort
Tables were placed al-a-mode at Court,
I saw a Monster as I entred in
(At first I took him for a rowling-Pin)
'Till bowing with a grave majestick grace
Drew up his chaps; and said Sir take your place;
And so I did; for at a Loyal dinner
There is no difference 'twixt Saint and Sinner:
In one place sat an hungry Irish Teague
And in another a sly cunning Whigg;
In drouzie murmurs eccho'd round the Hall
The different voices of the Festival.
At length the young shop Beagles enter'd in
And made a most confused hideous din;
They yelp and bawl upon the hunting strain
As if they meant to kill the Bucks again,
'Till monumental Pasty did arise,
Which stopt their tongues and feasted all their eyes.

The

The ſharp ſet Prentices could ſcarce forbear
While Mr. *Crape* did ſay a Puny Prayer,
Which he made haſt to doe; but kept his eye
Divinely fixt upon a pudding Pie,
Leaſt ſome baſe ſneaking Raſcal ſhould convey
The Scholliers well beloved Bin away.
He having ſaid, they all did ceaſe from prating,
Left ſpeaking nonſence and all fell to eating,
One cry's God ſave the King! Rips up a Pie,
But trayterous ſteam did put out every Eye.
And then he damns the Cook, and calls him Sot
To ſerve a Paſty up that was ſo hot;
Another gently taſtes, and then he ſwore
In all his life he ne're eat Buck before;
Another his long ſilence 'gan to break,
But's mouth was fill'd ſo full he could not ſpeak;
A fourth (whom they deem'd to be i'th right)
Declar'd 'twas better for to eat then fight.
At length their hungry paunches being full,
With fill'd up Glaſſes, and with empty ſcull
Bending their marrow-bones unto the ground
With hoarſe huzza's the Loyal Health went round.
How many converts Wine and Age do make?
When forc'd the earthly Region to forſake
The aged ſinners whine in pious tone;
So every Drunkard is a Loyal Drone.
I (who as loyal am, as tite, as true,
As any of the Drunken Tory crew)
Of all the modern Healths n'ere drank but this
The beſt, the Loyalleſt, his Majeſties,
But now was forc'd to drink all Healths of Fame
A Catalogue, alas! too hard to name;
For which baſe fact, I'm markt a fallen ſtar
In every Presbiterian Callender!
But if they call me ſot and fool, and ſay
I was a Rogue; it was but for a day;
I drank a Papiſt Health, and ſince 'twas ſo
I had a mental reſervation too;
I in deceit to ſome a fool did ſhew
Tories to all are naturally ſo;
Free from the Peoples cenſure, and diſdain
I've caſt my Tories skin, and now am Whigg again.

LONDON, Printed for *John Spicer*, MDCLXXXII.

DOLLY'S BRAE.

AIR—"*Merri'y kissed the Quaker's Wife.*"

I.

Come, list a while, and I'll tell you how,
Ribbonmen stood on the Brae, Sir,
How Orangemen storm'd that famous pass,
And kick'd them out of the way, Sir;
With Rebel pikes, and Croppy green flags,
Great things they thought to do, Sir;
Orangemen tore their colors to rags,
And leather'd 'em, handsome too, Sir.

CHORUS.

Orangemen tore their colors to rags,
And leather'd 'em handsome, too, Sir.

II.

The 12th of July is a glorious day,
King William was wide awake, Sir,
On Aughrim's field, or at Dolly's Brae,
There clearly was no mistake, Sir.
T'is a famous day to Orange ears,
The Rebels well may sigh, Sir,
Three cheers for Roden, three cheers for Beers,
But keep your good powder dry, Sir.

CHORUS.

Three cheers for Roden, three cheers for Beers, &c.

III.

Ribbonmen challeng'd th' Protestant Boys
To stand a fight at the Brae, Sir;
They surely forgot the Orangeman's lot
Always to win on that day, Sir.
Staunch to their King, and staunch to their Queen,
Honest good fellows and true, Sir;
T'was easily seen, they'd haul down green,
And win with orange and blue, Sir.

CHORUS.

T'was easily seen, they'd haul down green, &c.

IV.

Sweet Meg of Derry, obstreperous very,
A rattling blaze let fly, Sir:
How the sun shone on th' gun at Athlone!
On the 12th of last July, Sir!
The Whigs and the Rebels they may unite,
In ambush, again to hie, Sir;
We'll be at the Brae, and gain the fight,
On the 12th of next July, Sir.

CHORUS.

We'll be at the Brae, and gain the fight, &c.

V.

We had no traitor, no false grimace,
To tarnish our battle's array, Sir;
No craven Lundy dare shew his face,
In our ranks, at Dolly's Brae, Sir.
Drink to our colors, drink to the crown,
Drink to the lads of that day, Sir;
We'll drink the Protestant Boys of Down!
Drink to the fight of the Brae, Sir!

CHORUS.

We'll drink the Protestant Boys of Down,
Drink to the fight of the Brae, Sir.
Hurrah, Sir! Hurrah, Sir!
We'll drink to the fight at the Brae.

An Answer to the

HYMN

To the Victory in

SCOTLAND.

By an Officer in his Majesty's Fleet.

I Tell the deeds of great *Bravadoes*,
Well noted for right *Renagadoes*;
They'd rather loose their *Tarts* and *Trooz*,
Than to enjoy the *Hempen* Nooz.
Not famous for one *Martial deed*,
But that they run away with speed;
And nimbly *Skip'd* from *Rock* to *Mountain*,
And of their *Heels* made most account on.
Yet wise in one thing we'l allow 'em,
For left their *Courage* should undo 'em;
They were forewarnd by others harms,
And bravely threw away their *Arms*.
To save the pinking of their *Coats*,
They Skip'd and Jumped like wild *Goats*.
And 'cause they will not be *Affronted*,
Alow themselvs for to be *Hunted*.
Their doubty deeds at cursed *Preston*,
They too well know to make a jest on;
And plainly own they dont delight man,
To trust themselvs in th, hands of *Wightman*.
They *Wills* and *Carpenter* Remember,
From *January* to *December*.
They *Kenmures Fate* had too much dread on
And each resolv'd to keep a *Head* on.
And Feast on *Crowdy* with their Lasses,
Than be on *Horses* ty'd like *Asses*.
Brave Fellows made a bold *Resistance*,
And sought most Stoutly at a *Distance*.
The *hardy Marshal* I protest,
He ran as fast as did the best;
Threw off his *Bonnet* and his *Plad*,
To save himself he ran like Mad.
And *Seaforth* that great man of *Mars*,
Was glad like *Mar* to shew his Arse.
That doubty Champion *Tullibardine*,
His Honour valu'd not a Farthing;
But rather than stay to be taken,
Ran clean away to save his *Bacon*.
When *Sawny* ran *Jack* would not stand still,
But rather run to Fight a *Windmill*;
And let you know he'd not forgot,
The glorious Deeds of *brave Don Quixot*.
Therefore dont say but *hardy Sanche*,
Can run as well as *Gille Crankee*.
And that they'd rather save their *Cloaks*,
Than to be Kill'd for other *Folks*;
And Strut at Leisure with their *Spada*,
First Kill a man and then cry *Gwada*.
You cannot blame 'em for d'ye see me,
They say they're no a Kin to Jemmy;
Nor will Jack be so great a *Tony*,
To loose his Life for *Alberoni*.
They only left their own dear *Nation*,
And hither came for *Preservation*.
Altho' you make so great a Pother,
And strive your Loss by Lyes to smother.
We hope you will be Satisfi'd,
When *Rebels* Pinnion'd Side by Side;
Are once again in *Tryumph* led,
And on *Tower-Hill* some more have bled.
If milder Usage will not do,
No more I'll pity them or you.

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